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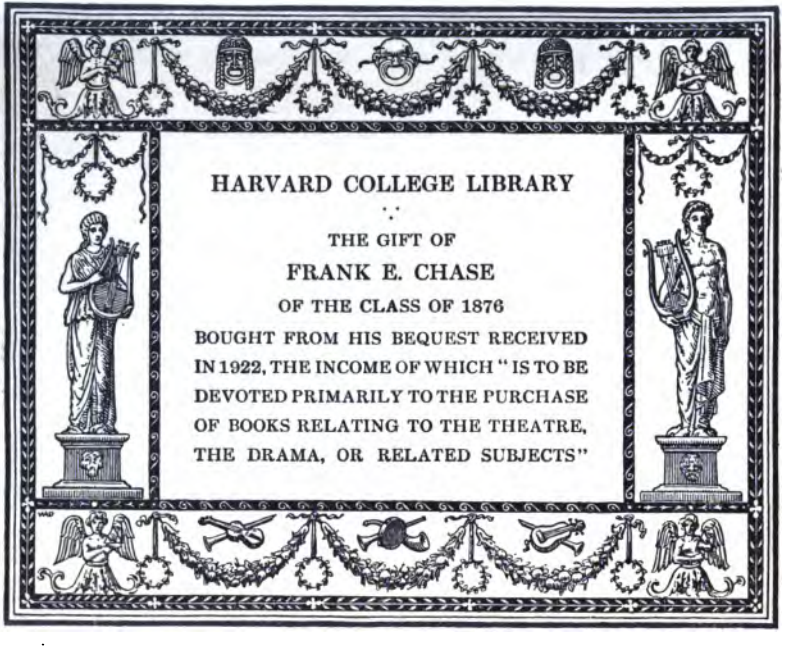
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MR MEAN AS L. JUNIUS BRUTUS

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CUMBERLAND 19 LUDGATE HILL.

VOL. XL

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MR KEAN AS M. ANTONY IN [illegible]

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CUMBERLAND 19 LUDGATE HILL.

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CUMBERLAND'S

BRITISH THEATRE,

WITH

Remarks, Biographical and Critical.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPIES,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, LONDON.

VOL. XI.

BRUTUS.
ALI PACHA.
TWELFTH NIGHT.
HENRY THE FIFTH.
LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.
CHILD OF NATURE.
THE SLEEP WALKER.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. KEAN;

AND SEVEN ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

1826.

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BRUTUS,

OR,

THE FALL OF TARQUIN;

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, ESQ.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON:

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. KEAN,
IN THE CHARACTER OF JUNIUS BRUTUS.

Engraved on Steel by MR. WOOLNOTH, from an original Drawing by MR. WAGEMAN.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

Brutus.

VARIOUS have been the opinions regarding the stoics. Some have exclaimed—

"And we shall find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the *stoic* and the *brute;*"

While others have pursued the opposite extreme, and elevated them amongst the gods. The course of the stoic, like the eagle's flight, is solitary and sublime. He has that painful pre-eminence—

"Himself to view,
Above life's troubles, and its comforts too."

For, as pleasure and pain exist only in the contrast they present to each other, the stoic, by becoming insensible to both, may be *equable*, but never can be *happy*. Whether this be an enviable state of existence—whether it be nobler to look down upon the good and evil of life with equal indifference—to regard mankind with dignified apathy—to sacrifice every tie of nature, friendship, and feeling, to one arbitrary and unrelenting rule of right—we leave to the decision of less sanguine temperaments than our own. We have not yet so much the *Roman* in us! But, if we *were* to venture an opinion, we should say—

"'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
We think the Romans call it *stoicism.*"

Under such withering influence, every generous sentiment of the soul would be annihilated:

"The tear which pity taught to flow,
The eye would then disown;
The heart that melts for others' woe,
Would then scarce feel its own."

But, exclaims a poet who had imbibed an ardent love for the virtues of Greece and Rome—

"What think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right, in stern despite to nature;
Shutting their ears against her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd?"

This, however, must be considered as a favourable picture of stoicism; and foremost among the illustrious characters of antiquity that have achieved this hard triumph, stands Brutus, who—

"The theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son!"

Such an example, however it may raise our veneration, must not be fixed as the standard of human excellence: it must be regarded as a prodigy, a moral wonder of the world, towering above the frailties and affections that are the mixed lot of humanity.

"*Seven* wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,"—

and no fewer than *seven plays* contend for the honour of having introduced this interesting subject to the stage. They are of various

merit; but none possess sufficient *action* for dramatic representation. Mr. Howard Payne has made very judicious use of the ample materials that were placed before him: he has strung the pearls, and successfully fashioned them to the public taste. He has followed history when she was likely to prove interesting; and varied her, without destroying her integrity or beauty. He has shortened long prolix dialogues—compressed and connected incidents—and availed himself of every legitimate opportunity of producing effect. No wonder, then, that the public approbation hailed a drama in which one of the brightest ornaments of Imperial Rome stood revealed in all his grandeur of soul. If the highest merit belong to *original genius*, there is one of another degree that must be assigned to *correct judgment*, before whose tribunal even genius must appear,—that prunes its exuberances, and concentrates its beauties. Lustre and fragrance are the acknowledged properties of the flower; but the hand that tastefully plants the *parterre*, well deserves the praise of judicious selection and elegant arrangement.

Brutus, in this tragedy, is drawn with great power. His assumed idiotcy, in the early scenes, is an admirable cloak to his future designs, and contrasts well with the energy and pathos that burst forth as his character is further developed. Every other personage is tame and ineffectual, compared with this. Lucretia, who fills so glorious a space in history, has little to do or to say. The scene where she stabs herself, in the presence of Collatinus and Lucretius, is wisely omitted: it is weakly written, and altogether in bad taste. To expose Lucretia in her agony to the vulgar gaze, is indecorous: it is sufficient that we hear she died in a manner worthy of a Roman matron, with all her virtue, and with all her glory. We ask no profane hand to lift the veil from misery so sacred as hers. There is an affecting picture, "*The dead Soldier*," in which the painter, in despair of giving a true expression of unutterable grief to the countenance of the *widow*, has shrouded it in her mantle.

If the character of Brutus was written for the purpose of displaying Mr. Kean to the best advantage, the actor well repaid the author's confidence in his abilities. There were no inequalities to counterbalance the excellence of particular passages: the whole performance was marked by original genius. When he terribly denounced the house of Tarquin, and cried revenge for the death of Lucretia, every heart was with him: and when his unhappy son was called to receive death at his mandate, the audience could only answer him with their tears.

☞ D——G.

MEMOIR OF MR. KEAN.

THIS eminent actor was born in Castle Street, Leicester Square, November 4, 1787. His father, Aaron Kean, was a man in humble circumstances; his mother was a daughter of the celebrated George Saville Carey: and his uncle, Moses Kean, was the well-known mimic and ventriloquist. From his infancy he was made familiar with the stage, being placed at Drury Lane Theatre to enact in the lower department of pantomime: his first steps in life were, therefore, succeeded by the most surprising contortions of the body, for which the natural flexibility of his limbs, and the art of the posture-master, may claim an equal share of merit. To repeat the adventures and vicissitudes that have been mingled with his biography, would be like writing a continuation of the life of Bamfylde Moore Carew. For many years he was an itinerant player, and as such endured all the hardships attendant on that precarious profession. Tragedy, comedy, opera, pantomime, were alike to him. A Dr. Drury, who saw him play at Exeter in 1813, was so much pleased with his extraordinary genius, the progress of which he had long marked, that he wrote to Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, one of the managing committee of Drury Lane, recommending the young actor to his notice: the result of this communication was, the sending down of Mr. Arnold, the stage-manager, to Dorchester, to judge of the merits of this embryo genius: Mr. Arnold, on seeing him play *Octavian*, in *The Mountaineers*, and *Kanko*, in *The Savages*—a piece founded on the story of *La Perouse*, immediately engaged him for three years, at a salary of eight guineas per week, for the first year, ten for the second, and twelve for the third. How the talents of Mr. Kean, when emerged from poverty and obscurity, confirmed Mr. Arnold's judgment, and delighted the public, needs no repetition here: his instantaneous and brilliant success, (without entering into any *comparison* between the two actors, which would be absurd,) is only to be paralleled by that of Garrick. He replenished the almost bankrupt treasury of Drury Lane, brought an entirely new and original style of acting into high vogue, and maintained his ground in the days even of Kemble and Siddons. His first *genuine* appearance before a London audience was on January 26, 1814, in Shylock: his fame increased with each successive repetition of the character, and fairly reached its summit when, on the 12th of February following, he acted, for the first time Richard the Third.

☞ D——G.

Costume.

LUCIUS JUNIUS.—Morone-coloured shirt, black velvet belt flesh dress complete, and black sandals ; 2nd dress—crimson shirt, Roman cuirass, and lambarakins of silver leather, helmet, and red sandals ; 3rd dress—cream-coloured toga, white shirt, and black sandals.

TITUS.—White shirt, scarlet mantle trimmed with black velvet, flesh dress complete, black sandals, and white ribbon for the head.

SEXTUS TARQUIN.—Roman cuirass and lambarakins of gold, helmet, white shirt, red sandals, flesh dress complete, and scarlet mantle.

ARUNS.—Buff and silver Roman cuirass, white shirt, red sandals, scarlet mantle, and flesh dress complete.

CLAUDIUS.—Blue and silver Roman cuirass, white shirt, flesh dress complete, red sandals, and scarlet mantle.

COLLATINUS.—Roman scarlet and buff cuirass and lambarakins, red sandals, crimson mantle, and flesh dress complete ; 2nd dress—toga, cream-coloured.

VALERIUS.—White shirt, cream-coloured toga, russet sandals, and flesh dress complete.

LUCRETIUS.—Ibid.

HORATIUS.—White shirt, crimson mantle, russet sandals, and flesh dress complete.

CELIUS.—Brown shirt, sandals, and flesh dress complete.

FLAVIUS CORUNNA.—Green shirt, Roman cuirass, sandals, and flesh dress complete.

CENTURION.—Blue and scarlet cuirass and lambarakins, one scarlet shoulder-piece, russet sandals, and flesh dress complete.

MESSENGER.—Ibid.

1st ROMAN.—Brown shirt and cap, sandals, and flesh dress complete.

2nd ROMAN.—Ibid.

3rd ROMAN.—Ibid.

TULLIA.—White train dress, scarlet toga, and gold tiara, tied with long white ribbon.

TARQUINIA.—White train dress, puce-coloured toga, and gold tiara, tied with long white ribbon.

LU RETIA.—White train dress, white toga, and white satin tiara, tied with long white ribbon.

PRIESTESS of RHEA'S TEMPLE.—All white.

VESTAL.—White train dress, white chimesette bodies, and white ribbon through the hair.

LAVINIA.—White train dress trimmed with blue, blue toga, and white ribbon through the hair

Lucius Junius Brutus	Mr. Kean.
Titus	Mr. Wallack.
Sextus Tarquin	Mr. Mercer.
Aruns	Mr. Penley
Claudius	Mr. Comer.
Collatinus	Mr. Archer.
Valerius	Mr. Younge.
Lucretius	Mr. Powell.
Horatius	Mr. Thompson.
Celius	Mr. Fenton.
Flavius Corunna	Mr. Webster.
Tullia	Mrs. Bunn.
Tarquinia	Mrs. W. West.
Lucretia	Miss Smithson.
Lavinia	Miss Carr.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, SPOKEN BY MR. H. KEMBLE

TIME rushes o'er us; thick as evening clouds
Ages roll back :—what calls them from their shrouds?
What in full vision brings their good and great,
The men whose virtue make the nation's fate,
The far, forgotten stars of human kind?
The STAGE,—the mighty telescope of mind!

If later, luckless arts that stage profane,
The actor pleads—not guilty of the stain,—
He, but the shadow flung on fashion's tide—
Yours, the high will that all its waves must guide:
Your voice alone the great reform secures,
His, but the passing hour—the age is yours,

Our pledge is kept. Here, *yet*, no chargers wheel,
No foreign slaves on ropes or scaffolds reel,
No Gallic amazons, half naked, climb
From pit to gallery,—the low sublime!
In Shakspeare's halls, shall dogs and bears engage?
Where brutes are actors, be a booth the stage!
And we shall triumph yet. The cloud has hung
Darkly above—but day shall spring—*has* sprung—
The tempest has but swept, not shook the shrine;
No lamp that genius lit has ceased to shine!
Still lives its sanctity. Around the spot
Hover high spirits—shapes of burning thought—
Viewless—but call them, on the dazzled eye
Descends their pomp of immortality:
Here, at your voice, Rowe, Otway, Southern come,
Flashing like meteors through the age's gloom
Perpetual *here*—king of th' immortal band,
Sits SHAKSPEARE crown'd. He lifts the golden wand,
And all obey;—the visions of the past
Rise as they lived,—soft, splendid, regal, vast.
Then Ariel harps along the enchanted wave,
Then the weird sisters thunder in their cave.—
The spell is wound. Then shows his mightier art,
The Moor's lost soul; the hell of Richard's heart,

And stamps, in fiery warning to all time
The deep damnation of a tyrant's crime.

To-night we take our lesson from the tomb:
'Tis thy sad cenotaph, colossal Rome!
How is thy helmet cleft, thy banner low,—
Ashes and dust are all thy glory now!
While o'er thy wreck a host of monks and slaves
Totter to "seek dishonourable graves."

The story is of BRUTUS: In that name
Tower'd to the sun her eagle's wing of flame!
When sank her liberty, that name of power
Pour'd hallow'd splendours round its dying hour
The lesson lived for man—that heavenward blaze
Fix'd on the pile the world's eternal gaze.

Unrivall'd England! to such memories thou,
This hour dost owe the laurel on thy brow:
Those fix'd, when earth was like a grave, thy tread,
Prophet and warrior! 'twixt the quick and dead:
Those bade thee war for man,—those won the name
That crowns thee—famed above all Roman fame.

Now, to our scene—we feel no idle fear,
Sure of the hearts, the *British* justice here:
If we deserve it, sure of your applause—
Then, hear for Rome, for England, for "our cause.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

Brutus.

Brutus. **Well, Titus, speak,—how is it with thee now?**
Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die?

Act V. Scene 3.

BRUTUS;

OR,

THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter VALERIUS *and* LUCRETIUS, R.

Val. Words are too feeble to express the horror
With which my soul revolts against this Tarquin
By poison he obtain'd his brother's wife,
Then, by a baser murder, grasp'd the crown.
These eyes beheld the aged monarch, thrown
Down from the senate-house,—his feeble limbs
Bruised by the pavement,—his time-honour'd locks,
Which from the very robber would have gain'd
Respect and veneration,—bathed in blood!
With difficulty raised, and tottering homeward,
The murderers follow'd—struck him—and he died!

Luc. Inexpiable crime!

Val. High in her regal chariot Tullia came—
The corpse lay in the street, The charioteer
Turn'd back the reins in horror. "On, slave, on!
"Shall dead men stop my passage to a throne?"
Exclaim'd the parricide. The gore was dash'd
From the hot wheels up to her diadem!

Luc. And Heaven's avenging lightnings were withheld!

Here rules this Tullia, while the king, her husband,
Wastes our best blood in giddy, guilty war!
Spirit of Marcus Junius!—Would the gods
Deign to diffuse thy daring through the land

Rome from her trance with giant spirit would start,
Dash off her fetters, and amaze the world!

Val. Junius, didst say? Oh! tyranny long since
Had sunk—chain'd—buried in its native hell—
But Tarquin, trembling at his virtues, murder'd
Him and his elder son. The younger, Lucius,
Then on his travels, 'scaped the tyrant's sword,
But lost his reason at their fearful fall.

Luc. Ay, the same Lucius, who now dwells with Tarquin.
The jest, the fool, the laughing-stock o' th' court,
Whom the young princes always carry with 'em
To be the butt of their unfeeling mirth.

Val. Hold! I hear steps. Great things may yet be done,
If we are men, and faithful to our country. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Camp before Ardea.*

Enter CLAUDIUS *and* ARUNS, *laughing*, L. S. E.

Aruns. There is no doctor for the spleen like Lucius.
What precious scenes of folly did he act
When, lately, through the glorious scenes of Greece,
He went with us to Delphi!—But, behold
Where, full of business, his wise worship comes.

Enter LUCIUS JUNIUS, R.

Claud. Whither so fast, good Junius, tell us whither?

Luc. To Rome, to Rome—the queen demands my presence.
The state needs aid, and I am call'd to court. *(Laugh.)*
Am I a fool? If so, you cannot say
I'm the first fool graced by a monarch's favour.

Aruns. Why, Junius, travel has improved thy wit,
Thou speakest shrewdly.

Luc. Do I so, my lord?
I'm always glad when you and I agree;
You have just such a wit as I should choose.
Would I could purchase such!—though it might split
My head, as confined air does—water bubbles!

Claud. How say you? Purchase? Pr'ythee what would'st give?

Luc. What would I give?—ten acres of my land!

Aruns. Thy land? Where lies it?

Luc. Ask the king, my cousin:
He knows full well. I thank him, he's my steward,
And takes the trouble off my hands.
Claud. Who told thee so?
Luc. The king himself. Now twenty years are past,
Or more,—since he sent for me from my farm.
" Kinsman," said he, with a kind, gracious smile,
" For the black crime of treason which was charged
" Against thy father and thy elder brother,
" Their lives have paid: for thee, as I love mercy,
" Live and be happy: simple is thy mind "—
Arunx. True, kinsman, true—i'faith 'tis wondrous simple.
Luc. " And that simplicity will be a pledge
" That thou wilt never plot against thy sovereign " —
Claud. Indeed, for that, I'll be thy bondsman, Junius.
Luc. " Live in my house, companion of my children.
" As for thy land, to ease thee of all care,
" I'll take it for thy use; all that I ask
" Of thee, is gratitude."
Arunx. And art thou not
Grateful for goodness so unmerited?
Luc. Am I not? Never, by the holy gods,
Will I forget it! 'Tis my constant pray'r
To heaven, that I may one day have the pow'r
To pay the debt I owe him. But stay—stay—
I brought a message to you from the king.
Arunx. Thank the gods, then, for thy good memory, fool!
Luc. The king your father sends for you to council,
Where he debates how best to conquer Ardea.
Shall I before, and tell him ye are coming?
Claud. Ay, or behind, or with us, or stay here—
As thy wit prompts,—as suits thy lofty pleasure.
[*Exeunt* ARUNS *and* CLAUDIUS *laughing.*
Luc. [*Alone.*] Yet, 'tis not that which ruffles me—the gibes
And scornful mockeries of ill-govern'd youth—
Or flouts of dastard sycophants and jesters,—
Reptiles, who lay their bellies on the dust
Before the frown of majesty!—All this
I but expect, nor grudge to bear;—the face
I carry, courts it!—Son of Marcus, Junius!
When will the tedious gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty
And throw this vizor of thy madness from thee?

To avenge my father's and my brother's murder!
(And sweet I must confess would be the draught!)
Had this been all—a thousand opportunities
I've had to strike the blow—and my own life
I had not valued as a rush—But still—
There's something nobler to be done—my soul!
Enjoy the strong conception. Oh! 'tis glorious
To free a groaning country—
To see Revenge
Spring like a lion from the den, and tear
These hunters of mankind! Grant but the time,
Grant but the moment, gods! If I am wanting,
May I drag out this idiot-feigned life
To late old age, and may posterity
Ne'er hear of Junius but as Tarquin's fool!

[*Exit* LUCIUS JUNIUS.

SCENE III.—*Rome—A State Apartment in the Palace of* TULLIA.

Enter TULLIA, *preceded by* GUARDS, BANNER BEARERS, LADIES; *and followed by* VALERIUS. *She appears perturbed, and speaks apart.*

Tul. [*Apart.*] Why should the steady mind to shadows yield?
And yet this vision shakes my frame with horror.
I thought his spirit thunder'd in my ear,
"Remember, when, with wild ambition's frenzy
"And all Rome's empire in your view, you drove
"Your chariot-wheels o'er your dead father's body,
"Up to the shouting Forum!" Why, my soul,
Dost thou not shun the remembrance of that hour?
'Twas but the cause—the cause—For this base clay
How differs it from the dull earth we tread on,
When the life's gone?—But, next, the Sibyl came.
Whose mystic book at such a price we bought,
And cried, "The race of Tarquin shall be kings
"Till a fool drive them hence, and set Rome free!"
Strange prophecy!—What fool?—It cannot be
That poor dolt, the companion of my sons—
—Hark thee, Valerius—Know'st thou that same fool
Now in the camp.

Val. I know him well.—A man
Who, when he had a name, was Lucius Junius:—
A braver citizen Rome never boasted,

And wise and learn'd withal; now changed, alas!
A spectacle which humbles me to look on!
Tul. But is he harmless in his moody humours?
Val. Tame as my horse, which though devoid of reason
Shall turn, shall stop, and at my angry bidding
Shall kneel, till I am throned on his back!
And this shall Junius; the like instinct stirs
Junius and him,—no more.
Tul. [*Apart.*] Hence, idle fears!
—Yet, when he went to Delphi, 'tis given out
The oracle address'd him with strange portents,
And each night since, my dreams have been disturb'd
By a wild form, too much resembling his,
Leading our soldiers forth with sword and flame,
Revolters from the camp, to storm the palace.
But he is sent from thence, and shall be watch'd.

Enter HORATIUS, L.

Hor. Your orders are obey'd. Lucius awaits.
Tul. Set him before us. [*Exit* HORATIUS.
[*To* VALERIUS.] Tell me, will he answer
If we do question him?
Val. I think he will:
Yet sometimes, when the moody fit doth take him,
He will not speak for days; yea, rather starve
Than utter nature's cravings; then anon,
He'll prattle shrewdly, with such witty folly
As almost betters reason.

HORATIUS *returns with* LUCIUS JUNIUS.

Tul. Hark thee, fellow,
How art thou call'd?
Luc. A fool.
Tul. Fool for thy nature:
Thou answer'st well,—but I demand thy name.
Luc. Nothing but fool.
Tul. His faculties are brutish;—
BRUTUS shall be thy name.
Br. Thanks to your grace!
Hor. Dost like thy new name, gentle brute?
Br. So well,
Who will may take the fool. I care not who—
Your highness, an it like you.
Hor. I the fool!
Sirrah, good words, or I will have thee beaten.
Br. A fool thou wilt not beat—a brute thou dar'st not,

For the dull ass will kick against his striker,
If struck too harshly.
Tul. Let me hear no more;
There's mischief in his folly. Send him hence.
[BRUTUS *going* L.
But stay—I'll search him farther.—Hark thee, Brutus,
Thou wast at Delphi, with our sons the princes—
Tell me—what questions put they to Apollo?
Br. Your sons did ask who should be chief in Rome.
Tul. Hah! What replied the oracle to that?
Br. With pains and strugglings the prophetic dame
This destiny reported from her god—
" Great and most glorious shall that Roman be,
" Who first shall greet his mother with a kiss."
Tul. That is fulfill'd by Sextus.
Hor. Ay, he straight
Hasten'd from thence and kissed the queen his mother.
Br. Woe for me, I have no mother!—
And yet I kiss'd her first.
Tul. Thou kiss'd her? Thou?
Br. Yea, madam; for just then my foot did slip
In the fresh blood of a new-slaughter'd victim,
And, falling, I did kiss my mother—earth.
Tul. Oh, that the earth had swallow'd thee outright
Till thou hadst kiss'd the centre! I perceive,
The gods are leagued with folly to destroy us.
My very blood chills at my heart.—Away.
[*Exit* TULLIA, *with* GUARDS *and* LADIES, *rapidly*, R. *and* E.
Hor. Hark thee, thou Brutus; I in part suspect
Thou ap'st this folly; if I find thee trifling
Or juggling with the Pythia for predictions,
By all the gods I'll have thee flay'd, thy skin
Striped into thongs, to strangle thee withal,
Dissembling varlet!—
[*Crosses to* R. *and strikes* BRUTUS, *who seizes him.*
Val. Shame, my lord! forbear!
Threat'ning a fool, you do but wrong yourself.
Hor. But that the princes love his son, brave Titus,
My dagger should have pierced his throat ere now
And sent him to his mother earth for ever!
He shall be watch'd.—Come, come with me, Valerius.
[*Exit* HORATIUS. L. U. E.
Val. The gods restore thee, Brutus, to thyself,
And us to thee! [*Exit* VALERIUS, L. U. E.
Br. (alone) A little longer,

A little longer yet support me, patience!
The day draws on · it presses to the birth—
I see it in the forming womb of time—
The embryo liberty.—Hah!—'tis my son—
Down, rebel nature, down!—

Enter TITUS, R.

Tit. Welcome to Rome!
Would I might welcome thee to reason, too!
Br. Give me thy hand—nay, give it me—
Tit. What wouldst thou?
Speak to thy son.
Br. I had a thing to say,
But I have lost it. Let it pass—no matter
Tit. Look not upon me with those eyes, but speak;
What is it that annoys thee? tell thy friend—
How can I serve thee? What dost lack?
Br. Preferment.
Thou canst do much at court.
Tit. Ah, this is nothing!
Br. So much the fitter for a fool's petition,
And a court promise.
Tit. Oh, this trifling racks me.
Br. Lend me thine ear: I'll tell a secret to thee
Worth a whole city's ransom. This it is;
Nay, ponder it, and look it in thy heart—
There are more fools, my son, in this wise world
Than the gods ever made.
Tit. Say'st thou, my father?
Expound this riddle. If thy mind doth harbour
Aught that imports a son like me to know,
Or, knowing, to achieve, declare it.
Br. Now, my son,
Should the great gods, who made me what thou see'st,
Repent, and in their vengeance cast upon me
The burden of my senses back again—
What wouldst thou say?
Ti. Oh, my lamented father,
Would the kind gods restore thee to thy reason—
Br. Then, Titus, then I should be mad with reason.
Had I the sense to know myself a Roman,
This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs,
Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.
If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the gods
To keep me what I am. Where all are slaves,
None but the fool is happy.

Ti. We are Romans—
Not slaves—
Br. Not slaves? Why, what art thou?
Ti. Thy son.
Dost thou not know me?
Br. You abuse my folly.
I know thee not.—Wert thou my son, ye gods
Thou would'st tear off this sycophantic robe
Tuck up thy tunick, trim these curled locks
To the short warrior-cut, vault on thy steed;
Then, scouring through the city, call to arms,
And shout for liberty
Ti. [*Starts.*] Defend me, gods!
Br. Hah! does it stagger thee?
Ti. For liberty?
Saidst thou for liberty?—It cannot be.
Br. Indeed!—'tis well—no more.
Ti. What would my father?
Br. Begone! you trouble me. [*Crosses to* R.
Ti. Nay, do not scorn me.
Br. Said I for liberty? I said it not:
The awful word breathed in a coward's ear,
Were sacrilege to utter. Hence, begone!
Said I, you were my son?—'Tis false: I'm foolish;
My brain is weak and wanders; you abuse it.
Ti. Ah, do not leave me; not in anger leave me.
Br. Anger? What's that? I am content with folly;
Anger is madness, and above my aim! [*Music heard*
Hark! here is music for thee,—food for love,
And beauty to serve in the rich repast.
Tarquinia comes. Go, worship the bright sun,
And let poor Brutus wither in the shade. [*Exit* BRUTUS R.
Ti. Oh, truly said! bright as the golden sun
Tarquinia's beauty beams, and I adore!
[*Soft music.* TARQUINIA *enters*, R. U. E. *preceded by damsels bearing a crown of gold, some with censers, &c., proper for the ceremonials of a dedication to Fortune.*
What dedication, or what holy service
Doth the fair client of the gods provide?
In the celestial synod is there one
Who will not listen to Tarquinia's prayer?
Tar. I go to Fortune's temple, to suspend
Upon the votive shrine this golden crown.
While incense fills the fane, and holy hymns
Are chaunted for my brother's safe return
What shall I ask for Titus?

Ti. Though the goddess,
In her blind bounty should unthrone the world,
To build me one vast empire, my ambition,
If by thy love unblest, would slight the gift:
Therefore of Fortune I have nought to ask—
She hath no interest in Tarquinia's heart,
Nature, not Fortune, must befriend me there.

Tar. Thy gentle manners, Titus, have endear'd thee,
Although a subject Roman, to Tarquinia:
My brother Sextus wears thee next his heart;
The queen herself, of all our courtly youth
First in her favour holds the noble Titus:
And though my royal father well may keep
A jealous eye upon my Junian race,—
A race unfriendly to the name of king,—
Yet thee he cherishes; with generous joy
The monarch sees thy early virtue shoot,
And with a parent's fondness rears its growth.

Ti. Oh! neither name, nor nature, nor the voice
Of my lost father, could he wake to reason,
Not all the wrongs that tyranny could pile
On my afflicted head,—not all the praise
That patriot gratitude could shower upon me,
Can shake the faithful purpose of my soul,
To sever it from love and my Tarquinia.

Tar. Approve that firmness in the shock of trials,
And if my love can recompense thy virtue,
Nor tortures, nor temptations, nor the wreck
Of Rome and empire, shall divide me from thee.
To this I pledge my hand. Now to the temple!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Tent of* SEXTUS *in the* CAMP *before* ARDEA.—*A magnificent banquet.*—SEXTUS, R. COLLATINUS, R. C. CLAUDIUS, L. C. *and* ARUNS, L. *discovered drinking.*

Sex. Come, then, here's to the fairest nymph in Italy,
And she's in Rome.

Ar. Here's to the fairest nympn in Italy;
And she is not in Rome.
Sex. Where is she then?
Ar. Ask Collatine; he'll swear she's at Collatia.
Sex. His wife!
Ar. Even so. [*Rise and come down.*
Cl. Is it so, Collatine?
Well, 'tis praiseworthy in this vicious age
To see a young man true to his own spouse.
Oh, 'tis a vicious age! When I behold
One who is bold enough to steer agains
The wind of tide and custom, I behold him
With veneration; 'tis a vicious age.
Col. Laugh on! though I'm the subject! If to love
My wife's ridiculous, I'll join the laugh;
Though I'll not say if I laugh *at* or *with* you!
Ar. (*ironically*) The conscious wood was witness to his sighs,
The conscious Dryads wiped their watery eyes,
For they beheld the wight forlorn, to-day,
And so did I;—but I shall not betray.
Here now he is, however, thanks to me;
That is, his semblance, for his soul dwells hence.
How was it when you parted? [*mimicking*] *She*—"my love,
"Fear not, good sooth, I'll very constant prove."
He:—"And so will I,—for wheresoe'er I steer,
"'Tis but my mortal clay; my soul is here." [*All laugh.*
Sex. And prythee, Collatine, in what array
Did the god Hymen come to thee! How dress'd,
And how equipp'd? I fear me much, he left
His torch behind, so that thou could'st not see
A fault in thy beloved; or was the blaze
So burning bright, that thy bedazzled eyes
Have since refused their office?
Col. And doth Sextus
Judge by his own experience, then, of others?
To him, I make no doubt, hath Hymen's torch
Discover'd faults enough! what pity 'twas
He had not likewise brought i' th' other hand
A mirror, where the prince might read himself.
Sex. I like thee now; thou'rt gay, and I'll be grave.
As to those dear, delicious creatures, women,
Hear what my own experience has taught me.
I've ever found 'em fickle, artful, amorous,
Fruitful in schemes to please their changeful fancies,

And fruitful in resources when discover'd.
They love unceasingly—they never change—
Oh, never!—no!—excepting in the object.
Love of new faces is their first great passion,
Then love of riches, grandeur, and attention!
Knowing all this, I seek not constancy,
But, to anticipate their wishes, rove,
Humour their darling passion, and am bless'd!

Col. This is the common cant; the stale, gross, idle,
Unmeaning jargon, of all those, who, conscious
Of their own littleness of soul, avoid
With timid eye the face of modest virtue:
Who, mingling only with the base, and flush'd
With triumphs over those they dare attack,
The weak, the forward, or depraved, declare,
(And fain would make their shallow notions current)
That womankind are all alike, and hoot
At virtue, wheresoe'er she passes by them.
I have seen sparks like these—and I have seen
A little worthless village cur, all night
Bay with incessant noise the silver moon,
While she, serene, throned in her pearled car,
Sail'd in full state along—But Sextus' judgment
Owns not his words,—and the resemblance glances
On others, not on him.

Sex. Let it glance where and upon whom it will,
Sextus is mighty careless of the matter.
Now hear what I have seen. I've seen young men
Who, having fancied they have found perfection—

Col. Sextus, no more—lest I forget myself.
And thee.—I tell thee, prince—

Ar. Nay, hold!
Sextus, you go too far.

Sex. Why, pray, good sir, may I not praise the wife
Of this same testy, froward husband here,
But on his cheek offence must quivering sit,
And dream'd of insult?—the abortive child
Of misconstruction, whose near-sighted eye
Discerns not jest for real.

Col. I heed you not; jest on; I'll aid your humour:
Let Aruns use me for his princely laughter,
Let Claudius deck me with ironic praise;
But when you touch a nearer, dearer subject,
Perish the man, nay, may he doubly perish,
Who can sit still, and hear, with skulking coolness,
The least abuse, or shadow of a slight,

Cast on the woman whom he loves! though here
Your praise or blame are pointless equally,
Nor really add the least, nor take away
From her true value more than they could add
To th' holy gods.

Ar. If that a man might dare to ope his lips
When Collatinus frowns, I would presume
To say one word in praise of my own wife;
And I will say, could our eyes stretch to Rome,
In spite of the perfections of Lucretia,
My wife, who loves her fire-side, and hates gadding,
Would prove far otherwise employ'd—and better,—
Ay, better, as a woman, than the deity
Residing at Collatia.

Sex. [*Aside.*] Well timed;—I'll seize th' occasion:
View this Lucretia ere I sleep, and satisfy
My senses whether fame has told the truth.
[*Aloud.*] I'll stake my life on't—Let us mount our horses,
And post away this instant towards Rome,
That we shall find thy wife, and his, and his,
Making the most of this, their liberty.
Why, 'tis the sex: enjoying to the full
The swing of licence which their husbands' absence
Affords. I'll stake my life that this is true:
And that my own, (ill as I may deserve it)—
Knows her state best, keeps best within the bounds
Her matron duties claim; that she's at hom
While yours are feasting at their neighbours' houses.
What say'st thou, Collatine?
On rioting at home.

Col. Had I two lives, I'd stake them on the trial,
Nor fear to live both out.

Sex. Let us away then.
Come, come, my Collatinus,—droop not thus—
Be gay.

Col. I am not sad.

Sex. But fearful for th' event.

Col. Not in the least.

Sex. A little.

Col. Not a whit.
You do not know Lucretia.

Sex. But we shall.
Let's lose no time. Come, brothers! Let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.* R.

SCENE II.—*Rome—an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BRUTUS, L

Br. [*Alone.*] Oh, that some light would beam from heav'n to teach me
When to burst forth, and how to gain my purpose!
For Rome I would resign all other bonds,
And tear each private tie from my fix'd heart.
—Ha!—Some one comes! It is my son! He seems
Wrapt in Elysium, and elate with joy! [*Retires.*

Enter TITUS, L.

Ti. 'Tis done! 'tis done! auspicious are the fates,
Tarquinia's word is pledged, and all its brightness!
Br. [*Coming down.*] That exclamation was too lofty, boy:
Such raptures ill become the troubled times—
Of such, no more.
Ti. Oh! at an hour like this
Who could repress the thrill of grateful joy!
Br. [*Eagerly.*] What dost thou mean?
Ti. Tarquinia.
Br. What of her?
Ti. Her vows are pledged,
And Heaven's propitious smile will make her mine.
Br. Thine? What! Thine? Heav'n make Tarquinia thine?
Away! away! Heav'n spurns the race she springs from!
Ti. How!—Father, wert thou to thyself restored,
Thou would'st exult to see thy son thus blest.
Our vows are past. They cannot be recall'd.
And soon the nuptial altar will behold her
My own for ever.
Br. No, Titus, not for ever!
If thou art mine, thou canst not be Tarquinia's.
Renounce thy father,—or renounce thy love.
Ti. Nay, loose me, father,—this is frenzy all
E'en hadst thou spoken the dictates of thy soul,
(For sure thou canst not know what thou requir'st)
I must not, would not, could not, yield Tarquinia.
Nay—let me go—or my rack'd heart will break.
Br. Leave me. Retire. Thine is no Roman heart.

Ere long the moon will change—the moon—my goddess—
And then thou may'st behold a change in Brutus.
Ti. 'Tis as I thought. Folly resumes its reign.
Look on him, oh ye gods!
Grant him once more the treasure now withheld,
And to his son restore a long lost father!
[*Exit* TITUS, R.
Br. (*alone*) I was too sudden. I should have delay'd,
And watch'd a surer moment for my purpose.
He must be frighted from this dream of love.
What! shall the son of Junius wed a Tarquin!
As yet I've been no father to my son,—
I could be none: but, through the cloud that wraps me,
I've watch'd his mind with all a parent's fondness,
And hail'd, with joy, the Junian glory there.
Could I once burst the chains which now enthral him,
My son would prove the pillar of his country—
Dear to her freedom as he is to me.
The time may come when Heaven will heal our wrongs—
To your hands, mighty powers, I yield myself—
I will not doubt heaven's goodness or Rome's virtue—
Then, hence despair! Still thou and I are twain!
[*Exit* BRUTUS, L.

SCENE III.—*The house of* COLLATINUS, *at* COLLATIA. *An apartment, lighted up.* LUCRETIA *discovered, surrounded by her maids, all employed in embroidery and other female occupations.* LAVINIA *is on the* R. *of* LUCRETIA.

Luc. How long is it, Lavinia, since my lord
Hath changed his peaceful mansion for the camp
And restless scenes of war?
Lav. Why, in my simple estimation, madam,
'Tis some ten days, or thereabout, for time
Runs as it should with me,—in yours, it may be
Perhaps ten years.
Luc. I do not understand thee.
Say'st thou, with me time runs not as it should?
Explain thy meaning—What should make thee think so?
Lav. All that I mean is, that if I were married,
And that my husband were call'd forth to th' wars,
I should not stray through the grove next my house,
Invoke the pensive solitude, and woo

The dull and silent melancholy,—brood
O'er my own thoughts alone, or keep myself
Within my house mew'd up, a prisoner.
'Tis for philosophers
To love retirement; women were not made
To stand coop'd up like statues in a niche,
Or feed on their own secret contemplations.
Luc. Go to; thou know'st not what thou say'st
Lavinia.
I thank the gods who taught me that the mind,
Possess'd of conscious virtue, is more rich
Than all the sumless hoards which Plutus boasts;
And that the chiefest glory of a woman
Is in retirement—that her highest comfort
Results from home-born and domestic joys,—
Her noblest treasure, a deserving husband!
—Who, not a prisoner to the eye alone,
A fair complexion or melodious voice,
Shall read her deeper,—nor shall time, which palls
The rage of passion, shake his ardent love,
Increasing by possession. This, (again I thank
The gracious gods)—this husband, too, is mine!
[*Crosses to* R.
—Soft—I hear footsteps! Hour of rapture! Look!
My life, my love, my Collatinus comes!

Enter COLLATINUS, CLAUDIUS, ARUNS, *and* SEXTUS, L. LUCRETIA *rushes into the arms of* COLLATINUS.

My lord, most welcome!
Col. Welcome these, my friends,
Lucretia!—our right royal master's sons;
Passing this way, I have prevail'd with them
To grace our humble mansion.
Luc. Welcome yourself!
And doubly welcome, that you bring such friends.
Haste maidens, haste—make ready for our guests!
[*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS, R.
My heart is full of joy!
Ar. Rather, fair lady,
You should be angry, that unseasonably
And with abrupt intrusion, we've thus broke
Upon your privacy.
Luc. No, my good lord;
Those to whom love and my respect are due,
Can ne'er intrude upon me;—had I known
This visit, you, perhaps, might have been treated

With better cheer.—not a more kind reception.
This evening, little did I think my house
Would have possess'd such lodgers.
Cl. Rather, lady,
Such birds of passage—we must hence to-night.
Luc. To-night? Doth not my lord say no to that?
Col. I would, Lucretia; but it cannot be.
If aught the house affords, my dearest love,
To set before your guests, I pray prepare it:
We must be at the camp ere morning dawn.
An hour or two will be the utmost limit
Allow'd us here.
Luc. With all the speed I can [*Crosses to* R.
I'll play the caterer; though I am tempted,
Would that delay your journey, to be tardy,
And prove a sluggish housewife. [*Exit* LUCRETIA.
Sex. This is indeed a wife! Here the dispute
Must end;—
And, Collatinus, we must yield to thee!
Ar. I will not envy thee,—but 'tis a wife
Of wives,—a precious diamond, pick'd
From out the common pebbles. To have found her
At work among her maids at this late hour,
And not displeased at our rude interruption,—
Not to squeeze out a quaint apology,
As, "I am quite ashamed; so unprepared!
"Who could have thought! Would I had known of it!"
And such like tacit hints, to tell her guests
She wishes them away—thou'rt happy, Collatine.
Col. Enough, enough.
The gods forbid I should affect indifference,
And say you flatter me. I am most happy.—
But Sextus heeds us not. He seems quite lost.
Sex. Pray, pardon me:
My mind was in the camp. How wine could heat us
To such a mad exploit, at such a time
Is shameful to reflect on: let us mount
This instant, and return.
Col. Now we are here,
We shall encroach but little on our time
If we partake the slender fare together
Which will, by this, await us. Pray, my lords,
This way. [*Exit* COLLATINUS.
Sex. Along—I'll follow straight.
[*Exeunt* ARUNS *and* CLAUDIUS.
Sex. (*apart.*) Had she staid here till now, I should have done

Nothing but gaze. Nymphs, goddesses
Are fables;—nothing can, in heaven or earth,
Be half so fair!—But there's no hope!—Her face,
Her look, her eye, her manners, speak a heart
Unknowing of deceit; a soul of honour,
Where frozen chastity has fix'd her throne,
And unpolluted nuptial sanctity.
—Peace, undigested thoughts!—Down—down! till ripen'd
By further time, ye bloom. [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. The Capitol. Equestrian Statue of* TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS. *Night. Thunder and lightning*

Enter BRUTUS, L. U. E.

Br. [*alone.*] Slumber forsakes me, and I court the horrors
Which night and tempest swell on every side.
Launch forth thy thunders, Capitolian Jove!
Put fire into the languid souls of men;
Let loose thy ministers of wrath amongst them,
And crush the vile oppressor! Strike him down.
Ye lightnings! Lay his trophies in the dust!
[*Storm increases.*
Ha! this is well!—flash, ye blue-forked fires!
Loud-bursting thunders, roar! and tremble, earth!
[*A violent crash of thunder, and the statue of* TARQUIN, *struck by a flash, is shattered to pieces.*
What! fallen at last, proud idol! struck to earth!
I thank you, gods! I thank you! When you point
Your shafts at human pride, it is not chance,

'Tis wisdom levels the commission'd blow.
But I—a thing of no account—a slave—
I to your forked lightnings bare my bosom
In vain—for what's a slave—a dastard slave?
A fool, a Brutus? [*Storm increases*] Hark! the storm rides on!
The scolding winds drive through the clattering rain,
And loudly screams the haggard witch of night.
Strange hopes possess my soul. My thoughts grow wild,
Engender with the scene, and pant for action.
With your leave, majesty, I'll sit beside you,
And ruminate awhile.
[*Sits on a fragment of the statue.*
Oh, for a cause! A cause, ye mighty Gods!
Soft, what stir is this?

Enter VALERIUS, *followed by a* MESSENGER, L.

Val. What! Collatinus sent for, didst thou say?
Mes. Ay, Collatinus, thou, and all her kinsmen?
To come upon the instant to Collatia;
She will take no denial. Time is precious,
And I must hasten forth to bring her husband.
[*Crosses behind, and exit* MESSENGER, R.
Br. [*apart*] Ha! Collatinus and Lucretia's kinsmen!
There's something sure in this—Valerius too—
Well met—Now will I put him to the test—
Valerius—Hoa!
Val. Who calls me?
Br. Brutus.
Val. Go,
Get thee to bed! [VALERIUS *is departing.*
Br. Valerius!
Val. Peace,
Thou foolish thing! Why dost thou call so loud?
Br. Because I will be heard. The time may come
When thou may'st want a fool.
Val. Pr'ythee, begone!
I have no time to hear thy prattle now.
Br. By Hercules, but you must hear.
[*Seizing his arm*
Val. You'll anger me.
Br. Waste not your noble anger on a fool.
'Twere a brave passion in a better cause.

Val. Thy folly's cause enough.
Br. Rail not at folly—
There's but one wise,
And him the gods have kill'd.
Val. Kill'd! Whom?
Br. Behold!
Oh, sight of pity!—Majesty in ruins!
Down on your knees—down to your kingly idol!
Val. Let slaves and sycophants do that; not I.
Br. Wilt thou not kneel?
Val. Begone;
Valerius kneels not to the living Tarquin.
Br. Indeed!—Belike you wish him laid as low.
Val. What if I do?
Br. Jove tells thee what to do—
Strike!—Oh! the difference 'twixt Jove's wrath and thine!
He, at the crowned tyrant aims his shaft,
Thou, mighty man, would'st frown a fool to silence,
And spurn poor Brutus from thee
Val. What is this?
Let me look nearer at thee. Is thy mind,
That long lost jewel, found,—and Lucius Junius,
Dear to my heart, restored? or art thou Brutus,
The scoff and jest of Rome, and this a fit
Of intermittent reason?
Br. I am Brutus.
Folly, be thou my goddess! I am Brutus,
If thou wilt use me so!—If not, farewell.
Why dost thou pause? Look on me! I have limbs,
Parts and proportions, shoulders strong to bear,
And hands not slow to strike. What more than Brutus
Could Lucius Junius do?
Val. A cause like ours
Asks both the strength of Brutus and the wisdom
Of Lucius Junius.
Br. No more. We're interrupted.
Val. Farewell. Hereafter we'll discourse,
And may the gods confirm the hope you've raised!
[*Exit* VALERIUS, R.
Br. [*Alone*] My soul expands! my spirit swells within me,
As if the glorious moment were at hand!
Sure this is Sextus—why has he left the camp?
Alone—and muffled!

Enter SEXTUS, *wrapped in a mantle*, R. U. E. *and crosses to* L.

Welcome, gentle prince!

Sex. Ha! Brutus here!—Unhoused amid the storm?

Br. Whence com'st thou, prince? from battle? from the camp?

Sex. Not from the camp, good Brutus—from Collatia—

The camp of Venus,—not of Mars, good Brutus.

Br. Ha!

Sex. Why dost thou start?—thy kinswoman, Lucretia—

Br. [*Eagerly.*] Well—what of her? speak!

Sex. Ay, I will speak,—

And I'll speak *that* shall fill thee with more wonder,
Than all the lying oracle declar'd.

Br. Nay, prince, not so; you cannot do a deed
To make me wonder.

Sex. Indeed! Dost think it?
Then let me tell thee, Brutus,—wild with passion
For this famed matron,—though we met but once,—
Last night I stole in secret from the camp,
Where, in security, I left her husband.
She was alone. I said affairs of consequence
Had brought me to Collatia. She received me
As the king's son, and as her husband's friend—

Br. [*Apart.*] Patience, oh heart!—a moment longer, patience!

Sex. When midnight came, I crept into her chamber—

Br. [*Apart.*] Inhuman monster!

Sex. Alarm'd and frantic,
She shriek'd out "Collatinus! Husband! Help!"
A slave rush'd in—I sprung upon the caitiff,
And drove my dagger through his clamorous throat;
Then, turning to Lucretia, now half dead
With terror, swore, by all the gods at once,
If she resisted, to the heart I'd stab her;
Yoke her fair body to the dying slave!
And fix pollution to her name for ever!

Br. And——and——the matron?——

Sex. Was mine!

Br. [*With a burst of frenzy.*] The furies curse you, then! Lash you with snakes!
When forth you walk may the red, flaming sun
Strike you with livid plagues!—

Vipers, that die not slowly, knaw your heart!
May earth be to you but one wilderness!
May you hate yourself—
For death pray hourly, yet be in tortures
Millions of years expiring!

Sex. Amazement! What can mean this sudden frenzy?

Br. What? Violation! Do we dwell in dens,
In cavern'd rocks; or amongst men in Rome?
[*Thunder and lightning become very violent.*
Hear the loud curse of Heaven! 'Tis not for nothing
The thunderer keeps this coil above your head!
[*Points to the fragments of the statue.*
Look on that ruin! See your father's statue
Unhorsed and headless! Tremble at the omen!

Sex. This is not madness. Ha! my dagger lost!—
Wretch! thou shalt not escape me. Ho! a guard!—
The rack shall punish thee! A guard, I say!
[*Exit* SEXTUS.

Br. [*Alone.*] The blow is struck! The anxious messages
To Collatinus and his friends explain'd,
And now, Rome's liberty or loss is certain!
I'll hasten to Collatia—join my kinsmen—
To the moon folly! Vengeance, I embrace thee!
[*Exit* BRUTUS.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the house of Collatinus.* COLLATINUS *enters wildly, a bloody dagger in his hand, followed by* VALERIUS *and* LUCRETIUS, R.

Col. *She's dead. Lucretia's dead! I pluck'd this steel
From my Lucretia's heart! This is her blood!
Howl, howl, ye men of Rome. Look! there she lies,
That was your wonder.
Ye mighty gods, where are your thunders now?
Ye men and warriors, have you human hearts?
But who shall dare to mourn her loss like me!

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. I dare,—and so dare every honest Roman.

Luc. Whence comes this mad intrusion? Hence begone!

* The scene which was omitted after the first representation, and for which this introductory speech of Collatinus is substituted, will be found in a note at the end of the play.

Br. The noble spirit fled! How died Lucretia?
Val. By her own hand she died!
Br. Heroic matron!
Now, now the hour is come! By this one blow
Her name's immortal, and her country saved!
[*Crosses to* C.
Hail! dawn of glory! [*Snatching the dagger.*] Hail, thou sacred weapon!
Virtue's deliverer, hail!
Hear, Romans, hear! did not the Sibyl tell you
A fool should set Rome free? I am that fool;
Brutus bids Rome be free! [*Crosses to* L.
Val. What can this mean?
Br. It means that Lucius Junius has thrown off
The mask of madness, and his soul rides forth
On the destroying whirlwind, to avenge
The wrongs of that bright excellence and Rome!
Luc. Can this be Lucius Junius?
Val. Ha! The voice
Of inspiration speaks!
Col. Oh, glorious Brutus,
Let me in tears adore the bounteous gods
Who have restored thee to redress my woes;
And, in my woes, my country!
Br. No more of this.
Stand not in wonder. Every instant now
Is precious to your cause. Rise! Snatch your arms!
[BRUTUS *kneels.*
Hear me, great Jove! and thou, paternal Mars,
And spotless Vesta! To the death I swear
My burning vengeance shall pursue these Tarquins!
Ne'er shall my limbs know rest till they are swept
From off the earth, which groans beneath their infamy!
This, from the bottom of my soul I swear!
[*He rises*
Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius,—all—
Here, I adjure ye by this fatal dagger,
All stain'd and reeking with her sacred blood,
Be partners in my oath, revenge her fall!
All. We swear!
Br. Well have ye said: and, oh! methinks I see
The hovering spirit of the murder'd matron
Look down and bow her airy head to bless you!
Summon your slaves, and bear the body hence
High in the view, through all the streets of Rome,
Up to the Forum!—On! The least delay

May draw down ruin, and defeat our glory.
On, Romans, on! The fool shall set you free!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace of* TULLIA.

Enter FLAVIUS CORUNNA, L. *in haste, meeting* HORATIUS, R.

Cor. My lord, my lord! Quick, tell me, where is Tullia?
Hor. Whence this alarm? what would'st thou?
Cor. Rebellion rages—
Hor. Rebellion?
Cor. Lucretia,
The wife of Collatinus, is no more.
The furious multitude have borne her body
With shouts of vengeance through the streets of Rome,
And "Sextus Tarquin," is the general cry.
Hor. Where are thy troops? why dost thou dally here,
When thou should'st pay their insolence with death?
Cor. The soldiers join the throng—the gates are closed,
And the mad crowd exclaim, "We banish Tarquin."
Brutus is at their head, and leads them on.
Hor. What miracle is this? How sayst thou, Brutus?
Cor. Ay, the fool Brutus. Now before the rostrum
The body of Lucretia is exposed,
And Brutus there harangues assembled Rome.
He waves aloft
The bloody dagger; all the people hear him
With wildest admiration and applause;
He speaks as if he held the souls of men
In his own hand, and moulded them at pleasure.
They look on him as they would view a god,
Who, from a darkness which invested him,
Springs forth, and, knitting his stern brow in frowns,
Proclaims the vengeful will of angry Jove.
Hor. Fly through the city; gather all the force
You can assemble, and straight hasten hither.
I'll to the queen—Lose not a moment. Hence!
I tremble for Rome's safety!—haste—begone!
[*Exeunt;* HORATIO R., CORUNNA L.

SCENE I .—*The Forum.*

The populace fill the Stage. BRUTUS *is discovered upon the Forum. The dead body of* LUCRETIA *is on a bier beneath.* COLLATINUS LUCRETIUS *and the Female Attendants of* LUCRETIA *stand around her corpse.* VALERIUS *and others are seen.*

Br. Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story
And now, to say one word of the imposture,—
The mask necessity has made me wear.
When the ferocious malice of your king,—
King do I call him?—When the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?

1st. Rom. Most wonderful!

2nd. Rom. Silence! he speaks again.

Br. Would you know why I summon'd you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was form'd
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
Fairer than ever was a form created
By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
And never resting thought is all on fire!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,
And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her;—the young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds
Which now spring rife from the luxurious compost
Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose,—
How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants
Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
Was blighted, but, array'd in purest grace,
She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such perfections
Might have call'd back the torpid breast of age
To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind

Might have abash'd the boldest libertine.
And turn'd desire to reverential love,
And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen!
You all can witness when that she went forth
It was a holiday in Rome; old age
Forgot its crutch, labour its task,—all ran,
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies!
That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone
All. Sextus shall die! [*Shout*
Br. But then—the king—his father—
1st. Rom. What shall be done with him?
2nd. Rom. Speak, Brutus!
3rd. Rom. Tell us! Tell us!
Br. Say, would you seek instruction? would ye ask
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
Which saw his poison'd brother, saw the incest
Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound, Revenge! Revenge!
All. Revenge! Revenge!
Br. And we will be revenged, my countrymen!
Brutus shall lead you on; Brutus, a name
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to him
Than all the noblest titles earth can boast. [*Shout.*
1st. Rom. Live, Brutus!
2nd. Rom. Valiant Brutus!
3rd. Rom. Down with Tarquin!
2nd. Rom. We'll have no Tarquins!
1st. Rom. We will have a Brutus!
3rd. Rom. Let's to the Capitol, and shout for Brutus
Br. I, your king!
Brutus your king!—No, fellow-citizens!
If mad ambition in this guilty frame
Had strung one kingly fibre,—yea, but one—
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold

Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.
Val. Then I am with thee, noble, noble Brutus!
Brutus, the new restored! Brutus, by Sibyl,
By Pythian prophetess foretold, shall lead us!
Br. Now take the body up. Bear it before us
To Tarquin's palace; there we'll light our torches,
And, in the blazing conflagration, rear
A pile for these chaste relics, that shall send
Her soul amongst the stars. On! Brutus leads you!
[*Exeunt; the mob shouting,* L.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A court belonging to* TARQUIN'S *palace. In the front a grand entrance, with folding gates closed.*

Enter TULLIA, R.

Tul. [*Alone.*] Gods! whither shall a frantic mother fly?
Accursed siege of Ardea! Tarquin, Tarquin,
Where art thou? Save thy wife, thy son, thy city!

Enter TITUS, R.

Ti. Where is the prince? where's Sextus?
Tul. Where? Oh, heavens!
His madness hath undone us! Where is Sextus?
Perhaps ev'n now the barbarous ruffians hurl him
Alive into the flames, or piecemeal drag
Along the rebel streets his mangled trunk—
Ti. No more. I'll save him, or avenge—
[*Going,* HORATIUS *meets and stops him.*
Hor. Turn, noble Roman, turn;
Set not your life upon a desperate stake! [*Shout.*
Hark, they are at thy gates! [*Shout.*
Tul. Does my son live!

Hor. Furious he sprang upon the rabble throng,
And hew'd his desperate passage: but the time
Admits no further question—Save yourself!
Tul. Who leads them on?
Hor. Your new-named fool, your Brutus.
Ti. Death! my father!
Tul. Brutus in arms!
Oh, Sibyl! Oh, my fate! farewell to greatness!
I've heard my doom.
Ti. Earth, earth, enclose me!
Tul. Hark! it bursts upon us! [*Shouts are heard.*
Hor. Ha! nearer yet! Now be propitious, Mars!
Now, nerve my arm with more than mortal fury
Till the dissembler sink beneath its vengeance.
[*Exit* HOR.
Tul. Fly! save my child—save my—save your Tarquinia!
Ti. Or die defending. [*Exit* TITUS.
[*The shouts and tumult become very violent, and the battering at the gate and wall commences.*
Tul. Ah! if amidst my legions I might fall,
Death were not then inglorious; but to perish
By the vile scum of Rome—hunted by dogs—
Baited to death by brawling, base mechanics—
Shame insupportable!
[*Shouts heard—the gate and wall are shattered down—the palaces behind are in flames—the soldiers and populace rush over the ruins—* BRUTUS *appears in the midst of them, and advances to the front.*
Br. Seize the parricide!
[*They advance and surround her.*
Tul. Avaunt! I am your queen.
Br. Tarquins! we cast you from us.
Tul. Give me a sword, and let me fall like Tullia.
Br. No, we reserve our swords for nobler uses
Than to make war with women: to the Tarquins,
To your adulterous son we leave that shame.
Tul. If then 'twill better sate thy cruelty,
Precipitate me quick into those flames,
And with the wreck of empire mix my ashes.
Br. Take her to Rhea's temple; take her hence,
And lodge her with her ancestors!

Tul. Ye gods!
My father's sepulchre!—I'll not approach it!
Br. 'Twill furnish wholesome recollection. Hence!
Tul. Not to that fatal place! Send me not thither!
Br. 'Tis fix'd.
Tul. Choose the most loathsome dungeon — there confine me,
Or give me death instead. My heart recoils
Against that temple.
Br. There, and only there,
By your dead father's tomb, you must abide
The judgment of the state.
Tul. Then, by the gods
Whom, for the last time, I invoke,—
If no means else
Of ready death present themselves,
No particle of food shall pass these lips,
Till, in the void of nature, hungry madness
With blank oblivion entering, shall confound
And cancel all perception.

[*Exit* TULLIA, *guarded*, R

Enter TITUS, L., *who meets* BRUTUS *as he is going off*, R.

Ti. Turn, oh my father,
And look upon thy son.
Br. What would'st thou? speak!
Ti. If thou hast reason, oh, have mercy also!
But if in madness thou hast done this deed—
Br. I am not mad, but as the lion is,
When he breaks down the toils that tyrant craft
Hath spread to catch him. Think not we will suffer
These monsters to profane the air of Heaven.
Shall Titus, then, oppose our great design?
Shall Brutus meet a recreant in his son?
Banish this folly!—Have a care—I know thee
There is a lurking passion at thy heart
Which leaves but half a soul for Rome and me!
Ti. You wrong me. Like a Roman I exult
To see Lucretia's murder thus avenged—
And like a son glory in such a father!
Yet hear me through.—Nay, do not frown, but hear me.—
Br. Go on; confess thy weakness, and dismiss it.
Ti. 'Twas in the sleep of my dear father's reason,

When Tarquin's freed-man in a saucy mood
Vented vile jests at thy unhappy weakness,
Stung to the quick, I snatch'd a weapon up,
And fell'd him to my foot.
Br. Why, twas well done.
The knave was saucy, and you slew him.—On!
Ti. 'Twas on this very spot Tarquinia stood,
And when the wrathful father had denounced
Immediate death on this my filial act,
She with the tongue of interceding pity,
And tears that stream'd in concert with her suit,
Implored, prevail'd, and gave me life—and love.
Br. 'Tis well. Behold, I give her life for life:
Rome may be free, although Tarquinia lives—
This I concede; but more if thou attemptest,—
By all the gods!—Nay, if thou dost not take
Her image, though with smiling Cupids deck'd,
And pluck it from thy heart, there to receive
Rome and her glories in without a rival,
Thou art no son of mine—thou art no Roman.
[*Exit* BRUTUS, R.

Enter TARQUINIA, L.

Tar. Save, save me, Titus! oh, amid the crash
Of falling palaces, preserve Tarquinia;
Or, do I meet in thee a double rebel,
Traitor alike to me and to your king?
Speak, I conjure thee! Will the son of Brutus
Now take me to his pity and protection,
Or stab with perfidy the heart that loves him!
Ti. Cruel suspicion! Oh, adored Tarquinia,
I live but to preserve you! You are free:
I have my father's sanction for your safety!
Tar. I scorn a life that is preserved by Brutus!
I scorn to outlive parents, brothers, friends!
I'll die with those
Whom this dire night hath murder'd!
Ti. Who are murder'd?
Whom hath the sword of Brutus slain? Not one
Of all thy kindred—
Tar. Say'st thou? Lives my mother?
Ti. She lives—and Sextus,—even he escapes
The storm which he has raised, and flies to Ardea.
Tar. Speed him, ye gods, with eagle swiftness thither!
And may those thunders which now shake the walls

Of tottering Ardea, like a whirlwind burst
On this devoted city, whelm its towers,
And crush the traitorous hive beneath their ruins!
[*Crosses to* R.
Now, Titus, where is now thy promis'd faith?
Didst thou not swear no dangers should divide us?
Ti. I did; and, constant to my oath, behold me
Thy faithful guardian in this night of terrors.
Tar. Be still my guardian; snatch me from these terrors,
Bear me to Ardea, be the friend of nature,
And give the rescued daughter to the arms
Of her protecting parent; thus you gain
The praise of men, the blessings of the gods,
And all that honour, all that love can grant.
Ti. Despair! Distraction! Whither shall I turn me?
Tar. Why do you waver? Cast away this weakness;
Be glorious in your cruelty, and leave me.
By all the demons who prepare the heart
To rush upon the self-destroying steel,
The same dire moment which gives thee to Brutus,
Gives me to death.
Ti. Horror! Tarquinia, hold!
Tar. Lo! I am arm'd. Farewell! [*crosses to* L.]
How I have loved you,
My death shall witness—how you have deceived me,
Let your own conscience tell. Now to your father!
Now go and mingle with the murderers;
Go, teach those fiends what perjury can do,
And show your hands bathed in Tarquinia's blood:
The filial deed shall welcome you to Brutus,
And fill his gloomy soul with savage joy.
Ti. Take, take me hence for ever! Let me lose,
In these dear arms the very name of son,
All claims of nature, every sense but love!
Tar. The gods that guard the majesty of Rome,
And that sweet power, whose influence turns thy heart
To pity and compliance, shall reward
And bless thee for the deed!
Ti. Can he be blest
On whom a father's direful curse shall fall?
Tar. A madman's imprecation is no curse.
Be a man.
Ti. Oh, while thy love upholds me, I can stand
Against the world's contempt; remember, only,
For whose dear sake I am undone; remember,
My heart was honour's once.

Tar. And shall be ever.
Come, I will show thee where bright honour grows,
Where thou shalt pluck it from the topmost branch,
And wear it in its freshest, fairest bloom.
[*Exeunt* TITUS *and* TARQUINIA, L.

SCENE II.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter HORATIUS *and* CELIUS, L.

Hor. Brutus and Collatinus are appointed
To sovereign sway, as consuls for the year.
Their self-elected senate meets to-morrow.
Though some remain, too honest for their views,
These for security exact conditions—
They ask a chief, whose well establish'd fame
May win the hearts of this inconstant people;
A chief so brave, that, should we prove victorious,
He may compel the king to keep his faith;
Or, if we fall, boldly revenge our deaths—
And such a chief I've found.
Cel. Indeed! In whom?
Hor. The consul's son—his much loved son—young Titus.
Cel. What! to rebel against his father's power!
Hor. Ay, he is ours. This very night, Tarquina
Will lead him forth to the Quirinal gate,
Whence they straight hasten to the camp at Ardea.
Impetuous youth is wrought upon with ease.
Though 'tis his father's frown upon his love,
And early vows pledged to the fair Tarquinia
Alone, which prompt him thus to head our band:
Once in our power, we'll mould him to our ends:
His very name will prove a tower of strength;
And Rome, once more, shall be restored to Tarquin.
Cel. Bravely resolved! But tell me—where is Tullia?
Hor. A captive, and confin'd in Rhea's temple;
Watch'd by the vestals, who there guard the flame
Upon the tomb where lies her murder'd father.
Unhappy Tullia! our swords shall soon release thee.
Come! Hence at once! The hour draws near—away!
Ere two days pass these reptiles shall be crush'd,
And humbled Rome sue for its monarch's pardon.
[*Exeunt* HORATIUS *and* CELIUS, R.

Enter LUCRETIUS *and* VALERIUS, L.

Val. That was Horatius 'parted, was it not?
Luc. The same.
Val. Am I deceived? Methinks I heard
Something like discontent and treason mutter'd.
Luc. I fear all is not safe. Assembled groups
Of Tarquin's friends have been seen close in conference,
Muttering his name aloud. Ay, and some base
Degenerate Romans call'd for a surrender.
Val. Horatius' arts may justly wake suspicion:
And Rome, we know, is still disgraced by many
Too base, too sordid, to be bravely free.
Let us go forth and double all the guards,
See their steps watch'd, and intercept their malice
Luc. Nay, there's a safer course than that; arrest them!
Val. The laws and rights we've sworn to guard, forbid it!
Let them be watch'd. We must not venture farther.
To arrest a Roman upon bare surmise
Would be at once to imitate the tyrant
Whom we renounce, and from his throne have driven!
[*Exit* LUCRETIUS *and* VALERIUS, R.

SCENE III.—*Rome.*

A little dark. The Temple of Rhea, with a large central door leading to the Tomb of SERVIUS TULLIUS, *late King of Rome. On one side of the stage a statue of Rhea, and on the other a statue of Vesta with altars, and incense burning before each.*

PRIESTESS *of Rhea.* VIRGINS *of the Temple.*

Pr. Daughters of Rhea, since the lords of Rome
Have to your holy hands consign'd the charge
Of their now captive Queen, inform the Priestess
How your sad prisoner abides her durance.
Is her proud soul yet humbled, or indignant
Doth it still breathe defiance and contempt?
Vir. Sullen and silent she resolves on death:
She will not taste of nourishment. She comes.

Enter TULLIA, L.

Pr. I pray you, royal lady, be entreated—
Tul. I tell you, no!
Pr. Think what a train of weary hours have pass'd
Since you had taste of food.
Tul. 'Tis well!
The fewer are to come.
Pr. How can you live to meet your royal husband,
To fold your children in your arms again,
If you resist support?
Tul. Hah! well remember'd!
What news from Ardea? Will he march for Rome?
Hark! Do you hear his trumpet? Is he coming?
Ay, this is hope, and worth the feeding.
'Tis well. 'Tis well.
But, tell me—doth the king know of this kindness?
Pr. What king?
Tul. What king?
Brutus, the king of Rome,—knows he of this?
Pr. He does.
Tul. And would he I should live?
Pr. He would.
Tul. Merciful villain!
Yes, he would have me live to page his triumphs:
I know the utmost of his mercy—
Subtle traitor!
I'll not taste food, though immortality
Were grafted to each atom—Hark! What's that?
Heard you that groan?
Pr. It is your fancy's coinage.
Tul. Again! 'Tis deep and hollow:
It issues from the vault—Set the door open!
Open, I say.
Pr. It is your father's sepulchre.
Tul. My father! righteous gods! I kill'd my father!
Horrible retribution!
Pr. Wretched daughter,
If thou hast done this deed, prepare thy spirit
By wholesome meditation for atonement,
And let no passion interrupt the task
Of penitence and prayer.
Tul. I'll pray no more.
There is no mercy in the skies for murder,
Therefore no praying, none.

I have a plea for my impenitence—
Madness!
These groans have made me mad; all the night through
They howl'd distraction to my sleepless brain!
You've shut me up with furies to torment me,
And starved me into madness. Hark! again!
Unbar the door! Unbar it! By the gods
The voice is more than human which I hear!
I'll enter there—I will be satisfied,
Although the confirmation should present
His awful form—

[*She rushes forward. The* PRIESTESS *and* VESTALS, *in confusion and alarm, spring to the bar, which, falling with a crash, the door flies open, and discovers a monumental figure of* SERVIUS TULLIUS, *with lamps burning on each side of it.* TULLIA *recoils, shrieks, falls, and expires. The others groupe around her, and the Curtain falls to soft music.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome, with the Temple of Mars in view.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* COLLATINUS, *as Consuls, with* LICTORS, VALERIUS, LUCRETIUS, *and numerous followers,* L.

Br. You judge me rightly, friends. The purpled robe
The curule chair, the lictors' keen edged axe,
Rejoice not Brutus;—'tis his country's freedom:
When once that freedom shall be firmly rooted,

Then, with redoubled pleasure, will your consul
Exchange the splendid miseries of power,
For the calm comforts of a happy home.

Enter a MESSENGER, L.

Mess. All health to Rome, her senate, and her consuls.
Br. Speak on—What message hast thou to impart?
Mess. I bring intelligence of Sextus Tarquin,
Who, on arriving at a neighbouring village,
Was known, and by the people stoned to death.
Br. Now, Lucretia!
Thy ghost may cease to wander o'er the earth [*Exit*, L.
And rest in peace.
Luc. Heaven's ways are just!
Col. Yet I regret the villain should be slain
By any hand but mine!

Enter a CENTURION, R.

Cent. Health to Brutus!
Shame and confusion to the foes of Rome!
Br. Now, without preface, soldier, to your business
Cent. As I kept watch at the Quirinal gate,
Ere break of day, an armed company
Burst on the sudden through the barrier guard,
Pushing their course for Ardea. Straight alarm'd,
I wheel'd my cohort round, and charged 'em home:
Sharp was the conflict for a while and doubtful,
Till, on the seizure of Tarquinia's person,
A young Patrician—
Br. Hah! Patrician?
Cent. Such
His dress bespoke him, though to me unknown.
Br. Proceed!—What more?
Cent. The lady being taken,
This youth, the life and leader of the band,
His sword high waving in the act to strike,
Dropt his uplifted weapon, and at once
Yielded himself my prisoner. Oh, Valerius,
What have I said, that thus the consul changes?
Br. Why do you pause? Go on.
Cent. Their leader seized,
The rest surrender'd. Him, a settled gloom
Possesses wholly, nor as I believe
Hath a word pass'd his lips, to all my questions
Still obstinately shut.
Br. Bring him before us. [*Exit* CENTURION, R.

Val. Oh, my brave friend, horror invades my heart.
Br. Silence. Be calm.
Val. I know thy soul
A compound of all excellence, and pray
The mighty gods to put thee to no trial
Beyond a mortal bearing.
Br. No, they will not—
Nay, be secure,—they cannot. Pr'ythee, friend,
Look out, and if the worst that can befall me
Be verified, turn back, and give some sign
What thou hast seen—Thou can'st excuse this weakness
Being thyself a father. [VALERIUS *gives the sign.*
Ha!—Enough:
I understand thee:—Since it must be so,
Do your great pleasure, gods! Now, now it comes!
TITUS *and* TARQUINIA *are brought in,* R. *guarded.*
TITUS *advances.* TARQUINIA *remains in the back-ground.*
Ti. My father!—Give me present death, ye powers!
Cent. What have I done!—Art thou the son of Brutus?
Ti. No—Brutus scorns to father such a son!
Oh, venerable judge, wilt thou not speak?
Turn not away; hither direct thine eyes,
And look upon this sorrow-stricken form,
Then to thine own great heart remit my plea,
And doom as nature dictates.
Val. Peace,—you'll anger him—
Be silent, and await! Oh, suffering mercy,
Plead in a father's heart, and speak for nature!
[BRUTUS *turns away from his son, waves his hand to the* CENTURION *to remove him to a farther distance, and then walks forward, and calls* COLLATINUS *down to him,* L.
Br. Come hither, Collatinus. The deep wound
You suffer'd in the loss of your Lucretia
Demanded more than fortitude to bear;
I saw your agony—I felt your woe—
Col. You more than felt it—you revenged it too.
Br. But, ah, my brother consul, your Lucretia
Fell nobly, as a Roman spirit should—
She fell, a model of transcendent virtue.
Col. My mind misgives. What dost thou aim at Brutus?
Br. [*Almost overpowered.*] That youth—my Titus was my age's hope—
I loved him more than language can express—

I thought him born to dignify the world
Col. My heart bleeds for you—He may yet be saved—
Br. [*Firmly.*] Consul,—for Rome I live—not for myself:
I dare not trust my firmness in this crisis,
Warring 'gainst every thing my soul holds dear!
Therefore return without me to the senate—
Haply my presence might restrain their justice.
Look that these traitors meet their trial straight,—
And then despatch a messenger to tell me
How the wise fathers have disposed of——Go!
[COLLATINUS *goes out*, R. *attended; and as* BRUTUS *is departing*, L. TARQUINIA *rushes forward*, R.
Tar. Stop,—turn and hear the daughter of your king!
I speak for justice—mercy,—thou hast none,
For him, your son:—
By gratitude and love I drew him off—
I preserv'd his life!
Who shall condemn him for protecting mine?
Br. We try the crime; the motive, Heaven will judge.
My honour he hath stabb'd—I pardon that.
He hath done more—he hath betray'd his country.
That is a crime which every honest heart
That beats for freedom, every Roman feels,
And the full stream of justice must have way.
Tar. Because thy soul was never sway'd by love,
Canst thou not credit what his bosom felt?
Br. I can believe that beauty such as thine
May urge a thousand fascinating snares
To lure the wavering and confound the weak;
But what is honour, which a sigh can shake?
What is his virtue, whom a tear can melt?
Truth,—valour,—justice,—constancy of soul,—
These are the attributes of manly natures:—
Be woman e'er so beauteous, man was made
For nobler uses than to be her slave.
Tar. Hard, unrelenting man! Are these the fruits
Of filial piety,—and hath thy son
Wearied the gods with pray'rs, till they restor'd
A mind, and gave thee reason? Would to Heaven
They'd given thee mercy too! 'twould more become thee
Than these new ensigns, Brutus; more than all
Thy lictors, haughty consul,—or thy robes
Dipt in the blood,—oh, horror!—of a son!—
Br. No more—By all the gods, I'll hear no more.

Ti. A word, for pity's sake. Before thy feet,
[*To* BRUTUS.
Humbled in soul, thy son and prisoner kneels
Love is my plea: a father is my judge;
Nature my advocate!—I can no more:
If these will not appease a parent's heart,
Strike through them all, and lodge thy vengeance here!
Br. Break off! I will not, cannot hear thee further.
The affliction nature hath impos'd on Brutus,
Brutus will suffer as he may.—Enough
That we enlarge Tarquinia. Go, be free!
Centurion, give her conduct out of Rome!
Lictors, secure your prisoner. Point your axes.
To the senate—On!
[*Exeunt* BRUTUS *and* GUARDS, L.
Cent. Come, lady, you must part.
Tar. Part! Must we part?
You shall not tear him from me; I will die
Embracing the sad ruin I have made.
Cent You've heard the consul.
Tar. Thou hast heard the king,
Fought for him while he led you on to conquest.
Thou art a soldier, and should'st spurn an office
Which malefactors, though condemn'd for murder,
Would rather die by torture than perform.
Ti. If thou dost wish
That I should 'scape the peril of my fate,
I conjure thee to accord
To Brutus, and accept his promis'd safeguard.
Your words, your looks, your beauty, feed his wrath.
In that fair face he reads my guilty love,
And pity flies his heart; let passion pause;
Leave me to solitude, to silence leave me;
Then nature's gentlest whispers may be heard,
Tar. Say'st thou? Conduct me to the dreariest waste
That ever melancholy madness trod,
And let my swelling heart in silence burst;
Plunge me in darkness, shroud this fatal form
In everlasting night, I am content!
Lo! I obey! This is the test of love:
This is the sacrifice:—I part to save thee!
[OFFICERS *advance.*
Ti. See, I am warn'd. Farewell, my life's last joy!
When my eyes lose thy image, they may look
On death without dismay. To those blest powers,

Who gave thee every virtue, every grace
That can ensure perfection, I commit thee.
[*They embrace, and are torn asunder.* TITUS *is carried off by the* LICTORS, L. *and* TARQUINIA *faints, and is borne off by the* CENTURION *and* GUARDS, R.

SCENE II.—*Rome.—An Apartment in the House of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS, R.

Br. [*Alone.*] Like a lost, guilty wretch, I look around,
And start at every footstep, lest it bring
The fatal news of my poor son's conviction!—
Oh Rome, thou little know'st—No more—It comes.

Enter VALERIUS, L.

Val. My friend, the senate have to thee transferr'd
The right of judgment on thy son's offence.
Br. To me!
Val. To thee alone.
Br. What of the rest?
Val. Their sentence is already pass'd.
E'en now, perhaps, the lictors' dreaded hand
Cuts off their forfeit lives.
Br. Say'st thou that the senate have to me referr'd
The fate of Titus?
Val. Such is their sovereign will.
They think you merit this distinguish'd honour.
A father's grief deserves to be revered:
Rome will approve whatever you decree.
Br. And is his guilt establish'd beyond doubt?
Val. Too clearly.
Br. *(with a burst of tears)* Oh, ye gods! ye gods!
(collecting himself) Valerius!
Val. What would'st thou, noble Roman?
Br. 'Tis said thou hast pull'd down thine house, Valerius,
The stately pile that with such cost was rear'd.
Val. I have; but what doth Brutus then infer?
Br. It was a goodly structure: I remember
How fondly you survey'd its rising grandeur,—
With what a—fatherly—delight you summon'd

Each grace and ornament, that might enrich
The—child—of your creation,—till it swell'd
To an imperial size, and overpeer'd
The petty citizens, that trembly dwelt
Under its lofty walls, in huts and hovels,
Like emmets at the foot of tow'ring Etna:
Then, noble Roman, then with patriot zeal,
Dear as it was, and valued, you condemn'd
And levelled the proud pile; and in return
Were by your grateful countrymen sirnam'd,
And shall to all posterity descend,—
Poplicola.

Val. Yes, Brutus, I conceive
The awful aim and drift of thy discourse—
But I conjure thee, pause! Thou art a father.

Br. I am a Roman consul!—What, my friend,
Shall no one but Valerius love his country
Dearer than house, or property, or children?
Now, follow me;—and in the face of Heaven
I'll mount the judgment-seat: there see, if Brutus
Feel not for Rome as warmly as Poplicola.

[*Exeunt* BRUTUS *and* VALERIUS, R.

SCENE III.—*Exterior of the temple of* MARS—*senators, citizens,* COLLATINUS, LUCRETIUS, *discovered. At the left of the stage a tribunal, with a consular chair upon it.* BRUTUS *enters,* R. *followed by* VALERIUS;—*he bows as he passes, and ascends the tribunal.*

Br. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains—But to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,—
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat,—is a deed so black,
That my foil'd tongue refuses it a name. [*A pause.*
There is one criminal still left for judgment.
Let him approach.

[TITUS *is brought in by the* LICTORS, R., *with their axes turneds edgeways toward him.*

Pris—on—er—

[*The voice of* BRUTUS *falters, and is choked, and he exclaims, with violent emotion.*

Romans! forgive this agony of grief—
My heart is bursting—Nature must have way—
I will perform all that a Roman should—
I cannot feel less than a father ought!
[*He becomes more calm. Gives a signal to the* LICTORS *to fall back, and advances from the judgment-seat to the front of the stage, on a line with his son.*
Well, Titus, speak—how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepar'd to die?
Ti. Father, I call the pow'rs of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed.
The gods will have it so.
Br. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
It seems as if thy fate were pre-ordain'd
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd;—oh, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.
Ti. The axe!—Oh heaven!—Then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish like a common felon?
Br. How else do traitors suffer?—Nay, Titus, more—
I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal—
And there behold thee meet this shame of death,—
With all thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee.—
See thy head taken by the common axe,—
All,—if the gods can hold me to my purpose,—
Without one groan without one pitying tear. (*Turns up, as if in agony.*)
Ti. Die like a felon?—Ha! a common felon!—
But I deserve it all:—yet here I fail:—
This ignominy quite unmans me!
Oh, Brutus, Brutus! Must I call you father, (*kneels*),
Yet have no token of your tenderness,
No sign of mercy? Not even leave to fall
As noble Romans fall, by my own sword?
Father, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?
Br. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that strain the very strings of life,—
Let these convince you that no other cause
Could force a father thus to wrong his nature

Ti. Oh, hold, thou violated majesty: *(rises)*
I now submit with calmness to my fate.
Come forth, ye executioners of justice—
Come, take my life,—and give it to my country!
Br. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.
The sov'reign magistrate of injur'd Rome
Condemns
A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
Go—meet thy death with a more manly courage
Than grief now suffers me to show in parting;
And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!
Farewell! Eternally farewell!—
Ti. Oh, Brutus! Oh, my father!—
Br. What would'st thou say, my son?
Ti. Wilt thou forgive me?
When I shall be no more, forget not my Tarquinia,
Br. Leave her to my care.
Ti. Farewell, for ever!
Br. For ever. [BRUTUS *re-ascends the tribunal.*
Lictors attend!———conduct your pris'ner forth!
Val. (rapidly and anxiously) Whither!
[*All the characters bend forward in great anxiety.*
Br. To death!—*(All start).* When you do reach the spot
My hand shall wave, your signal for the act,
Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!
[TITUS *is conducted out by the* LICTORS, R. *A dead march,—which gradually dies away as it becomes more distant.* BRUTUS *remains seated in a melancholy posture on the tribunal.*
Poor youth! Thy pilgrimage is at an end!
A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
No thought of man can fathom. Justice, now
Demands her victim! A little moment
And I am childless.—One effort, and 'tis past!—
[*He rises and waves his hand, convulsed with agitation, then drops on his seat, and shrouds his face with his toga. Three sounds of the trumpet are heard instantly. All the characters assume attitudes of deep misery.*—BRUTUS *starts up wildly, descends to the front in extreme agitation, looks out on the side by which* TITUS *departed, for an instant, then, with an hysterical burst, exclaims,*
Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free!
[BRUTUS *falls. The characters groupe around him*

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Friend, Spoken by Mrs. GLOVER.

MAY MRS. GLOVER venture to appear?
She neither uses nor speaks daggers here;
She comes quite tame, in the old English way,
To hope you all have—wept at our new play.

Tullia no more, I tread on English ground;
There's pride, hope, courage, in the very sound;
Myself your debtor, many a changeful year
For generous kindness—never changing here,
I come to ask that kindness now for one
Unknown,—or but by this night's fortunes known,
To cheer a trembling votary of the Nine,
And fill his heart with gratitude—like *mine*.

Ay, this *is* England—well its signs I know!
Beauty above, around me, and below:
Such cheeks of rose, such bright bewitching eyes!
Well may the kneeling world give you the prize!
Where, where on earth does woman wear a smile
Like yours, ye glory of "THE GLORIOUS ISLE?"

But, bless me!—what two nondescripts together!
That *she*—a pile of riband, straw, and feather;
Her back a pillion, all above and on it
A church-bell? cradle? tower?—No, faith, a bonnet!
Ay, and an actual woman in it, able—
Rouse but her tongue, to make that tower a Babel!

Now for the *he*, the fellow-nondescript.
Whence has that mockery of man been shipt?
Have Ross or BUCHAN brought him to console
The quidnuncs for the passage to the pole?
While, on her iceberg, howls some Greenland squaw,
Robbed of her pretty monster till next thaw!
No, Paris has the honour. "*Ah que oui.*"—
"*Voila*"—the air, grace, shrug,—smell of *Paris!*
France gave his step its trip, his tongue its phrase
His head its peruke, and his waist its stays!
The thing is contraband.—Let's crush the trade,
Ladies insist on't—*all* is best *home-made*—
All British, from your shoe-tie or your fan,
Down to that tantalizing wretch—call'd—man!

Now for the compound creature—first, the wig,
With every frizzle struggling to look big;
On the roug'd-cheek the fresh dyed whisker spread,
The thousandth way of dressing a calf's head.
The neckcloth next, where starch and whalebone vie
To make the slave a walking pillory.
The bolster'd bosom—ah! ye envying fair
How little dream you of the stuff that's there!
What straps, ropes, steel, the aching ribs compress,
To make the Dandy "beautifully less."
Thus fools their final stake of folly cast,
By instinct, to *strait-waistcoats* come at last.
Misjudging Shakespeare! this escaped thine eye,
For though the brains *are* out, the thing *won't* die.

And now, farewell! But one word for the Bard,—
The smile of Beauty is his best reward;
Then smile upon him, you, and you, and you!
I see the poet's cause is won. Adieu!

NOTE.

The following scene in the third act was omitted after the first representation, in compliance with the wishes of many who thought it injurious to the general effect of the play. As, however, there was some difference of opinion upon this point, the scene is here inserted as it originally stood. LUCRETIA *is supposed to be surrounded by her relations,—*COLLATINUS *and* LUCRETIUS *by her side,—her hair dishevelled,—wild in her attire;—and all the other characters in attitudes of deep grief.*

Luc. Bear witness, then, Lucretia's mind is guiltless—
Yet never can Lucretia smile again!
Lost to herself, her husband, and her child,
Lost to the world, her country and her friends,
The arms of love can pillow her no more,
And the sweet smile of her dear innocent babe
Would but awaken her to deeper anguish!
And shall she live, bereft of all life's treasures,
The spectre of the past for ever rising
To fright her into madness? Think not, countrymen,
Indignant virtue can survive pollution!
By her own hand a Roman wife can fall.
[*Stabs herself.*
'Tis to the heart. Tarquin, the blow was thine!
[*She falls.*

Col. Belov'd, unhappy wife! What hast thou done?

Luc. A deed of glory. Now, my husband, now—
With transport can I press thee to my bosom.
Father and kinsmen, ye can own me now!
My pure soul springs from its detested prison!
Virtue exults! The gods applaud my daring!
And, to our dear, lov'd babe, I can bequeath
A mother's noblest gift—a spotless name! [*Dies.*

Luc. Staff of my age! Gone, gone, for ever gone!
A wretched father's last and only joy!
Come, death, strike here! Your shaft were welcome now.
Snatch me from earth to my poor, lost, lov'd child!
Col. My wife! my wife! Dear, dear, wrong'd, murder'd wife!
Let me be rooted here in endless sorrow—
Who, who shall dare to mourn her loss like me?

Enter BRUTUS.

Br. I dare and so dare every honest Roman.

The scene then proceeds as printed in the preceding pages.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

Ali Pacha.

Selim. Ali, I obey.—Come on!

Act II. Sc. 3.

ALI PACHA;

OR,

THE SIGNET-RING:

A MELO-DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

By JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "BRUTUS," &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. White, from a Drawing by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

ALI PACHA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On the right of the audience the city of Yanina stretching out in perspective along the borders of a large lake. On the left a chain of rocks. In the centre of the lake an island, with a fortress upon it. Women and Children of Yanina, with a few Greek Soldiers, are seen, as the curtain rises, flying,* L., *from the city gate.* ZENOCLES *appears upon the rocks. He descends rapidly,* R.

Zeno. Whither do ye fly? What danger threatens you?

Sol. Ali! the execrable Ali!

Zeno. Ali!—

Sol. Informed of the advance of Ismail, with the Sultan's army, he hastened from yon citadel, to reduce Yanina to ashes, ere his foe could reach it. Look where from our palaces and temples the rising flames give the awful signal of pillage and murder.

[*The City appears in flames.*

Zeno. And ye are Greeks, and suffer this? Shame! shame!

Sol. Surprised, unarmed, our bravest warriors are in the tyrant's power. Perhaps, e'en now, surrounded by his satellites, they fall, heartlessly butchered. Wrath of Heaven! vengeance!

[*All extend their arms to Heaven, as in supplication.*

Zeno. Heaven hears your prayers. Ay, vengeance! vengeance! [*Music.*

Sol. Stranger, who art thou?

Zeno. Zenocles! son of the murdered Patriarch of Epirus,—saved, while an infant, by a faithful servant, from the massacre of my whole race by the tyrant, Ali. My mother, with my sister at her breast, was

plunged, by order of the merciless Pacha, into the waters of this very lake. I have sworn to avenge them. The hour approaches. Ismail mourns his father, the Vizier Ibrahim, a captive in the monster's hold. I but await his coming, to confide to him my plan for the destruction of our common foe.

Sol. His destruction! Has he not that fearful citadel in the lake to shelter him, when he quits the smoking ruins of Yanina?

Zeno. That citadel is commanded by Talathon, under Ali Pacha, who not long since refused to lend himself to the murder of the defenceless Suliots. By me the life of Talathon was once preserved, and could I but obtain access to him, I trust——

[*Ships from* L. *to* C.

Sol. Look! look, where the fleet of Ali, laden with the plunder of Yanina, returns to the citadel.

[*The Fleet of Ali appears in the middle of the lake, making all sail for the island.*

Zeno. Let us march to meet Ismail—to welcome our avenger.

Soldiers. Death to the race of Ali!

Zeno. Liberty and vengeance!

All. Liberty and vengeance!

[*Exeunt*, R.—*The Cannon of the Citadel salute*, L.—*scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Music.*—*The Gardens of the Fortress, &c*

Enter MOUCTAR, L., *followed by* HASSAN, *with a flask in his hand.*

Hass. Well, but Mouctar, good Mouctar, don't look so black at me. No, I forgot; it's your nature, and you can't help it;—but hear my defence; hear my defence.

Mouc. No fooling! you have disobeyed orders, and shall be punished for it. Were you not expressly forbidden to hold any communication with the prisoner?

Hass. Well, I confess I am too tender-hearted; but I'm sure you must allow I am greatly improved. Before I entered into the service of the Pacha, I had the misfortune to be a good Mussulman; I kept the laws of the Koran, and held this glorious liquor to be an abomination: poor deluded wretch that I was! Mark the

effects of superior society. I defy any one to say I've the least spark of religion left in me, or am ever known sober four-and-twenty hours together.

Mouc. Be warned, then, and let me not find you again guilty of such behaviour, or Ali shall certainly be informed of it, and your life may answer for your disobedience. [*Distant music.*] Hark! he comes! our mighty master returns triumphant from Yanina. Remember, now!

[MOUCTAR *goes up the stage, and exit,* L. *Hass.* [*Throwing away the flask.*] All the torments of Zatanai light on the blood-thirsty Pacha, and his ebony prime minister! Were it not for the love I bear to his grandson, Selim, and the beautiful Helena, I would soon show the fortress a clean pair of heels; but the hope of being useful to them induces me to make myself agreeable to Ali; and by jesting with him, and drinking wine (Allah pardon me!) with his men, I'm in such favour, that I'm permitted to run about like a favourite marmoset, and thereby render the loving young couple numberless little attentions. Ha! here comes the grasping old skin-flint, with more grist for his money-mill. Ugh! curse you! I wish you were dangling in your own horse-tails! [*Exit,* R.—*Music.*

Enter Slaves, L. U. E., *bearing coffers, filled with treasures, and other valuable effects, found in the plunder of Yanina, Guards, and lastly* ALI PACHA, SELIM, *and* MOUCTAR.

Ali. The flames of Yanina have lighted us bravely home. 'Tis thus that Ali gives up cities to his foe. Vain Ismail has promised to bear my head to the Sultan. Let his Tartars seek it o'er the cannon of my citadel. If the treasures I have already hoarded there have stirred up the ambition of the Divan, it may find in these new spoils a fresh excitement. Let them come all. Hatred might have given the enemy dangerous auxiliaries in the inhabitants of Yanina; but of them fitting care has been taken, and Ismail will only find widows and orphans, where he hopes for soldiers. [*To* SELIM.] Son of Veli Thebelen, why those downcast looks? Does Ali's grandson wear a woman's heart?

Se. Can I do aught but shudder, when I see thy wrath pulling the world's great curse upon your race? Where-e'er you step, that spot becomes a ruin!

Ali. 'Twas upon ruins that Alexander wrote his immortality.

Se. But thou, the rebel subject of the Sultan——

Ali. Weary of being his slave, am become his rival; but, no more of this. If you prize my regard, insult me not by a weakness unworthy of the blood of Ali.

Se. What you call weakness is my glory; to that I owe the love of——

Ali. Silence! [*Waves his hand to* MOUCTAR, *&c. who fall back; then, aside to* SELIM.] The sons of Ali should find no glory but in the field; yet, if thy heart must needs have stooped to love, could it not have chosen a worthier object than the sister of that stern Suliot, Zenocles, the most daring, the most inveterate of my foes?

Se. She knows not she is the sister of Zenocles. Oh! Heaven, avert from her all suspicion of her parentage! Knowing it, she would curse me for mine.

Ali. I curse myself for the coward pity which made me listen to the prayer which saved her. Little did I think, when, yielding to your mother's supplication, I suffered Helena to escape the destruction of her family, to be reared by her, a nameless orphan in this island,—little did I think the girl would live to rob the race of Ali of a hero.

Se. To love is the hero's privilege; and his first duty to protect the helpless.

Ali. [*Sternly.*] No more! leave me! Away, I say! Slaves, bear the treasures into the citadel. Mouctar, remain with me.

[*Music.*—ALI *impatiently repeats his order to* SELIM *to retire. He obeys; Slaves, Guards, &c. exeunt,* L., *with treasure.* HASSAN *lingers behind.*

Hass. [*Aside.*] What can he want with Mouctar? Some new mischief towards. I'll listen.

[*Conceals himself,* R.

Ali. [*After ascertaining he is alone with* MOUCTAR.] Mouctar, I believe none of my slaves rival thee in devotion to thy master.

Mouc. Knew I of one that did——

Ali. What would you do?

Mouc. Stab him!

Ali. 'Tis well. Mark me! Helena has won the love of Selim. She has destroyed the noble spirit which should burn in the bosom of my grandson. She must die!

Mouc. [*Drawing his sword.*] My lord I hasten———

Ali. Hold! not so. You know her mother's fate, in the centre of the lake? Go,—tell her it is my wish that she should leave the island ere Ismail attack it, and that I have secured her a temporary asylum in the convent of Sotira.

Mouc. I understand. I fly to execute your orders.

[*Exit*, R.—*Music.*

Ali. [*Alone.*] Ay! let her perish;—let the daughter of the patriarch of Epirus, the sister of the hated Zenocles, sink in the silent waters, restoring Selim's heart to war, which with the race of Ali should have no rival. Go, join thy mother, girl. Now to place my newly-acquired treasures in the secret vaults, safe, safe, safe! [*Exit*, R.

Hass. [*Comes forward.*] "Safe, safe!" I wish to the prophet you were "safe, safe," in a secret vault, with a nicely carved stone turban atop of it.—Join her mother, indeed!—that she sha'n't, if I can help it; but there is no time to be lost. Let me seek Selim instantly. [*Music.—Exit* HASSAN *hastily*, L.

Re-enter MOUCTAR, R. U. E., *leading* HELENA.

Hel. But why, why this haste? May I not behold Selim ere I go? Where is he, Mouctar? Oh! give hope to my drooping heart! You have but lately parted from him. Oh! speak to me of Selim.

Mouc. Lady, Ismail advances with the foe; we must cross the lake immediately, or the opportunity will be lost. Why this agitation?

Hel. I cannot bear that lake. My infant slumbers have been broken by dreams of its storied victims. Often and often have I stolen from my bed, to shroud my chamber window, which looks out upon its waters, lest I should behold the spectre-boat, where the wife of the patriarch of Epirus is said nightly to re-appear with the poor babe, to whom she sang the lullaby which proved their requiem.

Mouc. [*impatiently.*] There is no time for idle talk like this. Away! away!

[*Music.*—MOUCTAR *seizes her fiercely. She recoils.*

Enter SELIM, L.

Se. Helena!

Hel. Selim! [*Rushes into his arms.*

Mouc. [*Aside.*] Confusion! [*Aloud.*] My lord, it was the pacha's order that I should guide that girl.

Se. Hence! Dare the carrion bird darken o'er paradise? Hence, wretch! I know thee thoroughly. Tell Ali, Selim answers for Helena.

Mouc. I only urged the orders of the pacha; but I leave you, my lord: with Ali you will reckon, for preventing the discharge of my duty—perhaps, too, for not remembering your own. [*Exit* MOUCTAR, R.

Hel. Dearest Selim! whence these flashings of your angry eye? Whence the strange shuddering which shook you as you gazed on Mouctar?

Se. I shuddered at the danger you escaped.

Hel. Danger! What danger?

Se. You were well nigh lost to Selim, and irrevocably. Alone, with this remorseless monster, traversing the lake, whose fatal stream already has received—Oh, Helena! Let us fly this place of horror! Let us escape this atmosphere of death. Ha! what said I? Shall Selim fly?—when foes beset his family, desert his post like a coward?

Hel. Can you regret dangers which yield no glory? Forsake your own family, where you can only meet examples of perfidy, and let us seek together, through the cities of Greece, for some trace of mine,—mine, of whom I know nothing but the misfortune.

Se. Oh! if you prize Selim's love, ne'er seek to know your family. (L.) Come with me, lovely innocence!—Let me hide thee from the malice of Ali, then return, to fight his battles.

[*Music.—He hurries her towards the wing.*

Enter HASSAN, L.

Hass. Whither haste you, my lord?

Se. To shield Helena from the fury of the pacha.

Hass. It needs not. Our prophet be praised! She has nothing more to fear from Ali. By her death he hoped to extinguish your love, and give your undivided soul to war. But war no longer demands victories. An ambassador is here from Ismail—he brings us peace.

Se. Peace!

Hel. Unlook'd-for happiness!

Se. Where is Ali now?

Hass. Preparing for rejoicing, to celebrate the recent victory.

Se. His victory over Yanina? The howling ghosts of a people massacred in cold blood should be his song of glory; and shades, pointing to wounds, not given in battle, form his train of triumph. My soul sickens at the scene 'tis doomed to bear a part in. Return, dearest Helena, to the haram. Come, Hassan, with me to Ali. May our supplications that he sign the treaty prosper, and war vanish at the prayer of mercy!

[*Music.—Exeunt* HELENA, R., SELIM *and* HASSAN, L.

SCENE III.—*Rich terrace, and portico of the Castle of the Lake, with Haram and Gardens:—canopy on* L.

Enter ZENOCLES, *disguised as a Turk, and* TALATHON, L. U. E.

Tal. Now, stranger, what would you with me?

Zeno. Are we by ourselves?

Tal. Whence this mystery? Who art thou

Zeno. [*discovering himself.*] Zenocles.

Tal. Zenocles!

Zeno. Anguish has worn my features. Ten years of suffering work awful changes. Do you still doubt?

Tal. The saviour of my life—

Zeno. Now comes to save your honour.

Tal. How chances this? A Suliot chief the ambassador of Ismail!

Zeno. That character is a stratagem; 'twas assumed but to open these gates, and enable me to converse with Talathon.

Tal. And what do you expect from Talathon?

Zeno. Mark me! You are not the only Greek who, spell-bound by the genius of Ali Thebelen, is become the accomplice of his crimes. But a new glory awaits you—the glory of effacing the stain which soils your name, by the destruction of your country's tyrant.

Tal. Shall the chief of Ali's warriors betray him in adversity?

Zeno. Have you not already betrayed your country in adversity, by joining Ali? Is it only towards Greece that her sons think perjury no crime? Oh, men! men! Offspring of the soil which has sent arts and refinement through the earth; which has filled history with its first

great examples; which has taught countries unborn, when it was greatest, to be free and great—oh! men of Greece, can ye alone crouch tamely to the barbarian, and invite the yoke, while distant nations madden at the story of your wrongs, and burn to vindicate your cause? Sons of heroes, start from your lethargy! Crush the insulters of the land of glory, show the expecting world that Greece is not extinct, and give some future Homer themes for a mightier Iliad.

Tal. Zenocles, your voice rouses me! I feel what I have lost, and am ready to redeem it. Speak on—What is your purpose?

Zeno. Ismail, trembling for the life of his father, now a captive in your charge, has made me the bearer of a treaty, which demands that Ibrahim be set free; and upon this condition grants that Ali with his family may depart on the seas of Epirus. But, should Ali accept the terms—

Tal. What then?

Zeno. May he not collect fresh armies to harass Greece anew, when his wasting strength shall have had time to recover? And shall we stand by, and see him bear to a strange clime the spoils of our country, and the life, which has derived its fame only from her miseries? No, I will await him with a chosen band, upon the shore. Here, in the sight of Epirus, shall the spoiler's blood bathe the soil he has made desolate! Our long-humbled land shall rise up once more a nation, and heaven-topped Olympus tremble with delight, as its echoes once more awaken to the shouts of liberty!

Tal. Zenocles, command me.—But stay—Should Ali reject the treaty, and decide to tempt, to the last, the chance of battle in the citadel—

Zeno. Then, Talathon, to you, and to you only, can we look. The warriors of Ali, whom you command, have more than once signalised their devotion to you. You must enlist them in our cause. Their dread of Ismail may make them eager to earn their pardon of the foe, and their feeble attachment to Ali will soon be lost, in the hope of sharing the spoils of his overthrow.

Tal. Yanina shall be avenged.

Enter HELENA *at the back of the stage*, R. U. E.

Hel. [*Overhearing the last words.*] Ha!

[*Aside, and observing* TALATHON *and* ZENOCLES

Zeno. Exult, my countrymen, exult! The hour is

come, when, like your own Ulysses, ye shall cast off the weeds of slavery, and once more be masters in your homes! [*Music heard faintly.*

Tal. Hear you those sounds? Ali approaches. Death to the tyrant!

Zeno. Death to all his race!

Hel. [*Aside.*] To all his race! Horrible! Oh Selim! Grant, Heaven grant, I may not be too late to save thy life, and those most dear to thee! [*Exit hastily,* R.

Tal. We must separate. While the tyrant answers your message, I will go sound my fellow-chieftains. Farewell! [*Going.*

Enter ALI *and* MOUCTAR, L. U. E.

Ali. [*To* TAL.] Stay, Talathon. [*To* ZENO.] Envoy of Ismail, I accept the treaty, and to seal it now, only wait for Ibrahim. Mouctar, you know your duty? [MOUCTAR *bows, and exit,* L.] While, as a pledge of my good faith, the chains of Ibrahim are being broken, come share the rejoicings in celebration of my victorious return.

Music.—ALI *ascends his Throne, and makes a sign for* TALATHON *and* ZENOCLES *to take their places on seats placed for them. Slaves and Dancers enter. War Dance.*

Chorus. [*Words by Lord Byron.*]

Tambourgi, Tambourgi, thy 'larum afar
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war;
All the sons of the mountain arise at the note,
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote.
I remember the moment when Previsa fell,
The shrieks of the conquer'd—the conqueror's yell—
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,—
The wealthy we slaughter'd—the lovely we spared.

O talk not of mercy, O talk not of fear!
He neither must know, who would serve the Vizier.
Since the days of the Prophet, the crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious, like Ali Pacha!
Selictar, unsheath, then, our chief's scymetar!
Tambourgi, thy 'larum gives promise of war!
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

[*All go up stage.*

After which Enter MOUCTAR, L.

Mouc. Long live the Pacha of Yanina, and confusion to his enemies! Ibrahim is no more.

Tal. What do I hear?

Zeno. Is this the pledge of Ali Thebelen's good faith?

Ali. This is the reply of Ali Thebelen to Ismail's insulting pardon. Dare a nameless Pacha offer terms to me? Hope to see Ali yield while he can fight!—Chieftain, the wars of eighty years have worn me feeble. I have not strength to fly, while there remains to me a citadel, and [*pointing to* TALATHON] such soldiers to defend it. I am nearer to Constantinople than to banishment. Ismail offer me a treaty! Be Ali's treaty with a slave written in his heart's blood! Mouctar, take him his father's head! That is my pledge of peace!

Zeno. [*Aside.*] Hear you the heartless despot? Now is the time.

Tal. [*Aside to* ZENOCLES.] He falls, and instantly. [*Going.*

Enter SELIM *and* HELENA, *suddenly*, L.

Se. Detain Talathon! Let him not escape!

Zeno. Ha!

[MOUCTAR *prevents* TALATHON *from quitting the stage.*

Ali. What say you?

Se. That traitor and the ambassador of Ismail plot our ruin. Helena overheard their oaths of murder.

Ali. Seize, and disarm the traitors! [MOUCTAR *and Officers obey.*] Helena! I will not dissemble. I deemed thee in heart my foe, and meant that thou should'st die. This act redeems thee—Live, and be Selim's bride. [*To* TALATHON.] But thou, lifted by my bounty to the first rank among my warriors, what could thy folly hope from my destruction?

Tal. Absolution for having been thy accomplice. My purposes are known—strike. To be thy victim, is some honour,—to be thy follower, a disgrace.

Ali. [*To* ZENO.] And thou, whose eye flash'd fire at the tale of Ibrahim's fall—thou, who hast stolen into my palace like a spy, fit agent of the base schemes of Ismail?

Zeno. Accuse not Ismail of a scheme, springing solely from my hate. I served my own revenge, but —— Ismail's.

Ali. Thy revenge! What canst thou have to revenge on Ali?

Zeno. Greece is my country. Can you ask now what I have to revenge? Is there one of my nation who finds not, in your name, the source of all his miseries? Were not thy memory lost among the myriads of thy victims, thou need'st not have asked the wrongs of the most injured. Remember. Epirus, and thy deadliest foe. Remember Zenocles! [*Discovers himself.*]

Ali. Zenocles!

Zeno. Ay, barbarian! the sole survivor of his murder'd race,—by thy hand murdered. I know my fate, and am prepared: call forth your executioners. Let them restore me to my parents, my brothers, and my innocent sister.

Ali. Thy sister? Cease to lament her.

Zeno. How!

Ali. She lives—but, tremble to learn where!

Zeno. Powers of heaven!

Ali. Your sister is your denouncer: she stands before you.

Zeno. Helena! [*She rushes with a shriek into his arms.*

Se. [*Aside.*] Oh wretched Selim! now the die is cast!

Hel. My brother.

Zeno. My long-lost sister! Thus let me cling to the wreck of all that makes life precious, and die in her embrace, for whose sake only I could wish to live.

Hel. And must you die, and through your wretched sister? Oh, mother, why did not the water, which received thee, close on thy child! Why have I found a brother, only to betray him, and part from him for ever!

Ali. You need not part.

Zeno. How! must she, too, share——

Ali. Your happiness—I give her back to thee.

Zeno. Dost thou not mock us?

Ali. You wonder at my clemency. You wrong me, Zenocles. I will do more—I once oppressed the Greeks—'twas then my policy. Now, a common danger unites us against a common foe. Zenocles, fly to your countrymen. Say, that beneath the walls of Constantinople Ali will deserve their love.

Zeno. Thou the ally of the Greeks! Think'st thou my countrymen will disgrace their holy cause by own-

ing such a leader? Thou art their first foe. "Let Ali perish!"—Such is the cry of all Greece, and to that will Zenocles die faithful.

Ali. What? I forgive the Greeks! I deceived thee. I was born to be their scourge. In the mere thought of serving them, I betrayed my destiny, and gave the lie to sixty years of hatred. 'Tis I, who in the hearts of their cities have kindled discords, which shall consume them; while alone, towering in this citadel, I live to see the traveller seek, on the wreck of ancient Greece, the ruins of the new.

Zeno. Oh! ill-starr'd nation!

Tal. Oh, my insulted country!

Ali. Nay, do not mourn. Ye will both be spared the agony of seeing it. [*To* MOUCTAR.] Give the traitor, Talathon, to the scymetars of the soldiery. Let Zenocles be bound to the rampart cannon. Ismail, 'tis thus I send back ambassadors from thee.

Hel. Brother

Zeno. Sister!

Sel. Helena! [*Going towards her.*

Ali. Hold, boy, hold! Look on these white hairs! do they not speak Ali's end approaching? Be thou the inheritor of my revenge! Let Ali recommence in thee. Show thyself worthy of my two sons—sons, who are worthy of their father.

Enter HASSAN, L.

Hass. Where, where is the Pacha?

Ali. How now, slave! What means this strange intrusion?

Hass. Pacha, thy two sons——

Ali. What of them?

Hass. Have fallen! [*Music.*] Their heads are planted on the gates of Constantinople.

Ali. My boys! my boys! Vengeance!

[*Falls into* SELIM'S *arms.—Picture.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Citadel.—At the back an Esplanade and Battlements.*

Enter SELIM *and* HASSAN, L.

Se. Now, Hassan, tell me all;—fear not—I can bear it. My Helena—Zenócles, Talathon,—has Ali revelled in the blood of all his victims?

Hass. No, all live! and by a miracle. That cursed Mouctar led them to the place of execution. On seeing Talathon, the troops burst into threatful murmurs. The Pacha stopp'd and shudder'd; then, as if his mind reposed on some new malice, he suddenly became calm. Zenocles and Talathon were sent back to the dungeon.

Se. And Helena?

Hass. She is safe in the Haram.

Se. Prophet of Heaven! receive thy servant's thanks! Where is the Pacha?

Hass. Pacing the terrace, with an unopen'd packet in his hand, from your unhappy sire, brought by his faithful Tartar. The poor fellow, wounded by the enemy, in his attempt to cross the lake, had just strength enough to execute his mission, and fell dead at the feet of Ali. Behold! the Pacha bends his steps this way. [*Exit*, L.

Enter ALI *with a packet in his hand*, R., *much agitated.* SELIM *retires*, L.

Ali. My sons have fallen! Well, why am I thus? Old man! Old man! where is the courage that has sustained thee through eighty years of toil and combat? Come, break the seal, and look upon the last characters of thy brave boy, Vely Thebelen! [*Opens, and reads firmly.*] "Father, our doom is sealed; the death-scymetar is bared—the death-drum is beating. The last act of Vely Thebelen shall be one of justice. Should the Tartar to whom this packet is entrusted suc-

ceed in placing it at thy feet"—Ha! what read I here? Do my old eyes deceive me? [*Reads rapidly*] "Let the youth Selim, supposed my son, be informed of his real parentage. He is the offspring of a Macedonian chief, slain at the storming of Previsa, and is rightful heir to the treasure concealed in the garden of my serai, in the Morea." Selim a Greek! Never never will I disclose the secret! As my grandson he wept over Yanina:—informed of his origin, he would desert my banner to revenge its fall! He shall have neither the time nor the inducement; the project I have formed to baffle my enemies is enhanced by the discovery: yes, it will add one Greek to the sacrifice. Selim!

[ALI *conceals the letter.*

Enter SELIM, L.

Selim, revolt rears its haughty crest in the citadel. As yet it has only dared to glance strange looks, and mutter indistinct reproaches; but its looks will soon turn into thunderbolts, and its mutterings swell to shouts of vengeance! The peril is at hand. I must meet it as becomes Ali! Boy, do you value your life?

Se. Life! What is life without Helena?

Ali. Hear me! I'm hemm'd round by traitors. There remains but thee and Mouctar of all my followers on whom I can implicitly rely: to thee I confide the magazine; hasten thither, provided with a blazing torch.

Se. To what intent?

Ali. Look on this ring,—it has sealed all the acts of my power; when that power shall be expiring, when my citadel gates shall have been shattered down, when Ismail shall burst in, triumphant, glowing with the hope of seizing us alive, then, Selim, I will send this ring to thee! Then, rear your torch, let the citadel which has for two years braved an empire, the treasures in its caverns, the beauties of its haram, our warriors and our foes, the proud Ismail himself—let all, when you shall see this ring, be hurled into one prodigious ruin.

Se. Mighty Heaven! father!

Ali. Ha! dost thou falter? Call not me father! Thou Greek in blood, as well as heart, thou art not of my race, thou——!

Se. What say'st thou? Am not I of thy race?

Ali. [*Recollecting himself.*] I—I—know not what I

say! thy weakness maddens me! shall the base whimperer, who shrinks from noble vengeance, dare claim kindred with blood of Ali?

Se. Oh! spare me! pity me!

Ali. Pity is for slaves and women; loftier spirits spurn it. Boy, we have, perchance, but a few moments to live. Shall we crouch like cowards to the scymetar? No, we must fall gloriously! I might have made Mouctar the achiever of my last triumph, but, [*insidiously*] I would not rob thee of thy birthright. Come, your choice? Live in the admiration of unborn ages, or, if thou wilt escape, like a recreant escape from immortality.

Se. My choice is made: I execute your order.

Ali. Enough; farewell! [*Aside exultingly*, L.] The Greek boy goes to death! Ha! ha! ha! They would rob the old man of his wealth?—he will pile it in ashes round his grave! [*Exit* ALI, L.

Se. Awful sacrifice! The innocent and the guilty, youth and age, ambition and despair, whirled in an instant to one common fate! But I know the unwavering spirit of Ali. Had I refused, he would have found other means; then Helena could not have been saved from the general ruin: now, her preservation will take from the bitterness of death! Ha! she is here.

Enter HELENA, *hastily*, R.

Hel. Selim! at length I have reached thee! Give, oh! give me back my brother!

Se. Be calm, Helena! I will give thee back thy brother.

Hel. Do not trifle with me, Selim; lull me not with false hopes!

Se. By Mahomet! your brother shall be given back to you; but you must hence, and instantly!

Hel. What! must we be parted, Selim?

Se. But—for a little while—We shall meet again.

Hel. I do not understand you.

Se. Ali has divulged his plans to me:—the citadel is to be blown up. The commandant of the arsenal is to fire the magazine on receiving Ali's signet ring.

Hel. I freeze with horror!

Se. Ismail prepares an assault—Every thing now favours your escape. Zenocles will fly with you to Epirus, where you will await my——

Hel. Selim, your voice trembles! Without you we stir not.

Se. Nay, nay; trust me, I shall soon follow, no doubt; soon, very soon!—A moment longer, and Zenocles cannot be saved. Hassan! [*Takes out tablets, and writes.*

Enter HASSAN, R.

Hass My lord?

Se. Hasten to the dungeon of Zenocles, provided with some disguise. At the sight of these tablets the guard will unbar the portal—then seek with him the gate of the citadel which opens on the beach. I will be there with Helena. Hence! away! [*Music.—Exit* HASSAN, L.] Now, my soul's treasure, let us to the beach! My own hand shall free thee from captivity, [*aside*] and Selim from his woes.

Hel. But will you not fly with us?

Se. The time is not come for me to quit the fortress; but we will meet again, beloved, and, I trust, happier! Come, come to the postern! [*Music.—Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*Music.—A Gallery in the Fortress.*

Enter HASSAN, L., *followed by* ZENOCLES, *disguised as a Mute.*

Hass. This way, Greek, and swiftly!—If we can but pass these galleries without notice, we have nothing more to fear.

Zeno. Forward, good friend! forward to liberty and Helena!

Hass. Hush! I hear a footstep—it comes this way. By our prophet, Ali!

Zeno. Ha! thus weaponless will I——

Hass. Not for the world! This habit of a mute may save us. Down, fall down upon your face! Force is our last resource!

[ZENOCLES *follows* HASSAN's *instructions.*—HASSAN *assumes an attitude as if beating him.*

Enter ALI, L., *his sword drawn, and a paper in his hand.*

Ali. [*Speaking as he enters.*] Man all the turrets—pour death upon them! Fight to the last! How now! [*To* HASSAN.] What dost thou there? What slave is that?

Hass. A drunken beast, my lord; one of your mutes, who must fain be tippling, when he should be fighting! but I'll teach the rascal— [*Threatens to strike him*

Ali. [*Muttering to himself.*] They shall earn each inch they gain with blood! Be their march to victory on the corses of their slain! Fasten this latchet, slave. [*To* HASSAN, *placing his foot upon* ZENOCLES.] Oh! that I had a foe beneath my foot instead of this vile worm! Ha! well recollected! Hassan, bear thou this order to my selictar; he still is faithful—'Tis for the instant private execution of Zenocles and Talathon.—Stay; may I trust thee?

Hass. Can my lord doubt his servant, Hassan?

Ali. Traitors swarm, and yet I think I wrong thee! [*Taking out the paper.*] There; see thou art speedy—hence!

[*During the time this is spoken,* HASSAN *has roused* ZENOCLES, *pointing* R.

Hass. [*Aside.*] This way; to the postern.

[HASSAN *and* ZENOCLES *exeunt hastily, while* ALI *paces the Stage in agitation.—Music.*

Ali. This assault of Ismail's may check the revolt, just ripe amongst my soldiers. The slaves must fight for their own safety. But let the worst arrive, Selim is at his post, and vengeance mine! What have we here? [*Pulling out a paper.*] How's this? the order for the execution of the prisoners! Why, what paper can I have given to Hassan? By Mahomet! the proof of Selim's birth! Untoward chance! Quick, let me hasten.

Enter MOUCTAR, *hastily,* L.

Mouc. My lord, the troops revolt.—They have set Talathon free. [*Shouts within.*] Hark to their shouts. The rebel chiefs are hastening hither!

Ali. Nay, then, there is but this—Haste to the arsenal—bear this ring to Selim.

Mouc. It is too late. [*Music.*

Enter TALATHON, L., *and Four Chieftains with swords drawn.*

Ali. Slaves! Come ye to dictate to your master—to me, who raised you from the dust—to me, who gave you the scymetars you now brandish over your benefactor? Ungrateful men! dread ye not the wrath of heaven?

Tal. Thy race is ended; but we seek not thy blood. Give up to us the citadel and its treasures, and live! Give up thy treasures.

Ali. [*Aside, casting his eyes on his ring with smothered exultation.*] Spirits of vengeance! ye alone re-

main true to your allegiance! [*Aloud.*] How! [*Mildly.*] Can thirst for gold have changed my warriors thus? I thought the soldier's hand was made for steel alone;—but once undeceived, the spoils which we have gained together would have been freely shared amongst you:—they who taught you otherwise were your foes. Whence this uncalled-for treason?

Tal. Old man, who *was* our chief, we have no time to parley. Our eyes are opened, and thy arts are impotent. If thou would'st live, instantly direct us to the caverns which conceal the fruits of pillage and oppression. Thy gold must buy the peace thy rancour has rejected.

Ali. Enough—you shall be satisfied.—Not that I prize the little which remains to me of life; but I feel, with you, that my great destinies are accomplished. Talathon, approach! Take this signet-ring—repair to the arsenal, and present it to my grandson, Selim: he is the sole depository of my secrets; he will throw open the mysterious recesses which enshrine the treasures you require.

Tal. [*Taking the ring.*] Follow! to the arsenal!

[*Music.—Exeunt* TALATHON *and Chieftains*, L.

Ali. [*Indignantly.*] Ay, go to thy reward, proud traitor, go! Mouctar, let the gates of the citadel be thrown open, and the victor, Ismail, enter. [*Exit* MOUCTAR, L.] My life has been the terror of the world—my death shall be its wonder! [*Aloud.*] The last act of my power is accomplished! My wealth, my darling wealth! that I have won so hardly, and kept so long! they shall not part us! we will be buried together beneath the crumbling turrets of my citadel. [*Music.—Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*The Caves of the Arsenal*—SELIM *is discovered alone—his lighted torch planted in the centre of the stack of arms.*

Se. Here I await the signal of self-destruction. Here I hang on time, ready to leap into eternity. Why should my soul droop? I have gained my last victory. I have saved her—I have saved her brother. Restored to her native land, some new love will efface the memory of Selim from the breast of Helena! How could I part from her? how could I let her live to be another's? [*Noise without.*] Ha! they come! Helena! farewell for ever!

[*Music.—Noise of chains. Enter* TALATHON *with Chieftains,* R., *followed by* HASSAN, *who conceals himself.* SELIM *seizes the torch.*

Tal. Know you this ring?

Se. Ali, I obey—Come on! [HASSAN, *who has entered close after* TALATHON, *&c. rushes forward, and snatches the torch from his hand.*

Hass. Hold!

Se. Hassan, what would you do?

Hass. Save, or perish with you.

Tal. Why hold him back, slave? Let him execute the Pacha's order.

Hass. Know you whither he guides you?

Tal. To fortune.

Hass. To death.

Tal. } Treachery! Seize the miscreant!
Chieftains. }

[*Advancing.*

Hass. [*Presenting the torch to the powder barrels.*] One step, and we are lost. Hear me, Talathon! None but Ali knew the secret entrance to the vaults, containing his vast treasures. Go force from him the mystery, and if you would revenge, be it on him, who plotted your destruction, not on the noble, the devoted Selim. You hesitate. I give you good counsel—follow it, you had best; for, raise one arm, or advance one foot, to harm a hair of Selim's head, and, by Mahomet, up we all go together.

Tal. He speaks rightly. Revenge on Ali!

All. Revenge on Ali!

[*Exit* TALATHON *and Chieftains,* R.—*Music.*

Hass. My lord, the story you told the lady Helena was suspicious. I hastened to ascertain the truth of my conjectures, and, praised be Allah! I have saved my master's life.

Se. Slave! give me back the torch. What is life without Helena?

Hass. Helena is your own.

Se. How! the sister of Zenocles the bride of Ali's grandson!

Hass. No blood of Ali's circles in your veins. Read, my lord, read. [*Gives a paper.*] A blessed chance placed that paper in my possession.

Se. O Providence!

Hass. Tarry no longer here. Haste with your faithful Hassan from darkness and destruction, to light and liberty.

Se. Greece and Helena! Hassan, I follow thee!

[*Exeunt* SELIM *and* HASSAN, *hastily*, R.

Music.—A secret trap-door opens. MOUCTAR *rises.* ALI *follows him. Trap-door closed by* MOUCTAR.

Ali. I have escaped the swords of the traitors! Where is Selim? Why stands the citadel? Not here! deceived by him, too! No matter,—a pistol fired among yon barrels—

Mouc. There be hopes still, and strong ones. Our troops defeated—the Greeks have turned upon the Sultan's forces.

Ali. What then? They each are foes to Ali. [*Shouts without.*] Hark! some have traced our footsteps. [*Shouts and noise of forcing the trap-door.*] They force the secret door!

[*Music.—The trap-door is forced up.* ISMAIL *and three Turkish Officers enter.*

Ism. Yield, Ali! yield!

Ali. Never! Advance at your peril!

[*Presents a pistol.*

Ism. Behold the firman of the Sultan! [*Showing the parchment.*] He demands your head.

Ali. Be this my answer! [ALI *fires, and wounds one of the Officers, and is wounded in turn by the shot of another. He staggers into* MOUCTAR'S *arms.*

Ali. Death and revenge!

[*He fires his second pistol into a powder barrel, at the same moment that* ISMAIL *and the two other officers fire on him. The citadel is blown up. Amid the convulsion, and in a shower of fire, general combat on the calcined rocks that surround the citadel.* ZENOCLES *appears amid the flaming ruins with a banner.*—TALATHON, SELIM, HASSAN, HELENA, *Greek soldiery, &c.—Flourish—shout.*

THE END.

Twelfth Night.

Sir Toby. Excellent! I smell a device.
Sir Andrew. I hav't in my nose, too.

Act II. Scene 2.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL:

A COMEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, EXITS AND ENTRANCES,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

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REMARKS.

Twelfth Night.

We have now come to the last production of the Divine Shakspeare. Having followed his genius through its bright path of glory, we arrive at the point where it sets, with a splendour worthy of its highest meridian. Like the traveller journeying afar, who has been alternately delighted and amazed with the various prospects that have opened to his view—who has contemptated the smooth river and the mountain torrent—whose eye has rested on one unbounded extent of earth, ocean, and sky,—we, in studying the writings of Shakspeare, have been presented with every object in nature's landscape, with the added charms of philosophic and metaphysical lore. We have seen the springs of passion unlocked, the inmost recesses of the heart explored, and every thought, however deeply seated there, revealed and analysed. The veil that separates the material from the immaterial world has been drawn aside, and we have beheld the wonders of that unknown region. We have been subdued by sorrow that we would not have exchanged for mirth, and exhilirated by merriment that might have unbent the dull brow of melancholy and softened it into a smile. We have seen morality and science in the many-coloured vesture of poetry; and philosophy, erect, not elated—cheerful, benevolent, and sublime. It is, therefore, not without emotion that we approach this last work of Shakspeare's mighty genius, in which we meet many of his various excellences:—character, original and diversified; wit and humour, sparkling and quaint; felicity of thought and expression; and an exquisite tone of tender melancholy. If there be any quality that particularly distinguishes this beautiful drama, it is, that the humour is more bland; and an unusually delicate and pensive turn is given to the language and sentiments. That Shakspeare parted with the world on terms of friendship, this legacy of his love sufficiently demonstrates; though, in the Epilogue Song (the last lines that he ever wrote,) we think that we can discover something that savours of transient bitterness.

Twelfth Night closes the dramatic career of Shakspeare. The serious portion is supposed, by Mr. Stevens, to have been taken from the seventh History in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. Mr. Chalmers assigns its production, and we think correctly, to the year 1613. The mistakes arising out of Viola's change of habit and resemblance to her brother Sebastian, are borrowed from the *Menæchini* of Plautus, and remind us of the Comedy of Errors. The fable is ingeniously constructed, and the incidents are arranged with a perfect knowledge of dramatic effect. They involve some few improbabilities. There may be a want of decorum in Olivia's sudden passion for the disguised page, and in the Duke's easy transfer of his affection from Olivia to Viola. But we cannot agree with Dr. Johnson, that the instruction this drama should afford is destroyed by these improbabilities. We may even use *its own* argument, and say, that if the spectator can fancy the stage a city on the coast of Illyria, he may, in like manner, view the incidents as no unfaithful picture of real life.

But, if the serious part of this play be borrowed, the comic is original; and where, in the writings of Shakspeare himself, shall we find a more brilliant concentration of wit and humour? Sir Toby Belch, in certain points, may run parallel with Sir John Falstaff. Sir John is marvellously addicted to sack and sugar, qualified with "bread one halfpenny"—Sir Toby roars justly for a stoup of wine, and makes merry over the ancient country beverage of cakes and ale. Both keep bad hours, and company—villanous company—that hath been spoil of 'em. Sir John is a barefaced freebooter, and would rob you the king's exchequer; Sir Toby is a petty-larceny rogue, that is content to fleece the clod-pole Sir Andrew out of two thousand pounds, under promise of marrying him to his niece Olivia. Falstaff, though a gross fat man, upholds the decency of sobriety, even in his cups; Sir Toby is ever in the third degree of drink, yet in that state he is guilty of so much wit and sound philosophy, that we never wish him sober. Like Falstaff, he looks big, and wears a sword, and we verily believe is as great a coward (remembering how he roars at his bloody coxcomb), and as prone to carry away his guts as nimbly from a fray, as ever Falstaff did, even at the affair of the eleven men in buckram. In Sir Andrew Aguecheek, we may draw the line between folly and fatuity; between the fool by education and the fool by nature. The man who could boast but *one idea*, was an oracle of wisdom compared to this great eater of beef! The only glimpse of thought that ever reached his brain was when he fancied he had no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man. He is a perfect picture of mental imbecility; and, but that Shakspeare has seasoned his character with some very ludicrous qualities, would be a painful rather than a diverting exhibition. He is painted inordinately vain, choleric, and cowardly—amorous, as naturals are represented to be, and, withal, an egregious gull. These are the eccentricities that shade his mental defects, and make us *smile* when we might have been inclined to *pity*.

Malvolio is an admirable picture of folly in *another* degree, though, to do him justice, he is more knave than fool. He is a true puritan—sour, lascivious, and hypocritical; a prosing shallow-pated would-be philosopher, whose inane and pompous phrases are delivered in a tone of monotony that fools are apt to mistake for wisdom. Having no conception of humour himself, he cannot endure it in others. And, when his owl-like gravity relaxes into a grin ghastly horrible, in the selfish hope of gaining his mistress's hand and fortune, his face, albeit unused to the laughing mood, runs into more lines than are in a map. How perfectly does the clown express Malvolio's lack of wit, in this tart reply:—

"God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool."

And what a fine reproof does Olivia offer to his vanity and self-love:-

"O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove."

Never was poetical justice more satisfactorily bestowed than upon Malvolio. All his ludicrous perplexities arise out of his vanity and selfishness. We excuse them only as they contribute to our mirth; and two more exquisitely comic scenes than the one where he soliloquises on his future greatness, and picks up the letter, and the

other, where he struts in cross-gartered, and ogles his mistress, were never conceived by any dramatist.

That Shakspeare delighted to exhibit the ludicrous effects of cowardice, will appear from the mock duels between Sir Hugh Evans and Doctor Caius, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Viola. The *tremplings* of the Welsh parson may keep company with the tremors of the silly knight. The former has only his own misgivings and dismal chaunts to alarm him; but the latter is rendered doubly fearful by the terrible accounts that Sir Toby gives of his antagonist. The Clown, in wit and gaiety, in pun and quibble, is scarcely inferior to Touchstone: and Fabio and Maria are excellent adjuncts to bring up the rear of this truly comic assemblage.

The serious portion of this drama is chaste and beautiful; breathing a spirit of tenderness and humanity, of poetry and romance. Here we contemplate Shakspeare in his happiest mood—sweet, enthusiastic, melancholy. Here we behold the fairy visions of his youth returning with all their wonted loveliness; and the earliest emotions that fluttered in his bosom kindling with fresh ardour to crown his last farewell to the Muse. We are in no humour to pluck from this bed of flowers of all hues any one of transcendant beauty, but the following:—

> "She never told her love;
> But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
> And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
> She sat, like patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief."

Lay it to thy heart—and farewell!

What admirer of the drama knows not Fawcett's excellence in the clowns and fools of Shakspeare? 'Nothing could be finer than his performance of this "*Corrupter of Words.*" He sang the Epilogue Song with true comic spirit; and with a harmony and *feeling* as if conscious that the *last words of Shakspeare* were trembling on his lips. Farren's countenance is not remarkable for expression; it requires much making-up to produce an effect—his eye wants colour; but even these drawbacks were turned to good account in his representation of Sir Andrew; and with his long lean figure (Sir Andrew is as *tall* a man as any's in Illyria) produced a perfect *vraisemblance* of this monster of fatuity. Emery gave us the hearty jollity of Sir Toby Belch. His picture was indeed highly coloured, but without any touch of coarseness. He revelled in the drunken eccentricities of the jovial knight, but mellowed them with such admirable skill, that, though sufficiently prominent, they were not offensive. It was a glorious thing to hear these three "merry men" vociferating their old catches, and beating time to them. Of all the chroniclers of ancient merry-making, commend us to Shakspeare! Liston's Malvolio was not "i' th' vein." We almost suspect that he copied *Bensley's* manner of playing it, from his imperturbable gravity. He tried his *own way* once or twice, but found it would not do; he then flew to the opposite extreme, and became insufferably dismal and austere. Modern play-wrights have done much towards spoiling Liston for the legitimate drama. In return for the comicality that nature has put into his face, they have put so much trash into his mouth, that when he encounters wit, in a character like Malvolio, he is puzzled to know what to make of it. The lovely pensive Viola found an intelligent representative in Miss M. Tree.

☞ D.——G.

Costume.

DUKE ORSINO.—White shirt, covered with spangles and gold-embroidered border; over it a green velvet tunic, with short open sleeves, showered with white spangles, and gold-embroidered border; white silk hose, white shoes, crimson satin sash, hat and feathers.

VALENTINE.—Green velvet tunic, with gold embroidery; white pantaloons, russet boots, hat and feathers.

CURIO.—White doublet and pantaloons, trimmed with silver, lined and puffed with scarlet; russet boots.

SIR TOBY BELCH.—Slate-coloured cloth doublet, trunks and cloak, trimmed and puffed with black; brown stockings, black shoes.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.—Orange-coloured doublet and trunks, trimmed with yellow; yellow cloak, trimmed with orange; hat and stockings to match.

SEBASTIAN.—Deep amber tunic, with short sleeves; white body and pantaloons, trimmed with sky blue and black galloon; short russet boots, black cap, with blue and black feathers.

ANTONIO.—Yellow body and pantaloons, and blue fly, trimmed with scarlet and buttons.

FRIAR.—Gray gown.

MALVOLIO.—White doublet, full trunks and cloak, black puffs and trimming, black hose, white cloak, black cap, and yellow stockings, black gaiters.

CLOWN.—Scarlet, white, blue and yellow; motley dress.

FABIO.—Gray tunic, and pantaloons trimmed with black, russet boots.

SOLANIO.—Light blue tunic, trimmed with brown, gray pantaloons, russet boots.

BENVOLIO.—Green doublet and trunks, trimmed with spangles, russet boots.

PAGE.—Blue velvet tunic, spangled.

OFFICERS.—Black gowns.

VIOLA.—White satin gown, and a dress exactly like Sebastian's.

OLIVIA.—White satin dress, trimmed with black.

MARIA.—White muslin dress, trimmed with black; point black velvet body.

Cast of the characters at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, 1825.

Duke Orsino	Mr. Cooper.
Valentine	Mr. Taylor.
Curio	Mr. Robinson.
Sir Toby Belch	Mr. Bartley.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Mr. Blanchard.
Sebastian	Mr. Mason.
Antonio	Mr. Chapman.
Friar	Mr. Atkins.
Malvolio	Mr. W. Farren.
Clown	Mr. Fawcett.
Fabio	Mr. Baker.
Solanio	Mr. Henry
Benvolio	Mr. Tinney
Page	Master Longhurst.
Viola	Miss M. Tree.
Olivia	Miss Love.
Maria	Mrs. Gibbs.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, ROBERTO, *and two Sailors*, L. U. E. *carrying a Trunk.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Rob. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think you, sailors?
Rob. It is perchance that you yourself were saved:
Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Rob. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Rob. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Rob. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?
Rob. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino!—I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Rob. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of, that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What is she?
Rob. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. Oh, that I served that lady!
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!
Rob. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain!
And, I believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke
Thou shalt present me as a page unto him,
Of gentle breeding, and my name Cesario:—
That trunk, the reliques of my sea-drown'd brother,
Will furnish man's apparel to my need:—
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Rob. Be you his page, and I your mute will be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee:—Lead me on. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Duke Orsino's Palace.*

The DUKE, *seated, attended by* CURIO *and Gentlemen, discovered.—Music.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.— [*Music.*
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odours.— [*Music.*
Enough; no more; [*Rises.*
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE, L.

How now? what news from my Olivia?—speak.
Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted
But from her handmaid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.
Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA, *and* SIR TOBY BELCH, R.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you have brought in here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, all, most natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: he's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish top.—See, here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face. [*Crosses to* C.

Sir And. [*Without*, L.] Sir Toby Belch! how now! Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Enter SIR ANDREW, L.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. [*Crosses to* C.] Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen. [*Crosses to* L.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. [*Takes his hand.*] Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, [*Lets go his hand*] now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit*, L.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the duke himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the duke; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be under the degree of my betters; and yet I'll not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in?—I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What should we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper.—Ha! higher:—ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Duke Orsino's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA, *in man's attire*, L.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you,
Cesario, you are like to be much advanced.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence,
That you call in question the continuance of his love:
Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you.—Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Gentlemen*, R.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho!

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound:
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—go;—prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, CURIO, VALENTINE, *and Gentlemen*, R.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo his lady; yet,—a barful strife!—
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE V.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter CLOWN *and* MARIA, R.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer; yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit*, L.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.

Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, *and two Servants*, R.

Bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for, give the dry fool drink, then is

the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know, his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. Heaven send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. —Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh, and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.—I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but

rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter MARIA, L.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the duke Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA, L.] Go you, Malvolio:—if it be a suit from the Duke, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exeunt* MALVOLIO *and two Servants*, L.]—Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool.

Sir To. [*Without*, L.] Where is she? where is she?

Clo. Whose skull Jove cram with brains!—for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY, L.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman. [*Crosses to* R.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery.—There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry: what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!— [*Exit*, R.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool: the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o'

my uncle: for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit*, R.

Enter MALVOLIO, L.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that, too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: it is with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit*, L.

Enter MARIA, L.

Oli. Give me my veil. [*Exit* MARIA, R.
What means his message to me?
I have denied his access o'er and o'er
Then what means this?

Enter MARIA, *with a Veil*, R.

Come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy

Enter VIOLA, L.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her:—your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part.—Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house.

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.

Oli. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.—What are you? what would you?

Vio. What I am, and what I would, are to your ears, divinity; to any other's profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA, L.] Now, sir, what is thy text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I, does this present.

[*Unveiling.*

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted.
Vio. My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpariel of beauty!
Oli. How does he love me?
Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.
Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me,
Oli. You might do much:—what is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman,
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well;
I thank you for your pains:—spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit*, L
Oli. What is your parentage?
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague;
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!—

Enter MALVOLIO, L.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
Orsino's man: he left this ring behind him:
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio,

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit*, L.

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit*, R.

SCENE VI.—*A Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* MALVOLIO *following*, L. U. E.

Mal. Sir, sir,—young gentleman:—were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him; and one thing more; that you never be so hardy to come again in affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned.—[*Throws the ring on the ground.*] If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit*, L. S. E

Vio. [*Takes up the ring.*] I left no ring with her
what means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring!—why, he sent her none
I am the man;— if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady! she were better love a dream.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO, L.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, pardon me, your trouble.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so

ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. [*He weeps.*

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the duke Orsino's court: farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

Seb. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt*, ANTONIO, L., SEBASTIAN, R.

SCENE II.—*A Dining Room in Olivia's house.*

SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW *discovered drinking and smoking.*

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria, I say!—a stoop of wine!

[*The* CLOWN *sings without*, L.—SIR ANDREW *and* SIR TOBY *rise.*

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter CLOWN, L.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass.

Sir And. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg and so sweet a voice to sing as the fool has.—In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale-houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on: shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Begin, fool: it begins,—[*Sings.*] 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. Hold my peace!—I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith!—Come, begin:—that, or something else,—or what you will.—

.. .. [*They all three sing.*

'Christmas comes but once a year,
And therefore we'll be merry.'

Enter MARIA, L.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians. Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay; [*Sings.*]—'And three merry men be we.'

Sir And. [*Sings.*] 'And three merry men be we.'

Sir To. Am I not consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady!—[*Sings.*]—'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Sir And. [*Sings.*] 'Lady,'—

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. [*Sings.*] 'Lady,'—

Sir To. Let us have another.

[*They all three sing and dance.*

'Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday,—Sunday,—Monday,—

Mar. For the love of heaven, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO, L., *in a Gown and Cap, with a Light.*

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you?

Sir And. [*Sings.*] 'Monday,'—

Mal. Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?

Sir To. [*Sings.*] 'Saturday,'—

Mal. Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. [*Sings.*] 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [*Sings.*] 'But I will never die.'

[*Falls on the floor.*

Clo. [*Sings.*] 'Sir Toby,—O, Sir Toby,—there you lie.'

Mal. This is much credit to you.

[CLOWN *raises* SIR TOBY.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] 'You lie.'—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne! and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums:—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit* MAL., L. *followed by the* CLOWN, *mocking him.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver my indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece: on a forgotten matter, we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose, too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him?

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I will plant you two, and let Fabian make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night to bed, and dream on the event.—Farewell. [*Exit*, L.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once, too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now.

Sir And. I'll call you Cut.

Sir To. Come, knight;—come, knight.

Sir And. I'll call you Cut. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*A Hall in Duke Orsino's Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* VIOLA, R.

Duke. Come hither, boy:—if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are.—
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven.—Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty;
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.
Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart:—make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt, DUKE, R., VIOLA, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Fabian, L.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives

Enter Maria, *with a letter,* L.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—how now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three behind yon clump: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him.—Close in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves,* R.]—Lie thou there; [*Throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit,* R.

Enter Malvolio, L.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!—

Mal. To be count Malvolio ;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue !

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him !

Sir To. Peace, peace !

Mal. There is example for't ; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel !

Fab. Now he's deeply in ; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown ;—having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping ;—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone !

Fab. O peace, peace !

Mal. And then to have the humour of state : and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby :—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles !

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace ! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him : I frown the while ; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel ; Toby approaches ; court'sies there to me ;—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control :—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then ?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech :'

Sir To. What, what ?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, sc'ab !

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight ;—'

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew ;—'

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I ; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! an the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him,—

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] 'To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes:' her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: to whom should this be? [*Opens the letter.*]

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*] 'Jove knows, I love:
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man must know.'

'No man must know.'—If this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads.*] 'I may command where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'—Nay, but, first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this:—and the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. I thought he would work it out: the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I*; comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name Soft; here follows prose.—[*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. To make thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.'

'The fortunate-unhappy'

Day-light and champian discovers not more; this is open. I will be proud, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings; of late she did praise my leg being cross-gartered:—I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.' Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit*, L.

[*They advance from behind the trees.*]

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Fab. I will give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Enter MARIA, R.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. Or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: If you will see it, follow me.

[*Exit*, L.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one, too.

Fab. And I.

Omnes. Huzza! huzza! huzza! [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Public Square.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO, R. S. E.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
I fear'd, besides, what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove

Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks.—What is to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst Orsino's galleys,
I did some service: of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me.—Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt*, SEBASTIAN, L. ANTONIO, R.

SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter CLOWN, *playing on a tabor, and* VIOLA, L.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music; dost thou live by the tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir: the lady Olivia has no folly;

she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk without the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

[*Gives him money.*

Clo. Now, Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one.—Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: [*Gives him more money*] 'tis well begged.

Clo. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come: who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit*, L.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW, R.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean, by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean,—to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA, L.

Most excellent, accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier!—*Rain odours!*—well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed!'—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Leave me to my hearing.

Sir And. 'Odours—pregnant—vouchsafed.'

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW, R.

Oli. Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the Duke Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving

Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward ho!
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might: for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Vio. By innocence, I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt*, OLIVIA, R., VIOLA, L.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter SIR ANDREW, FABIAN, *and* SIR TOBY, L.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the duke's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't this moment in the garden.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her to ward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked; the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutch man's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir To. An it be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand: be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many *lies* as will lie in thy sheet of paper; although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let

there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter—about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo:—Go.

[*Exit* SIR ANDREW, R.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of mine comes.

Enter MARIA, L.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull, Malvolio, is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: he does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in a map: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* OLIVIA'S *House.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA, R.

Oli. I have sent after him:—he says, he'll come.—
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd
I speak too loud.——
Where is Malvolio?—He is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;
For, sure the man is tainted in his wits.
Oli. Go, call him hither. [*Exit* MARIA, R.
I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO, *in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, and* MARIA, R.

How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*
Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: but what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: Please one, and please all.
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.—It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.
Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed!—Ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. Heaven comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:'—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,—'

Oli. Ha?

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,—'

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings:—'

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. 'And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.'

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. 'Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—'

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter FABIAN, L.

Fab. Madam, the young gentleman of the duke Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.—Call my uncle Toby.—[*Exit* FABIAN, R.]—Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exeunt* OLIVIA, R., *and* MARIA, L.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter.—I have limed her.—And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:'—Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together.—Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Sir To. [*Without*, L.] Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Enter FABIAN, SIR TOBY, *and* MARIA, L.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—how is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; we must deal gently with him. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray Heaven, he be not bewitched.

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me.—What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, Sir Toby.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he'll not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. Begone. [*Exit*, L.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir To Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound.—Follow him, and let him not from thy sight.—[*Exit* MARIA, L.]—But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter SIR ANDREW, *with a letter*, R.

Sir And. Here's the challenge,—read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir To. Give me.—[*Reads.*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. 'I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. 'Fare thee well; and Heaven have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy:

ANDREW AGUECHEEK.'

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Fab. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the garden, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit*, R.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver this letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt*, L.

Enter VIOLA *and* OLIVIA, R.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny,
That honour, saved, may, upon asking, give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
[*Exit*, L.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN, R.

Sir To. Gentleman, Heaven save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre; hob, nob, is his word: give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter.

Sir To. Back you shall not, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on; or strip your sword stark naked, for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so, Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit*, L.

Vio. 'Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite, that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW, *in a great fright*, L.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil;—

Sir And. Oh!

Sir To. I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him,—rapier, scabbard, and all,—and he gives me the stuck in,—

Sir And. Oh!

Sir To. With such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Plague on't! I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't! an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I had challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't.—[*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA, R.

I have his horse [*To* FABIAN] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. [*To* SIR TOBY.] He is as horribly conceited of him, and pants as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To* VIOLA.] There's no remedy, sir! he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Draws her sword.*] Pray Heaven defend me!—[*Aside.*]—A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. [*To* VIOLA.] Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. [*Draws.*] Pray Heaven he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.
[*They fight.*—SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN *urge on* SIR ANDREW *and* VIOLA.]

Enter ANTONIO, *who runs between* SIR ANDREW *and* VIOLA, R. S. E.

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you?
Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?
Ant. [*Draws.*] One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
Sir To. [*Draws.*] Nay, if you be an undertaker,
I am for you. [SIR TOBY *and* ANTONIO *fight.*
[SIR ANDREW *hides himself behind the trees.*—VIOLA *retires a little.*
Fab. [*Parts them.*] O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.
Sir To. [*To* ANTONIO.] I'll be with you anon.—
[ANTONIO *shows great alarm.*—SIR TOBY *sheathes his sword.*] Sir knight, Sir Andrew,—
Sir And. Here I am.
Sir To. What, man!—Come on.—[*Brings* SIR ANDREW *forward.*]
Vio. [*Advances.*] 'Pray, sir, [*To* SIR ANDREW] put up your sword, if you please.
Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter Two OFFICERS *of Justice*, L.

1st Off. This is the man; do thy office.
2nd Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of duke Orsino.
Ant. You do mistake me, sir.
1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.
Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy.
Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: it grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort

1st Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery;
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

1st Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
And to his image, which, I methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion,
But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* OFFICERS, L.

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian.

[*They retire together.*

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit*, R.

Sir To. [*They advance.*] A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly; but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE III.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN, L.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither:—nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. I pr'ythee, tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—these wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, L.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. [*Draws his sword.*] Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:—are all the people mad?
[*Beating* SIR ANDREW

Enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN, L.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight.—I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit*, R. D.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery

against him, if there be any law in Illyria! though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed come on.

Seb. [*Disengages himself.*] I will be free from thee. —What would'st thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what?---[*Draws.*]---Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*They fight.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and two Servants*, R. D.

Fab. Hold, good Sir Toby, hold:—my lady here! [*Exit*, R. D.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario:—
Rudesby, be gone!

Sir To. Come along, knight. [*Exit*, L.

Oli. And you, sir, follow him.

Sir And. Oh, oh!—Sir Toby. [*Exit*, L.

Oli. I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'would thou'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt*, R. D

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in Olivia's House.*

Enter MARIA, *with a black Gown and Hood, and* CLOWN, L.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and hood; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it, quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit*, L

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in it; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* MARIA, L.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That, that is, is:" so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. [*Opens the door of an inner room.*] What, hoa, I say! Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [*In the inner room.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio, the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have bound me, hand and foot, and laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,---

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

[*Takes off the Gown and Hood, and gives them to* MARIA.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy hood and gown; he sees not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring us word how thou find'st him: come by and bye to my chamber. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA, L.

Clo. [*Sings.*] 'Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Mal. Fool, fool,---good fool,---

Clo. Who calls, ha?

Mal. As ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. [*Shuts the door of the inner room, and sings.*]
'I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again, &c.' [*Exit*, L.

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN, R.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun:
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident of flood and fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust my eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad.—But here she comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a* FRIAR, L.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mind: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:
[*Exit* FRIAR, L.
And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN, R.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again. The Duke Orsino—

[*Exit*, R.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and two Gentlemen*, L.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friend? I know thee wel.: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes?

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo,—Tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again: as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will wake it anon. [*Exit*, R. D.

Enter ANTONIO *and the two Officers*, R.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1*st Off.* This, please you, sir, is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy:
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew, Titus, lost his leg;
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy, there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and for his sake, too,
Did I expose myself
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew, a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me my own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the Countess; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

[ANTONIO *and Officers retire a little.*

Enter OLIVIA *and two Servants from* R. D.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as harsh and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out,
That e'er devotion tender'd!—What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love?
But hear me this:
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still:
But this your minion, whom, I see, you love,
And whom, by Heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned, in his master's spite.—

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
[*Exeunt* DUKE *and Gentlemen*, R.
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Going.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah, me, forsaken! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
[*Exeunt two Servants*, R. D.

Enter DUKE, R.

Duke. [*To* VIOLA.] Come away.
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband; can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter FRIAR *and two Servants*, R. D.

O, welcome, father!—
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe), what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Friar. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, toward my grave,
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—
Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.
[OLIVIA *sends away the* FRIAR, R.

Enter SIR ANDREW, L., *crying with his head broke.*

Sir And. O, O,—for the love of heaven, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.
Oli. What's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb, too: for the love of heaven, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.
Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. The duke's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—you broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.
Sir To. [*Without*, L.] Holla, Sir Andrew,—where are you?
Sir And. Here comes Sir Toby, halting—you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled your Toby for you.

Enter SIR TOBY, *drunk, with his forehead bleeding, led by the* CLOWN, L.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?
Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone.
Sir To. Then he's a rogue, a drunken rogue—and I hate a drunken rogue.

Enter SEBASTIAN, *behind*, L.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, And a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* SIR AND., SIR TO., *and* CLO., R. S. E.

Seb. [*Advances.*] I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.

[ANTONIO *seeing* SEBASTIAN *comes forward.*

You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian, are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. [*Sees* VIOLA.] Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, [*To* VIOLA] what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother, too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this masculine usurp'd attire,
Away with doubt:—each other circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, doth cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola,—your sister Viola. [*They embrace.*

Seb. [*To* OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook.

Duke. If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:—
Boy, [*To* VIOLA] Thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter CLOWN, *with a letter, and* FABIAN, R. S. E.

How does Malvolio, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman: [*Reads.*] 'By the Lord, madam,'—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness.

Oli. [*To* FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [*Reads.*] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

'The madly-us'd Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither

[*Exit* FABIAN, R.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer,—
Your master quits you [*To* VIOLA]; and, for your service done him,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Enter MALVOLIO, *with a Letter, and* FABIAN, R. S. E.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio?

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
[*Gives* OLIVIA *the Letter.*
You must not now deny it is your hand;—
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing;
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad:
Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak:
I do confess, Sir Toby, and myself,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Fab. Malvolio!

Clo. Why,—'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.' —I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir: —'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:'—But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:'—And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.—Ha, ha, ha!

Fab. Ha, ha, ha!

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit*, R.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.
Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

[*Exeunt* FABIAN *and two Servants*, R.

Duke. He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Go, officers;
We do discharge you of your prisoner.

[*Exeunt Officers*, R.

Antonio, thou hast well deserved our thanks:
Thy kind protection of Cesario's person,
Although thou knew'st not then for whom thou fought'st,
Merits our favour: henceforth, be forgotten
All cause of anger: thou hast a noble spirit,
And, as Sebastian's friend, be ever near him.—
Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

(*The* CLOWN *sings.*)

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive;
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head;
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

THE END.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

King Henry V.

Pistol. **Quiet thy cudgel! thou dost see, I eat.**

Act V. Scene 1.

KING HENRY V.

AN HISTORICAL PLAY,

In Five Acts,

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITION OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON,

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:
JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

King Henry the Fifth.

One of the many advantages resulting from the writings of Shakspeare, is, that historical events are rendered familiar through the medium of entertainment. This is not required by the scholar; but, as a very small portion of mankind may claim that distinguished title, those to whom the minutiæ of historical detail might be a tedious study, will have their attention awakened, and their memory impressed, when a series of interesting events is placed before them, with all the advantages of histrionic art and scenic illusion. Who but remembers, through this delightful medium, the triumph of liberty, and the death of Cæsar—the fall of Wolsey, and the sorrows of Katharine—the plain of Bosworth, and the field of Azincour? The poet adopts from history his fable and characters; while history borrows light from the poet to give her facts, *by representation*, the semblance of reality. We may, from *reading*, conceive Richard, ambitious, ferocious, and cruel; but, when we *behold him* in the field, and *hear him*, with hoarse voice, daring Richmond to the fight, we receive the full impression of personal identity; and we yield to the actor our praise for what *his* art contributes to the illusion.

History affords not a more interesting character than Henry V. His reign ranks among the proudest on her annals, and—but for the present day, when the armies of England have laughed to scorn the boasted inviolability of the French territory—it was distinguished by one unparalleled achievement—the conquest of France. The hero of Azincour has been drawn by Shakspeare with singular felicity. In the first and second parts of Henry IV. he appears as the madcap Prince of Wales, pursuing, with some glorious intermissions, his licentious pleasantries with his boon companions of the Boar's Head. But in the present drama,—having repented, and that suddenly—he shines forth with extraordinary lustre, as the undaunted warrior, and the Christian king:—

> "No sooner was the crown
> Placed on his head, than with an awful frown,
> He called the vagrant crew; and, wiser grown,
> Reproved their follies much, but more his own:
> He bade them ev'ry former vice give o'er,
> Reform their lives, or see his face no more."*

We only regret that his *manner* of doing *this* was not more gracious. If he could unbend with Williams, and sport with Fluellen, it had surely been nothing derogatory to his royal dignity to tolerate Falstaff.

The plot rests upon one single incident—the battle of Azincour. Yet, by a skilful diversity of character and scene, the interest maintains its ascendancy nearly to the close. The arrogant levity of the French is well contrasted with the temperate firmness of the English army—the one revelling in the vain confidence of victory—the other relying on their own valour, and on the God of battles. Shakspeare has introduced a chorus at the beginning of each act, after the manner of the Greek dramatists. He wished to convey his own exalted idea of his hero to every spectator, and he has employed all the

splendour of poetry to effect his object. He, who rejected all rules but as they contributed to heighten his conceptions, in this instance became an imitator, and with a skill that showed him a perfect adept in every department of the dramatic art.

In this play we are again introduced to some of our old acquaintances of the Boar's Head. The cowardly braggadocia, Ancient Pistol—the man of few words, and small courage, Corporal Nym—the *quondam* hostess Quickly—and he whose face is full of bubukles, and whelks, and flames of fire, Lieutenant Bardolph. But the sun of humour is set—the hero of their mirth and revelry is gone. Falstaff is, alas! *no counterfeit*—he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. The *ignus fatuus* of Bardolph's countenance shall no more do its honourable office of lighting the fat knight from tavern to tavern: though its flames are not extinct, its occupation is gone. The splendour of these martial scenes—the victories of Henry and his virtues—do not compensate for the absence of this exquisite humorist, nor extenuate his unkindness. It neither became the true prince, nor the Fifth Harry, to look with coldness on the partner of his midnight orgies. Falstaff is dead—a sentence that implies the almost total extinction of wit and drollery.

We have often been affected by some of Shakspeare's touches of nature; but never more so than with Hostess Quickly's description of the going-out of this brilliant light. Eternal blessings on honest Bardolph, for his blunt ebullition of affectionate feeling, which reminds us of the kindred wish of Burns—

> "The poor man weeps—here (Falstaff) sleeps,
> Whom canting wretches blamed:
> But with *such as he*, where'er he be
> May I be *saved* or *d—d!*"

Even the cowardice of Pistol, and the small courage of Corporal Nym, are half redeemed by their kind remembrance of ancient companionship! Pistol's humour, which in this play occupies a much broader space, does its best to supply the loss of Falstaff: his swaggering bravado, and heterogeneous jumble of bombastical phrases, lose none of their effect. But Bardolph is incurably in the dumps: his countenance lacks a jest, and himself a companion. He longs to be at his old work again—hacking his sword, tickling his nose with spear-grass, or compounding a cup of sack. The loss of Falstaff is irreparable—

> "As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
> After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next"—

we hear of Azincour—but we think of Shrewsbury.

The character of Fluellen is excellently drawn—brave, irascible, and full of quaint comparisons. Who but a Welshman could have discovered any analogy between Monmouth and Macedon; or carried it through a variety of parallels with such whimsical earnestness and gravity? His comparison between Alexander the Great, and Henry, is no less apt and ingenious; though, when he comes to that part where each kills his best friend—the one, Clytus, the other, "the fat knight, with the great pelly-doublet"—we think King Henry would have hardly thanked him for the compliment. The scene where Fluellen cudgels Pistol, and makes him eat his leek—Pistol eating and cursing most courageously—is highly humorous. It would seem that Shakspeare delighted to exhibit the peculiarities of the Welsh character. Sir Hugh Evans, though altogether a different portrait, is equally happy, and in Shakspeare's best style.

Henry's courtship of the Princess Katharine is conducted with true military grossness. Dr. Johnson justly remarks, that in this he has neither the vivacity of Hal nor the grandeur of Henry. If Shakspeare's *French* be *reasonable* bad, his taste, in this instance, is still worse. The lover who could plead, and the lady who could approve, with so little ceremony and delicacy, were in every respect worthy of each other.

The language of this play breathes the purest spirit of devout heroism. What bosom has not beat high with enthusiasm at Henry's noble reply to Westmoreland, on St. Crispan's Day, and glowed with devotional feeling at that glorious prayer, before he rushes into battle. Nothing can be more beautiful and pathetic than Exeter's description of the deaths of the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk: and it would be difficult to select a passage from poetry, marked by greater felicity of thought and expression, than the Archbishop of Canterbury's description of Henry himself:—

> "Hear him but reason in divinity,
> And, all admiring, with an inward wish
> You would desire the king were made a prelate:
> Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
> You would say, it has been all-in-all his study:
> List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
> A fearful battle rendered you in music:
> Turn him to any cause of policy,
> The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
> Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
> *The air, a chartered libertine, is still,*
> And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
> To steel his sweet and honied sentences."

Kemble's King Henry was conceived in the very spirit of chivalry: the character well accorded with the animated tone and manly ardour of that superb actor. It had all the fire and daring of perfect heroism, with the highest polish of intellectual grace. Mr. Macready dashed through the part with considerable energy: he gave it no repose, even where something more is required than mere declamation. He wanted the hilarity and buoyancy that distinguished Kemble's performance. He was fierce—but his fierceness was tempered with neither grandeur nor majesty: still, in the present state of the drama, the effort was praiseworthy.

☞ D——G.

Cast of Characters at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1825.

King Henry V.	Mr. Macready.	*Nym*	Mr. Harley.
Duke of Gloucester	Mr. Penley.	*Pistol*	Mr. Knight.
Duke of Bedford	Mr. Howell.	*Bardolph*	Mr. Fitzwilliam.
Lord Scroop	Mr. O. Smith.	*Bates*	Mr. Hughes.
Earl of Westmorland	Mr. Archer.	*Boy*	Miss Clara Fisher.
Bishop of Ely	Mr. Gattie.	*Mrs. Quickly*	Mrs. Harlowe.
Duke of Exeter	Mr. Powell.	*Charles, K. France.*	Mr. Pope.
Sir Thomas Grey	Mr. Vining.	*The Dauphin*	Mr. Mercer.
Abp. of Canterbury	Mr. Thompson.	*Duke of Burgundy*	Mr. Comer.
Earl of Cambridge	Mr. Yarnold.	*Montjoy*	Mr. Webster.
Sir T. Erpingham	Mr. Honnor.	*Constable of France*	Mr. Armstrong.
Captain Gower	Mr. Younge.	*Gov. of Harfleur*	Mr. Fenton.
Captain Fluellen	Mr. Browne.	*Isab. Qu. of France.*	Mrs. Knight.
William	Mr. Terry.	*Princess Katharine.*	Mrs. Bunn.

Costume.

HENRY V.—First dress: white satin shirt and black velvet cloak, trimmed with gold spangles and ermine; white hose; black velvet hat, with coronet round it, and white feathers; russet shoes. Second dress: complete suit of armour; black velvet shirt; and hat as before.

GLOSTER.—Complete suit of armour—a mail, shirt, and helmet.

BEDFORD.—Green spangled shape, puffed with yellow silk; white hose; black hat and feathers; and russet boots.

EXETER.—Black spangled shape, puffed with scarlet silk; white hose; black hat and feathers; and russet boots.

WESTMORELAND.—Black velvet spangled shape, puffed with yellow satin; steel-bar breast-plate; white hose; red cap, with black feathers; russet boots.

CANTERBURY.—Full clerical dress.

ELY.—Ibid.

CAMBRIDGE.—Black velvet spangled shape; white hose; russet boots; black hat, and white feathers.

SCROOP.—Fawn-coloured ditto.

GREY.—Black velvet, slashed with yellow satin ditto.

ERPINGHAM.—Black velvet shape, bugled; black hose, and black hat and feathers.

GOWER.—Red shape, ornamented with buttons, and puffed with yellow satin; white hose; russet boots; red hat, and black feathers.

FLUELLEN.—Blue tabbed jacket and trunks, puffed and trimmed with red; hat to match; red hose; and russet boots.

WILLIAMS.—Red shape, with blue tabs; red hose; breast-plate and helmet.

BATES.—Ibid.

NYM.—Chintz-patterned cloth shape and hat, trimmed with black; red hose; and russet boots.

BARDOLPH.—Black shape, ornamented with black buttons, and puffed with red; hat to match; scarlet hose; and large russet boots.

PISTOL.—Buff leather shape, ornamented with black buttons and puffed with scarlet; large scarlet hat, with various-coloured feathers; scarlet hose; and large russet boots. Second dress: Breast-plate and helmet, added to the above.

BOY.—Yellow jacket, red trunks, and cloak; russet boots; and black hat.

CHARLES VI.—Black velvet shirt and robe, trimmed with gold spangles; ermine tippet; coronet; white hose; and russet shoes.

DAUPHIN.—Morone-coloured tunic, spangled; white hose; russet boots; and black hat, with white feathers. Second dress: Breast-plate.

BURGUNDY.—Green shirt and robe, ornamented with spangles and white fur; white hose; russet shoes; and hat to match.

CONSTABLE of FRANCE.—Green spangled tunic; crimson silk scarf; white hose; russet boots; black hat, and white feathers.

BOURBON.—Blue spangled shape ditto.

GOVERNOR of HARFLEUR.—Ibid.

MONTJOY.—Red tunic; tabard; white hose; black hat; white feathers; and russet boots.

ISABEL.—White satin dress; scarlet velvet robe, and drapery, richly ornamented with gold; plume of white feathers.

KATHARINE.—Pink satin train dress, ornamented with white beads and silver.

DAME QUICKLY.—Black gown; blue petticoat; old English hat to match; and point-lace cap and apron.

KING HENRY V.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber in the English Court.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP *of* ELY.

Can. My lord, I'll tell you,—That self bill is urged,
Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Can. It must be thought on: if it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us.
Ely. But what prevention?
Can. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Can. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We're blessed in the change.
Can. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it has been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences;
So that the art, and practic part of life,
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts, and popularity.
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.—
But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Can. He is rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?
Can. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceived, his grace would fain have done,)
The severals, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,

And, generally, to the crown of France,
Derived from Edward, his great grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Can. The French embassador, upon that instant,
Craved audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Can. Then go we in, to know his embassy.
Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II. — *The Audience Chamber. Flourish of drums and trumpets.*

KING HENRY *discovered on his throne.* GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WESTMORELAND. CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, GREY, HERALDS, *&c. attending.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Bed. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good brother.
[*Exit a* HERALD, R.
West. Shall we call in the embassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter HERALD, *with the* ARCHBISHOP *of* CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP *of* ELY, R.

Can. Heav'n and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly, and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And heav'n forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, rest, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For Heaven doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite to us:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;

We charge you, in the name of Heaven, take heed.—
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord.

Can. Then hear me, gracious sovereign:—
There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond;
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land:"
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond,
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law:
Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, who deposed Childerick,
Did hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

Can. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers it is writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.

Exe. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince:
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
While his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

Glost. (R.) O noble English, that could entertain,
With half their forces, the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

West. (L.) Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats;

You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Bed. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

Exe. They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of France;
O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right!

Cam. In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
Therefore, to France, my liege,
Divide your happy England into four:
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exit a* HERALD, L.
Now are we resolved; and, by Heaven's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. [*Flourish.*

Enter HERALD, *with the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, MONTJOY, *and two French Lords, with chest,* L.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Const. May it please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a christian king;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
Const. Thus then, in few:
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advised, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
A tun of treasure: and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by Heaven's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England:
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France: [*Rises.*
For I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
But this lies all within the will of Heaven,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.—
So, get you hence in peace,—and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* HERALD, CONSTABLE, MONTJOY, *and the two Lords*, L.
Exe. This was a merry message.
K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,

That may give furtherance to our expedition,
For we have now no thought in us, but France;
Save those to Heaven, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportion for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings; for, Heaven before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.—Exeunt*, L.

SCENE III.—*Before the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter NYM, L., *and* BARDOLPH, R.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not; I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles:—But that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's the humour of it. [*Crosses to* R.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends: and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it. [*Crosses to* L.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong: for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may; men may sleep: and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell. [*Crosses to* R.

Enter PISTOL *and* MRS. QUICKLY *from the Tavern*, D. *in* F.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host, Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term: nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. O welladay, lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall have wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good ancient, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *solus*, in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat;
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have a humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms:—and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O, braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.

Enter BOY, *from the Tavern*, D. *in* F.

Boy. (C.) Mine host, Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan:—'Faith he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* MRS. QUICKLY *and* BOY, *into the Tavern*, D. *in* F.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have;—that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him: by this sword I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay:
And liquor likewise will I give to thee;
For I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble.

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

[*Takes* PISTOL'S *hand.*

Enter MRS. QUICKLY *from the Tavern*, D. *in* F.

Quick. (L. C.) As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

[*Exit* MRS. QUICKLY *into the Tavern*, D. *in* F.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

[*All taking hands.—Exeunt into the Tavern*, D. *in* F.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Southampton Harbour.*

Enter EXETER, WESTMORELAND, GLOSTER, *and* BEDFORD, L.

Glost. 'Fore Heaven, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and bye.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!
Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloy'd and graced with princely favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter Guards, HERALDS, KING HENRY, CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, GREY, *and Lords*, L.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts;
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Scroop. (L.) No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. (L.) Never was monarch better fear'd and loved,
Than is your majesty; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. (L.) Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight of worthiness.—
Uncle of Exeter,—[*To* EXETER, R.]
Enlarge the man, committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest that example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. We'll yet enlarge that man;
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. Now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper! Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood

Out of appearance?
Cam. I confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord Cambridge,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton:—To the which,
This knight—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,—
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions,—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.—
Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And Heaven acquit them of their practices!
Exe. [*Crosses to* L.] I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.
Scroop. Our purposes Heaven justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,

Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But Heaven be thanked for prevention!
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching Heaven, and you, to pardon me.
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. You have conspired against our royal person;
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.—
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, Heaven, of his mercy, give
You patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.—
[*Exeunt* GREY, SCROOP, *and* CAMBRIDGE, *guarded*, L.
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
Then, forth, dear countrymen,
Putting it straight in expedition;
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance;
No king of England, if not king of France.
[*Flourish.—Exeunt through Archway.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, *and* BOY, *from the Tavern*, D. *in* F.

Quick. (L.) 'Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.
Pis. (L. C.) No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—

Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins; Boy, bristle thy courage up;—for Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. (R. C.) 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen. How now, sir John? quoth I: What, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out,—Heaven, heaven, heaven, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of heaven; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. (R.) They say he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. (L.) Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A never could abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? The king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march. [*Turns off to* R.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Turns off*, R.—*Kisses her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss; that's the humour of it; but adieu. [*Turns off*, R.

Pist. Let housewifery appear! keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt* NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* PISTOL, R., *and* MRS. QUICKLY *into the Tavern*, D. *in* F.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered and red-faced: by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof, 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own: and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it—purchase. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*The Palace of the King of France.—Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter, L., *the* KING *of* FRANCE, (*the* DAUPHIN, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, *and* BURGUNDY *cross behind to* R.) BOURBON, *Lords, and Guards.*

Fr. K. Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences:
Therefore the dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English,
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
But let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morrice-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Const. (L.) O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king;
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

Dau. Well, tis not so, my lord high constable;
But, though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems;
So, the proportions of defence are fill'd.

Fr. K. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too-much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captived, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by Heaven, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter MONTJOY, L.

Mont. Embassadors from Henry, king of England,
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. K. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. [*Exit* MONTJOY.
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Must spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Enter, L., MONTJOY, *Two English Lords, and* EXETER, *with Pedigree.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the awful name of Heaven,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart,
The borrow'd glories, that,
By law of nature, and of nations 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
[MONTJOY *presents a pedigree*
He sends you this most memorable line:
Willing you overlook his pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
E'en in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
That, if requiring fail, he may compel:—
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;

think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions. [*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

[*Flourish of drums and trumpets,* R.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, *and his train,* R., EXETER *and* WESTMORELAND, L. *The* GOVERNOR *and* CITIZENS *enter on the walls.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit.
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: as I am a soldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us,—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy;
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—

[GOVERNOR *and* CITIZENS *leave the walls*

Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you, and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow, for the march are we address'd.

[*The gates are opened, the* GOVERNOR *and* CITIZENS *come out and kneel, and present the keys.* EXETER *takes them. Flourish, &c. The* KING, *&c. enter the town through gates.*

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter (R.) *Captain and Soldiers, Lords, the* KING *of* FRANCE, *the* DAUPHIN, BURGUNDY, BOURBON, *and the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Const. (L.) And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. (R.) By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us:
They bid us,—to the English dancing schools,
And teach Lavoltas high, and swift Corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? Speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edged,
Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field;
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur;
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And, in a captive chariot, into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.
Bur. (L.) This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.
Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, hasten on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.—Exeunt* CONSTABLE *and* BURGUNDY, L., KING, *&c.*, R.

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN, L.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? Came you from the bridge?
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.
Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers:—He is not (Heaven be praised and blessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign at the pridge.—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—Ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL, R.

Flu. Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Heaven; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol:—Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of Fortune: Fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pix, and hang'd must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice

at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. *(Crosses to* L.*)* Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit* PISTOL, L

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day:—But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return to London, under the form of a soldier. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower: I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is: If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.— [*A distant march.*
Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge. [*Crosses to* R.

A March.

Enter, L. U. E., KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, *Captains and Soldiers.*

Flu. Heaven pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? Camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge: but he is inforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great:—Marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire;

and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire; sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire is out. [*Tucket sounds*, E.

Enter MONTJOY *and Attendants*, E.

K. Hen. What shall I know of thee?
Mont. My master's mind.
K. Hen. Unfold it.
Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry England,
He shall repent
His folly, see his weakness, and admire
Our sufferance: bid him, therefore, to consider,
What must the ransom be, which must proportion
The losses we have borne, the subjects we
Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested:
First, for our loss, too poor is his exchequer;
For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number: and for our disgrace,
Even his own person, kneeling at our feet,
A weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this defiance add: and, for conclusion,
Tell him, he hath betray'd his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounced.—So far
My king and master; and so much my office.
K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly.—Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not see him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, Heaven,
That I do brag thus! this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.—
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet Heaven before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way.—There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour.—
The sum of all our answer is but this;
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so.—Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit* MONTJOY, *with his Attendants*, R.

Glost. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in Heaven's hand, brother, not in theirs.
On to the bridge; it now draws towards night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat. [*Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*King Henry's Tent.*

KING HENRY, R., *and* GLOSTER, L. *discovered.*

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.

Enter BEDFORD, L.

Good morrow, brother Bedford.—
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.

Enter SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, R.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham!
A good soft pillow, for that good white head,
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may say,—now lie I like a king.
K. Hen. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good-morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glost. We shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt* BEDFORD *and* GLOSTER, L.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight:
Go with my brothers to my lords of England,
I and my bosom must debate awhile;
And then I would no other company.
Erp. (*Crosses to* L.) The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [*Exit* ERPINGHAM, L.
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st cheerfully. [*Exit into his Tent.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the English Camp.*

Enter KING HENRY, R., *and* PISTOL, L.

Pist. *Qui va la?*
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me: Art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so: What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant;
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
K. Hen. Harry le Roy!
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee, then!

My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit* PISTOL, L.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN, L. *and* GOWER, R. S. E.

Gow. Captain Fluellen! Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So; speak fewer.—It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and ancient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle daddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lewer.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN, R.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter WILLIAMS *and* BATES, L.

Will. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day; but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend. [*Comes down*, C.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should: for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me: all his senses have but human conditions; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with an appearance of fear; lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone!—so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, and more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a very heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the im-

putation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father, that sent him; but this is not so; the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, nor the father of his son; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own:—therefore should every soldier in the wars do, as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun!—You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: If ever thou come to me, and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. [*Crosses to* R.] Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt* WILLIAMS *and* BATES, R.

K. Hen. Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our sins lay on the king;—we must bear all.
O hard condition, twin born with greatness!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!—and what have kings,
That privates have not too, save ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

Enter SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, R.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit* ERPINGHAM, R.

K. Hen. O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, lest the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:—more will I do,—
[*Trumpet sounds*, R.
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exit*, R.

SCENE III.—*The French Camp.—A March.*

Enter DAUPHIN, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, *and* BURGUNDY, L.

Dau. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Const. Who hath measured the ground?

Dau. The lord Grandpré.

Const. A valiant and most expert gentleman.

Bur. Alas, poor Harry England! he longs not for the battle as we do.

Dau. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Bur. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Dau. That they lack; for, if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Const. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Dau. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Bur. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Const. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Dau. I stay but for my guard:—On, to the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high; and we out-wear the day.
[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.—Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*King Henry's Tent.—A March.*

Enter GLOSTER, L., BEDFORD, R., EXETER, L., WESTMORELAND, FLUELLEN, L., *and all the English Army*, C.

Glost. (L.) Where is the king?

Bed. (R.) The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. (C.) Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. (L.) That's five to one: besides, they all are fresh.

Bed. Heaven's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds!

West. Oh, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

Enter KING HENRY, *attended*, C.

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?—
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
Wish not one man more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart! his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.—
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He, that shall live, this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say,—To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say,—These wounds I had on Crispian's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury, and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speak,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter GOWER, R.

Gow. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed;
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!
[*Tucket sounds*, R.

Enter MONTJOY *and Attendants*, R.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow.
K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! Why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.—
Let me speak proudly;—tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field,
And time hath worn us into slovenry;
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service.—
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:
Which, if they have, as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry, and so fare thee well
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.
[*Exit* MONTJOY, *with Attendants*, R.
K. Hen. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof,—
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture, let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.—
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry,—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Exeunt*, R.—*Charge, Shouts, Cannon, &c.*

SCENE V.—*The Field of Battle.—Alarums.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, *and Guards*, L.

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes.
Cons. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O, perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Const. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now.
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.
Dau. We are enow yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Const. I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt*, R.—*Alarums, Cannon, Shouts, &c.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field of Battle.—Alarums, Shouts, Cannon, &c.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, *and Troops*, R.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Enter EXETER, L.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier!) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side
(Yokefellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heav'n;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—"Dear, my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign"
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.
[*Charge—Cannon.*
But hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men;
Then every soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through. [*Charge, &c.—Exeunt,* R.

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums continued.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, L.

Flu. Kill the poys, and the luggage! 'Tis expressly against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd in the 'orld: in your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, the French have not left a boy alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran away from the battle have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned, and carried away, all that was in the king's tent: wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower: —What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the Great?

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn.—I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is poth alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but, 'tis all one—'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in poth. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things.—

Alexander, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end, and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight, with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he.—I tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

[*Exit* GOWER, L.—*Flourish.*

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WESTMORELAND, BEDFORD, *Heralds*, *Attendants*, *Captain*, *and Guards*, R. S. E.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France,
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride you unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skir away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Go, and tell them so.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glost. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

Enter MONTJOY, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?—Know thou not,
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no:
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be Heaven, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

[*Flourish of drums and trumpets—Shouts.*

Flu. Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesty is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in the Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Heaven pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases your grace, and his majesty too.

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who knows it: I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Heaven, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. Heaven keep me so! Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.

Exit MONTJOY, *with two* HERALDS, *and his Attendants*, R.

Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

Enter WILLIAMS, L.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Whom serv'st thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit* WILLIAMS, L.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen: wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person: if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, as thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove: that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Heaven of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. 'Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit* FLUELLEN, L.

K. Hen. Brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels;
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear.
[*Exit* GLOSTER, L.
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Westmoreland;
If that the soldier strike him (as I judge,
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND, L.
Uncle of Exeter, and brother Bedford,
Come you with me.
[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.—Exeunt*, L.

SCENE VIII.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS, R.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN, L.

Flu. Heaven's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. (*Crosses to* C.) Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.
[*Strikes* FLUELLEN.

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you, in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WESTMORELAND *and* GLOSTER, L.

Glost. How now, how now? what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Gloster, here is (praised Heaven be for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.—Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *Captain, and Guards*, L.

K. Hen. (L.) How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove, which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in conscience now.

K. Hen. (*Crosses to* C.) Give me thy glove, soldier: Look, here is the fellow of it: 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns.—

[EXETER *drops a purse into the glove.*

Keep it, soldier;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you to keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will, I can tell you; it will serve you to mend your shoes.

[*Exit* WILLIAMS, L. U. E.

Enter the Two English Heralds, R.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

[HERALD *delivers two papers to the* KING, *who gives one of them to the* DUKE *of* EXETER.

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles, duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John, duke of Bourbon, and lord Boucicualt;
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
Slain in the field; of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lord, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. Edward, the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name: and, of all other men,
But five-and twenty.

K. Hen. O Heaven, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.
Come, go we in procession to the village;

And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from Heaven,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain: but with this acknowledgment,
That Heaven fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites.
The dead with charity enclosed in clay,
We will to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*March.—Exeunt*, R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp in France.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, L.

Gow. Nay, that's right:—But why wear you your leek to-day? St. Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower: the rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his turkey-cocks.

Enter PISTOL, R.

Heaven pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Heaven pless you!

[*Draws the leek across his nose.*

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leeks.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it,—nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it,—I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you.— [*Strikes him.* Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Heaven's will is: I will desire you to live the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it.—[*Strikes him to the ground.*] You called me yesterday, mountain 'squire, but I will make you to-day a 'squire of low degree.—I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke I swear,—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel! thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pis. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a wood-monger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Heaven be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate! [*Strikes him.—Exit*, R.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition: fare you well.

[*Exeunt* GOWER, R., PISTOL, L.

SCENE II.—*The French Court at Troyes in Champagne.—Flourish of all the instruments.*

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords*, L.; *meeting the* FR. KING, QUEEN ISABEL, PRINCESS KATHARINE, *the* DUKE *of* BURGUNDY, *the* CONSTABLE *of* FRANCE, MONTJOY, *French Lords and Ladies*, R.

K. Hen. (L. C.) Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy:—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. (R. C.) Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;

Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry "Amen" to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England.
Let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.
Bur. The king hath heard them: to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.
K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.
Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your counsel presently
To sit with us, once more with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,—
You, brother Bedford,—brother Gloster, you,—
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave

[*Exeunt into Tent all but* KING HENRY *and* KATHARINE.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. De tongues of de man is be full of deceits.

K. Hen. No, faith, Kate; I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain!—How say you, lady?

Kath. Me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance, for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for I could win a lady by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife; but, before Heaven, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence; nor I have no cunning in protestation, only downright oaths: which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks into his glass for love of any thing he sees there,—let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee, too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me: take

me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what say'st thou then to my love?

Kath. Is it possible, dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you shall love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lov'st me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question your gentlewomen about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to them, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me—thou shalt,) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder:—Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not, my fair flower-de-luce? How answer you, *La plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et devin deesse.*

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive the most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear, thou lov'st me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the

looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please *le roi, mon pere.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that, I kiss you, and I call you—my queen. You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.—Here comes your father.

Enter the FRENCH KING *and* QUEEN, *with all the French and English Lords, Captain and Guards, out of the Tent.*

Bur. My royal cousin, teach you our princess, English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.—Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

Exe. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I take her as my sovereign queen.—

[*Flourish of drums and trumpets.*

Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me,—
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Flourish of all the instruments.—Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

Love in Humble Life.

Carlita. A little—only a little—no more.

LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE:

A PETITE COMEDY,

In One Act,

By JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq.

Author of Brutus, Charles the Second, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A WOOD ENGRAVING.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL.

REMARKS.

Love in Humble Life.

It has been a favourite maxim with poets to represent innocence and simplicity as the peculiar attributes of humble life. That they *were so* in the pastoral ages, we have little doubt; but, in modern times, if we expect to meet with them in their ancient haunts, we shall certainly be disappointed. There is no state of society wholly unsophisticated. The artificial habits of high life are not more intolerable than the grosser ones of low; and *love*, in both cases, differs little but in *terms*. The coarse addresses of the clown are as well understood and relished by *his* Dulcinea, as the refined compliments of the well-dressed lover are admired and appreciated by the lady of fashion and sentiment. If we paint a beau or a boor, we must give the one wit, and the other cunning. To paint them otherwise would be to represent—

> "German dames as beauteous to the sight,
> The French profoundly grave, the Dutch polite;
> The Scotch sincere, and Ireland's jovial sons
> Too dull by half to relish jokes and puns." *

And, with regard to simplicity and innocence, they are the avowed remnants of the antediluvian world, and are turned up as rarely as its fossils.

Let us not, however, attempt to establish a rule without an exception. We only argue against an exclusive privilege, and contend that

> "There are sweepers in *high* life as well as in *low*."

A French piece, written by *M. Scribe* (a very apropos *name* for an author!), entitled "*Michel and Christine*," is the original of Mr. Howard Payne's "Love in Humble Life." The plot is the simplest that can be imagined, and the incidents are confined within a very narrow compass. But, by a natural display of character, and an easy and unaffected flow of sentiment and language, much pleasing interest is excited. In this style of composition the French are greatly our superiors. Their *vaudevilles* and *petit-comedies* seldom fail to awaken our best feelings. Most of our attempts in this way are clumsy and monotonous: we bury sentiment beneath a heap of high-sounding words, and entangle it in a maze of incident. The simplest method is the best and most effectual: *brevity* is the soul of wit; and there are few attempts to excite a spirit of benevolence more neatly contrived and executed than "*Blue Devils*," which, like "Love in Humble Life," is of *French* origin.

The rough, generous-hearted Rosalaus is a soldier, who does a noble action with almost as bad a grace as he makes love. Like Mr. Sulky, he is a good-natured man, though he don't *look so!* His bountiful gratitude to Christine—his blunt, yet ardent affection—his fits of anger and impatience, gradually subsiding under the influence of kinder emotions—and his heart-breaking self-denial at the close, when he resigns Christine to Carlitz, form a very affecting picture.—Carlitz is a fool; and, as fools have fortune, he becomes entitled to the heart and purse of the fair Christine. We admire the lady's *constancy*, but we execrate her *taste;* and take leave of her with Falstaff's salutation to Hostess Quickly—"Go to: thou'rt a *woman!*"

The acting of this piece was very creditable. Mr. Knight, Mr. Cooper, and Miss S. Booth, made it run off like a reel.

☞ D——G.

* "The Modern Dunciad."

Costume.

ROSSLAUR.—The uniform of a Polish serjeant.
CARLITZ, BRANDT, CHRISTINE, } Rustic Polish dresses.

Cast of the Characters at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

Rosslaur.....Mr. Cooper.
Carlitz.....Mr. Knight.
Brandt.....
Christine.....Miss S. Booth.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

SCENE—*A Garden, enclosed at the third wing by a hedge with a gate in the middle, on one post of which there is a bush,* R. S. E. *within the garden, the Inn-door, with "Good entertainment for Man and Horse" written over it. Same side, front, a wooden table and two chairs.* L. *a round stone table, and a shrubbery encircling a green bank. In the distance, mountains, &c. &c.—A march is heard as the curtain draws up, and soldiers are seen passing down the mountains.* BRANDT *comes out of the Inn, and at the same moment* RONSLAUS *enters through the middle gate, a knapsack at his back and a musket on his shoulder.*

Rons. [*Entering.*] March on to the barracks, comrades! I shall halt here. I've an acquaintance in these quarters. [*Comes down to* BRANDT.] Where's the landlord, waiter? Why don't he run out to catch customers, as every good landlord is in duty bound? Hey, lad! how dare he send such a ninny as you to represent his dignity?

Brandt. There's no landlord, sir, and mistress is busy with a party?

Rons. So much the better for her. Attention! Bring me an excellent breakfast—two bottles of the best wine; and send me your mistress for company: I've something to say to her.

Brandt. I beg your honour's pardon; but, perhaps, mistress would like first to know your honour's name.

Rons. Ronslaus, the soldier.

Brandt. No more, your honour?

Rons. What the devil more would you have? A soldier and a countryman should be a passport any where. Quick step! Forward! March! [*Exit* BRANDT *into the Inn*, RONSLAUS *giving him a tap with the butt of his gun.*] No barmaid? No! My heart beats. Ay, ten chances to one but poor little Christine's gone! At any rate, the landlady can give me some clue. Ouf! tolerable marching this. Ten leagues before breakfast over the mountains! But we've no right to complain. The enemy we pursue keep ahead of us, for all that; and though we gave 'em now and then a few shots, by way of 'How are you to-day,' the unmannerly knaves would'nt so much as turn to say, 'Very well, I thank you.' [*Takes off his knapsack, and sets it on the stone table*, L.] For the first time in my life my luggage seems heavy. Those villanous bank-notes, no doubt; such things never before straggled into my knapsack. Poor colonel! I see him yet, stretched wounded upon the field of battle. 'Ronslaus!' exclaimed he, 'I have long been alone in the world I'm now quitting, and I mustn't make the foe my heir.—Take this pocket-book! Zounds! these bits of paper are not what I stand in need of, but cartridges, boy, cartridges!' From that hour I've never fired a cartridge at the enemy, but I told 'em, 'Here, you scoundrels, here's a billet-doux from my poor dead colonel!' Well, well! though the weight of cash is rather new to me, yet I get on under it more gaily than ever; for I now meet the unfortunate with a different feeling from what I used to have, conscious that I possess not only a sword for their protection, but a purse for their miseries.

Enter CHRISTINE *from the Inn, speaking as she enters.*

Chris. Ronslaus, did he say? Ronslaus, the soldier? Bless my heart! Where? where?

Rons. Ay, come at last. 'Twas almost time. [*Turns.*] I say, land—— [*starting.*] Christine!

Chris. [*Running to him.*] Oh, Ronslaus! how glad I am to see you!

Rons. [*Faltering.*] Christine! [*Turns aside.*] Zounds! what ails my eyes? [*Aloud.*] Christine! [*Aside.*] Where's my voice? I can't—I can't. [*Runs up, and shakes hands with her.*] How are you, Christine?

Chris. When they told me your regiment was coming across the country, I said to myself, 'I'm sure we shall see him, or have a letter, at least, I'm sure.'—I hope you mean to stop awhile?

Rons. Two hours, at most—only to take breath. Then buckle on your knapsacks, shoulder your muskets, and away! We soldiers are obliged to forget our friendships at the roll of the drum, and to force as much love as we can into the little time we get between marches. Then comes the rum-rum-rum! Good bye to love! farewell to friendship! and off we go.

Chris. Don't your wound trouble you in these forced marches?

Rons. Not in the least, pet. You took too good care to cure it for me. I should have been obliged to quit the post but for you, Christine; and when I remember how, for one whole month—

Chris. Nonsense! nonsense! No more of that. Your being here at that time saved us from many a trouble. But for you, our house might have been burnt down; and I, who was then only barmaid, perhaps should not now have been mistress.

Rons. Hey! What? *You* mistress, Christine? *You?*

Chris. Oh, it's a story worth hearing. I'll tell you all about it. The inn, the garden, the farm, all belong to me. You can't think how happy it makes me to receive you in *my* house, Ronslaus. Will you take a turn round *my* grounds, Ronslaus? But first you must taste *my* wine. The wine, Brandt, the wine! [*Calling.*

Rons. That I will, lassie! but while I drink, you must talk. Tell me the whole affair. One never hears so well as over a bottle.

Enter BRANDT *with a bottle and tumbler glass, which he sets on the table, and exit.* RONSLAUS *pours out a tumbler of wine, and comes towards* CHRISTINE.

Chris. You know how unhappy I was—a poor orphan, and obliged to be dependent on the old landlady, Madam Donderspank, that cross, ill-tempered——

Rons. [*Drinks, then sets down the glass.*] She that gave such infernal bad wine? I always hated that woman.

Chris. Well, about four months after you went away a soldier returning home on leave of absence called here, and took me aside. 'Miss,' says he, 'I have

two thousand crowns to give you from a friend, who only prays that you may be happy—farewell.' He was gone before I had time to speak.

Rons. Right! right! [*Exultingly, then turns and drinks.*] I knew that hussar was an honest dog!

Chris. Hey! What hussar? Who told you his uniform?

Rons. [*Embarrassed.*] Didn't you yourself?

Chris. Not I. I said a soldier, not hussar. I see now—I see you know more of this than I do. Ronslaus, who is my benefactor? You hesitate. Now I know who it is. There's nobody but you who could have done so generous an action.

Rons. I, indeed! I! Pshaw, child, pshaw!

Chris. Ronslaus, I have not been ashamed to accept your services, and yet you are ashamed to own you have bestowed them.

Rons. No, girl, I glory in it—I glory in it; but 'tisn't I, 'tis my colonel! His pocket-book, which he gave me when dying, contained four thousand crowns, which I determined to divide thus:—two thousand for you, and two thousand for my father:—half to him who gave me life, the other half to her who preserved it. That was no more than just, you know. I charged one of my comrades with your share, and the other half I have lately been with myself; but my father—a veteran—an invalid——

Chris. Well—

Rons. Had no longer need of it. He had left the service—he had gone there [*Pointing upwards*] to receive his pay.

[*Wipes his eyes, pauses a moment, goes to the table again—drinks—makes a sign as if toasting the memory of his father—then returns.*

Come! now you've finished your story, I'll finish your bottle. This is as it should be. You deserve to be happy.

Chris. [*Sighing*] Happy!

Rons. Yes, and you must be [*timidly and fidgeting*]; for—he—on whom—you may—deign to—bestow your hand—cannot help making such an—angel—[*Seems greatly embarrassed, approaches her as if to take her hand once or twice, then recedes—Aside.*] Zounds, Ronslaus! courage, old boy! Don't stand shilly-shally—[*Rallying—aloud.*] Hear me, Miss Christine. For one whole year you have been my file leader, and you were

always by my side, whether stretched on the cold sod after a hard march, or in the midst of whizzing bullets from the hot fire of the enemy. I have money that I don't know what to do with; I've a heart which has not been given, and a hand which was never raised unworthily:—All are at your service, and here I offer them.

With forced resolution.] Will you have me?

Chris. Mr.—Mr. Ronslaus—Can it be—that——

Rons. Will you marry me? Out with it. I've only two hours allowed, and there's no time to lose.

[*All this is given awkwardly, with great fidgetiness, and a sort of sheepish manner, seen through the abruptness.*]

Chris. I don't know how to express my gratitude. But I—what you propose is—impossible—I—one—one ought, at least—you know—one should have time—to—to—love.

Rons. Hey? What? don't you love me, then?

Chris. Why—why—

Rons. Do you love me? Yes, or no?

Chris. Pray—in mercy—Mr.—

Rons. "'Mr.—Mr.'—Come, I hate beating about "the bush." It's a plain question. Answer in one word,—yes, or no.

Chris. Well, then—n—n—no!

Rons. No? not love me?—me! "Can't be Christine. "Why, I'm your brother, your friend: I'd plunge for "your sake into the cannon's mouth. I'd do more for "you than for my poor colonel; and for what living "reason should'nt you love me?" I love you—with all my heart and soul, I do; and yet you treat me harder than ever German corporal treated a recruit!

Chris. I feel what you have done for me deeply—yes, deeply! I shall never forget it, never!—But I am not worthy of your kindness, and you must let me give it all back.

Rons. Give it all back! Hang it! There was only that stroke wanting! This girl will make me die of a broken heart.

Chris. Nay, pray—pray, only hear!

Rons. [*Pacing violently.*] I'll hear nothing.

Chris. Ronslaus!—Ronslaus!

Rons. Nothing!

Chris. Dear Ronslaus!

Rons. (R.) Hey! Go on, Christine, go on.

Chris. If it should happen that I am not mistress of my choice—if, before I ever saw you, it should so chance that I loved another?

Rons. Another? True—true—I never thought of that! Ay—well—so—you loved another?

Chris. Suppose, I tell you, suppose it were so! what would you say?

Rons. What would I say? I'd say—let him take care of himself—let him keep out of my way. If I should once get hold of him—

Chris. What would you do to him?

Rons. Kill him.

Chris. And why would you kill him?

Rons. For having the impudence to love you.

[*Crosses to* L.

Chris. And if he did not love me?

Rons. Not love you! Who can help loving you? I should be glad to catch the scoundrel that did not love you.

Chris. And if you did, you'd kill him too, would you not?

Rons. Why—no, no—I—But come—this attachment—Now be frank—tell me—I'm not angry—tell me.

Chris. Three years ago, I left in my native place a cousin who had been my companion from infancy. In parting he plighted his faith to me, and I believed him, for we believe readily what we wish. I have not heard from him since. He did not love me, though he said so; but I loved him, though I said nothing.

Rons. What! you never told him——

Chris. Never. I was too poor, and so was he, to think of marrying. But when, thanks to your bounty, I had enough to live on of my own, I wrote to him to come and share it with me, and to make haste—to make haste and marry me.

Rons. And he—

Chris. He never came. And yet he got the letter—Oh! I'm sure he got the letter:—that was the time I bought the inn.

Rons. Now you see you've nothing to expect from him, what are you waiting for in order to be happy?

Chris. Alas, I only wait to feel that I no longer love him.

Rons. Christine, you are an honest girl.—You would not deceive me. I see, I see it's all over.

[*Clapping his hand on his heart.*] You have it there, girl, there—and what's once there sticks fast—fast—fast. [*Emphatically turning away.*

Chris. [*Sighs.*] Ay!

Rons. Right! right—I'll come this way a few months hence, I—[*Going to take his cap, stops short, and returns*]—Only promise me, Christine, that if you can forget your cousin, you'll think of me.

Chris. Oh! with all my heart, I promise.

Rons. Good. One day you'll be *Mrs.* Ronslaus [*Laughing and racket of many voices heard within, calling,* "Waiter! landlady! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" &c.]

Chris. They're calling. I must run. You're at home here. Remember, you're quite at home.

[*Exit* CHRISTINE *into the Inn.*

Rons. [*Looking after her.*] Would to heaven I were indeed at home!

Enter CARLITZ *whistling lazily over the mountain, with a bundle across his shoulder, at the end of a stick.* RONSLAUS *still gazing after* CHRISTINE.

Carl. Beg pardon, Mr. ——, for coming upon you so; but if you can only tell me the nearest road to the next town, you'll oblige me very much, Mr. Soldier.

Rons. [*Turning.*] Hallo! I know that voice! Bless my heart! 'tis poor Carlitz! Don't you remember me, lad? Don't you remember me a month ago at the farm in the forest, thirty leagues off?

[*Holding out his hand to him.*

Carl. [*Shaking hands awkwardly.*] Ah! yes, yes. You belong to that regiment that drove off the enemy the day of the battle near our farm. Ay, a hot day's work. I fought, too, that day with a pitchfork; and when the general saw me, he laughed, and named me "soldier" on the field; but nothing came of the nomination; for, like many a brave fellow, I had only a smile for my service, and then was straight forgotten.

[*Casting down his bundle and stick by the side of the stone table.*

Rons. So it seems you've left the farm?

Carl. Yes, Mr. Soldier; I am no longer a plough-jogger; I'm an officer.

Rons. An officer

Carl. Civil, Mr. Soldier—a *civil* officer. I've a place under government. I got it by patronage. 'Twas

Peter Linski, town-clerk, that got me named horse-post for two leagues round our village.

Rons. Yes, one would take you for a post.

Carl. Horse, if you please—horse-post!—that is, till I lost my horse; for last night a party of the enemy's troops fell in with me, or fell out with me, I should say—for, after parading me a few leagues blindfold, they set me down in the middle of the wood, gave me a cuff by the side of the head, and rode off with my horse and bags, leaving me nothing but what you see; so I've been trudging it on foot ever since, not knowing where I was, more than the child unborn.

Rons. Then you've had no breakfast?

Carl. Not a morsel. This is the first house I've come to; and one's feelings, on encountering a tavern sign, depend very much upon the state of one's pocket, you know. I daren't go in, so I've only ventured here to ask—

Rons. What, lad! hungry and tired, too! Here, [*taking him to the stone table*] here you shall eat, drink, and be joyful! Don't be afraid. I pay all.

Carl. What, you? No! You don't say so? *You* pay all?

Rons. That seems to astonish you.

Carl. Not at all. 'Twould astonish me a great deal more to pay for it myself. But I don't like you should spend your money for me, though.

Rons. Come, no flinching. I'm at home here. Hallo! waiter! But they're all busy. I'll go myself. One's always quicker served to help ones-self. Rest yourself there—You need rest—I'll come back presently—rest, rest. [*Exit* RONSLAUS *into the house.*

Carl. I wasn't over and above pleased to meet this soldier; for he's a devil of a fellow—as surly as a pioneer—and he uses his sabre with as little ceremony as I use my spurs; but he's a good fellow at heart, for he stands treat, and I couldn't have kept up any longer. [*Casts himself at full length on the green bank.*] One finds friends where one least expects. Just as we fancy it's all over with us, something pops up unlooked for, to show that Providence never forgets us so long as we don't forget ourselves. When I'm rich, I'll make it up to this soldier—and I *shall* be rich—ay, ay, I shall work my way in the world, I am sure I shall. Peter Linski was in the right. It's foolish to get married; for then all great projects stop—one comes to a dead stand—

and yet something makes me so uncomfortable—something weighs, weighs whenever I think of her:—nonsense! I can't help it, though. My heart's as heavy as my eyes! I should like to see her again. Ay, that I should—I should—I—I— [*Sleeps.*

Enter CHRISTINE *and* BRANDT *with plates, table, cloth, napkins, &c. &c.*

Chris. Come! lay the cloth there. Brisk! brisk! mind that nothing's wanting. See that all's in order—all the best.

[*Laying the cloth on the front table.—Exit* BRANDT.

Carl. [*Dreaming.*] Poor dear! Poor Christine! Chris—ris—

Chris. [*Starting.*] Who calls? [*Turns, and sees* CARLITZ.] Gracious Heaven! 'tis he! 'Tis Carlitz!

[*Runs up to him, but checks herself, seeing* RONSLAUS *enter from the Inn, with a bottle in each hand.*

Rons. Victory! I've taken the wine-cellar by storm! What a glorious army, all ranged in battle order! But 'tis no trifle can make me fall back. I've made daylight shine through the ranks. There! [*Sets the bottles on the table,* R. CHRISTINE'S *eyes are riveted on* CARLITZ. RONSLAUS *goes to her, and takes her hand.*] What's the matter, Christine? Your hand trembles.

Chris. [*Her eyes on* CARLITZ.] N—n—nothing; n—n—nothing.

Rons. Nothing? 'Tis something, I'm sure. It's what I was saying to you just now, isn't it, Christine? Ah! so much the better—that's a good sign—ay, ay—I'm glad to see that. Come, you shall sit down there, and keep us company.

Chris. No, no, no! Oh, no! I'm wanted within. The waiter will stay with you—and I—while you're at table, I'll be in and out, to see there's nothing forgot.

[*Exit* CHRISTINE, *still looking as she goes at* CARLITZ.

Rons. As you please. [*Goes and slaps* CARLITZ *on the shoulder.*] Comrade! to your post!

Carl. [*Starting up.*] I've nothing more, soldiers! You've got all I had. [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Hey? [*Looking around, recovers, and then bursts into a laugh.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, if I didn't think I was caught by the enemy again.

Rons. No, not the enemy, but the best friend in the world to a hungry traveller—a breakfast for a general.

Carl. Ah! what a pity! [*Sighing.*

Rons. What a pity?

Carl. Yes; just as you waked me, I was deputy post-master of the village, and from my house window I saw myself riding in a one-horse chaise to a smoking dinner at the justice's.

[*They sit at the table,* R., RONSLAUS *next the house,* CARLITZ *opposite.*

Rons. Your dreams end in smoke, do they? I'm for the solid. Come, set to. [CARLITZ *spreads the napkin on his lap, and puts the plate on it.*] Now I should sooner have thought that a young looking lad like you would have dreamt of riding to see some village-beauty —some fair dulcinea. I'm sure you have some one in a corner thereabouts. Fill, boy! [CARLITZ *pours water into his glass, which* RONSLAUS *observing, fills it up with wine, then pours out his own wine, which* CARLITZ *is about to mix with water.*] What are you at? No water for me. [CHRISTINE *returns with a bottle and plates, and sets them on the stone table,* L. *She remains on, her eyes riveted on* CARLITZ, *and from time to time recedes or advances as the conversation more or less excites her interest.*] Drink my toast. Here's to the girl of my heart. [*Drinks.*

Carl. Here's to the girl of my heart. [*Drinks.*] That's all right—[*Eating.*] But then, you see, Mr. Soldier, in my situation one ought never to dream of marrying.

Chris. [*Apart.*] Indeed!

Carl. I'm not exactly my own master. True, there was somebody of our parts that I did promise to marry.

Rons. You did promise? And why the devil didn't you keep your promise?

Carl. Oh, family reasons—[*Still eating*]—family reasons.

Rons. That's another matter—that's no business of mine. Your health, Mr. Post-horse.

Carl. [*Offering the water again, which the other repels.*] I couldn't have a nicer girl—because, though 'tis a long time since I saw her, yet she was so gentle, so pretty.—I did love her so! but just as I was making up my mind, I thought how I should manage to get on

in the world. Then I thought what a fine thing it was to be a man of consequence; and these ideas, you know, drive out the others.

Rons. A promise to a woman is like a promise to a colonel, and ought to be held sacred. Though fortune disappoint or exceed our hopes, 'tis all one. Every thing else may change, but plighted vows never.—Your honour once given, you have no right to flinch.

Chris. [*Aside.*] Honest, honest heart!

Carl. But then, Mr. Soldier, if it should so happen that I should not, by keeping my promise, make her happy? [CHRISTINE *darts forward.*

Rons. That alters the case. Then you should tell her so at once, and not keep the poor girl in the fidgets. You should write the truth to her thus. [*Takes his knife, and seems to write with the point of it on the plate, as he repeats slowly*—] 'Miss—I take up my pen for to make it known unto you, that I don't love you any more, and so you have no need to wait any longer, and you are free to marry any body else as soon as you like. This from your loving husband that *was to be*, Carlitz.'—That's the way delicate and feeling people do when they've had a good education.

Carl. Very well; but then I'll never write that to her.

Rons. You won't? [*Sternly.*] What! you won't?

Carl. I didn't say I wouldn't write—no I will write; —but then I'll phrase in another sort of a way—I'm willing to tell her, 'Miss, I don't love you any more' —but then I can't say, 'Miss, you may love somebody else.' She's a treasure, I know; and though I'm content not to take the treasure to myself, I shouldn't like to see it in another man's keeping.

Rons. What the devil do you mean by that? Do you want to make a fool of the girl? Write, I tell you. Waiter!

Enter BRANDT *from the Inn.*

Pens, ink, and paper!

Bran. You'll find 'em all in the room at the side there, where mistress makes out her bills.

[*Exit* BRANDT.

Carl. [*Rises.*] I will write, as you insist upon it; for, after the breakfast you have given me, Mr. Soldier,

'twould be ungrateful not to oblige you; but, then, I'll turn it in my own way.

Rons. Turn it as you please, but write.

Carl. I'll go and write directly. You shall see.

Rons. Come—a drop of brandy first, to settle your breakfast. There's nothing so good for the stomach as an honourable action and a glass of brandy.

[RONSLAUS *pours out, and drinks.* CARLITZ *seems absorbed, walks about, and says*]—

Carl. Yes,—yes. You shall find I'm worthy to drink with you—yes—I *will* write.

Rons. Then why the devil don't you?

Carl. Yes, I will—I will. *

[RONSLAUS *pushes him into the Inn.* CHRISTINE *darts forward, looks after* CARLITZ, *and bursts into tears.*]

Rons. These young chaps! it's so hard to bring 'em to their senses! Perhaps the poor girl is fretting like Christine. [*Turns and sees her.*] Zounds, Christine! what's all this?

Chris. Don't mind me; don't mind me—it's over, it's over. [*Aside.*] But I'll have firmness: I'll have courage. [*Aloud.*] Ronslaus, do you love me?

Rons. Do I love you?—By the great cannons, I love you more than fighting.

Chris. Well, then—I—I should so like to be revenged on him! Ronslaus, I almost *think* I love you. But I—I won't answer for it, Ronslaus—I won't answer for it.—

Rons. No matter. The first plunge is all.

Chris. Awhile ago you offered me your hand—

Rons. Which you now accept?

Chris. No, no; not instantly, because you—you are

* This piece is sometimes performed in two acts, and the division is made here. RONSLAUS, in pushing CARLITZ into the inn, follows him, and CHRISTINE remains. After a pause, she says,

Chris. Should he write it!—Oh Carlitz, you will break my heart. How shall I act?—marry Ronslaus, and resign Carlitz? Yes, Ronslaus, your honourable love—but the letter—I'll watch them, and the result shall be decided by the letter! Oh, Carlitz! Carlitz!

[*Exit, in extreme agitation and tears.*

The act here ends, and the next commences, without a change of scene, with the appearance of CHRISTINE, whose manner indicates that she has been observing CARLITZ and RONSLAUS. She says,

Chris. He has written the letter, and Ronslaus returns!

Here RONSLAUS enters; and the rest of the piece proceeds as it stands

going away, you know. But never, never, without your leave, shall it be given to another: I promise—never without your leave! In a month, or when you come back—then—not—not just now—I—I—I'll marry you, Ronslaus.

Rons. You promise?

Chris. Yes, I promise—on one condition.—

Rons. Nonsense! always making conditions! Well, speak—what conditions?

Chris. That from this moment you *call* yourself my husband.

Rons. Hey!

Chris. Yes. Never speak of me but as your wife.

Rons. For what reason?

Chris. I can't tell—I—Oh, you are welcome to refuse. Is it so hard for you to consent to let me wear your name?

Rons. Hard? No, Christine! But when I would give my life for you, it seems too little merely to give you my name! However, have your own way. 'Tis yours! Though but an humble name, it is at least a pure one, and that is an advantage which many a one much better born can't bring with him to the altar.

[CARLITZ *is heard without.*

Carl. I've done it.

Chris. So! here he comes. [*Aside.*]

Carl. [*Entering with the letter.*] I've done it, Mr. Soldier, and I'm sure 'twill please you a great deal better than your own. You'll be astonished at me, *that* you will, when you read it. [*Sees* CHRISTINE.] What—what—Christine! Hey! ha, ha, ha! Christine!

Chris. [*Feigning astonishment.*] Why, Lord! if that isn't Carlitz!

Rons. And how came you to know him, hey?

Chris. He's a relation of mine that I've not seen this long, long while. Well now, who would have thought of seeing *you* here, Carlitz?

Carl. [*Aside.*] She's prettier than ever! [*Puts up the letter.*] How queer I do feel!

Chris. My heart beats so, I can hardly—[*Aloud*]—You can't think how pleased we are both—both—to see you here, Carlitz.

Carl. Both? what does she mean by 'both?'

Rons. "Both! [*Aside, exultingly.*] That word gives me such a fluttering! Both! [*aloud*]" Ay, lad,

both! for my wife's relations are always welcome to her husband.

Carl. [*Aside.*] Wife! husband!

Chris. What's the matter, Carlitz? you seem dull! What! nothing to say, after three years' absence? How does all go on in our village? Do your affairs prosper? Your sweethearts in the village, how are they all? hey?

Carl. [*Sullenly.*] All goes on well enough—well enough, miss.

Rons. Miss!—You don't call my wife a miss!

Carl. Beg pardon, madam. [*Aside.*] Zounds, that word kills my heart. [*Staggers against the table,* R.

Chris. What ails you, Carlitz? a'n't you well? [*Crosses to him.*

Carl. "Nothing. I'm only a little somehow—"

Chris. "Won't you take something?"

Rons. "He? why he's just done breakfast: he didn't "eat as if he was on the sick list—he's well enough; "he'll walk it off in a minute, and get on his road jol-"lily. Come, stir, lad, and you'll not want the doc-"tor."

Chris. "What! don't" you mean to stop with us a few days?

Rons. Not he: "he has business;" he's a great man.

Carl. Ay, ay, 'twere better I should be off. Christine, I should only wish to say a word or two about family affairs before I go.

Rons. [*Sitting down,* R.] Well, lad, talk away. No ceremony: we'll hear you.

Carl. Yes; but then—

Chris. Perhaps he would rather it should only be between us *alone.*

Rons. [*Aside to her.*] I'd rather stay.

Chris. [*Aside.*] Yes, but I wouldn't like he should go and say I had a husband that wasn't accommodating.

Rons. [*Aside.*] Oh, for that—so then, husbands must—

Chris. Yes.

Rons. [*Aside.*] Oh! [*Rises and bows.*] Since I am in that regiment, I must mind the countersigns. I'm off.

[RONSLAUS *goes up the stage.* CARLITZ, *who has been standing by the table,* L., *with his back to* CHRISTINE, *turns, ill-humouredly, and exclaims with emphasis*]

Carl. As you were married, miss, for what reason—

[RONSLAUS *starts, returns, looks at him, walks to* CHRISTINE, *and says, low.*]

Rons. I leave you without fear, Christine, because, I—have your promise you'll be mine, or you'll be no other man's without my leave: so I'm easy: for a moment, then, adieu!

[*Looks sternly at* CARLITZ *again, and then exit,* R. U. E.]

Chris. We're by ourselves, now. Well, Carlitz, and these family affairs you had to speak about—

Carl. There's no family affairs. I only wanted to make you my compliments on your constancy, and didn't dare before him.

Chris. What do you mean by my constancy? Was I bound to stay single all my lifetime, because it pleased my gentleman not to answer my letter?

Carl. Who could have guess'd you'd have been in such a hurry? and you must have been in a devilish hurry, to have taken such a fellow for a husband.

Chris. And pray, sir, what is there about him so bad?

Carl. You needn't bawl so.—Every body knows what soldiers are; and this fellow is a jealous dog, and a brute into the bargain.

Chris. Brute or no brute, he loves me, and he is right; for I return it, and heartily, too—heartily—yes, Mr. Carlitz, I love him—I adore him, and I'm never happy without him. So, sir, there! [*Crosses to* R.

Carl. Wow, wow, wow! It's all very well! exceedingly well! "I'm sure nobody prevents you. I "wouldn't keep you away from him—no, no, not I." —Don't fancy I'm jealous. I might have cared, indeed, if it had been any decent, well-manner'd, man. But [*with a vexed laugh*] for such a spitfire! ha, ha!—a fellow that drinks and smokes—a fellow that, I'm sure, will make you miserable. Ha, ha, ha! that's all right! that's as it should be! Yes, miserable! that's what will please me. Then, then, at least, I shall—I shall—ha, ha, ha!—I shall be revenged.

Chris. Revenged!

Carl. I shall be revenged!

Chris. What, Carlitz! Revenged! What harm did I ever do you? Is it my fault that you refused me?—you, to whom, as soon as I got a little fortune, I offered my heart and hand,—you? 'We sha'n't be just

at first very rich,' said I to myself; 'but then we'll work hard, and be very saving; and Carlitz, who always had lofty notions, will be pleased to find himself master of the head inn of the province; and he'll think how much better it is to command in his own house, than to be commanded in another man's.' We'll work hard all day, and have little parties of our friends in the evening, and perhaps see "our dear little "ones frolicking about us," and hear the neighbours, as we pass along to church in our best clothes, on Sunday, saying to one another, with a smile, 'There goes honest Carlitz and his happy wife, Christine.' This, Carlitz, is the plan of happiness I had formed for you; and it is for this, Carlitz, that you now wish to be revenged!

Carl. Oh! [*thumping his hand on the table*] what a poor unhappy devil I am! what I've lost! oh, what I've lost! But perhaps you couldn't wait any longer! Oh, I hate him more than ever, for having robbed me of the treasure of such a heart as yours.

Chris. Didn't you refuse it? only a moment ago, didn't you write to refuse it? That very letter—

Carl. That letter! what of that letter? Come now, if you knew all—if you could guess—my—my—secret—

Chris. Hey! what! a secret! Have you a secret?

Carl. Yes—but I mustn't tell it to you.—You're married.

Chris. Come now, there's only one proof you can give me, that your vows were ever sincere. Tell me the secret.

Carl. Take—read—read! My secret is in that letter; and when you've read it, I go—I leave you. I'll walk to the world's end. [*Gives the letter.*

Chris. [*Reading.*] 'Loving miss, I look high in the world, but I'm no rascal. An honest chap I've just been talking to hath proven unto me, that if I don't love you any more, I'm, in duty, bound to say so: accordingly, I take up my pen for to tell you, that'—Well! the next lines are scratched out.

Carl. [*Sobbing.*] Read on. Read on.

Chris. Ah! 'to tell you that [*rapidly*] I love you as much as ever; and that I couldn't write the other word for the soul of me, because I feel now 'twould be a horrid lie!'

[CHRISTINE *stops and sobs.*

Carl. [*Sobbing.*] Read on. Read on.

Chris. [*Reading.*] 'Yes, my loving cousin, it is Peter Linski and his bad counsels that have turned me out of the straight road, by promising to make me a great man; but I never stopped loving you, and I always will love you, and I'll marry you as soon as you like.—Your loving cousin, and expected husband that is to be, Carlitz.'

[CARLITZ *crosses to* L., *takes up his hat, &c.*

Carl. Good bye, good bye.

Chris. What! won't you stop here?

Carl. [*Stopping short.*] How can you have the heart to keep me by you here, after what you've read? You see, Mrs. Ronslaus, I love you yet—you see that. Good bye, cousin, good bye!

[*Going towards the house, meets* RONSLAUS, *who turns him back.*

Chris. Heavens! Ronslaus here! [*Runs out,* R. U. E.

Rons. Where the devil are you going to, comrade?

Carl. Can't you see? I'm going—I'm going.

Rons. It seems *you* can't see, lad! Where are your eyes?—Your road's that way!

Carl. Right, right. There's something in my eyes that——[*Aside.*] She's there no longer! I shall never see her again!

Rons. So, lad, you've said 'good bye,' and had your parting kiss.

Carl. No—no.—That—I forgot that.

Rons. It's all one—I'll take it for you. There's your path. [*Pointing to the centre gate.*] It's a fine road. Pleasant journey: good bye, kinsman; good bye. What! not gone yet?

Carl. Ay—ay—I was [*loitering up, then turns*] thinking.—Ah, yes—[*runs back*]—that drop of brandy you spoke of. You forgot that.

Rons. Zounds! what a memory you have! Very well: come, here's a merry trudge to you. [CARLITZ *puts his bundle, &c., on the table,* L., *and then sits down in the chair,* L.] Oh, there's no need of making a dead set-to. Up, up; drink it standing: 'twill go down the faster. [RONSLAUS *fills two glasses, and drinks one.*] Well—is it good?

[CARLITZ, *without drinking, claps down the glass, and dashes himself back again into the chair.*]

Carl. I can't stand it!

Rons. You can't? I'd stand a battle of such. So! you've had the farewell cup, and now—

Carl. Ay, ay. [*Takes up his things, rises, crosses, loiteringly; turns and looks a moment; then runs down eagerly to* RONSLAUS, R.] But, before I go, I have a favour to ask.

Rons. What does all this mean? He seems devilish loath to go. [*Loud and coarsely.*] Well! out with it! I hear you.

Carl. Why—'tis—you see—I was thinking—

Rons. You talk as slow as you drink!—Quick time! Forward!

Carl. [*Very quick.*] Well! I say, if you'd only have the kindness only just to give me a place in the Inn, only as a waiter, you'd be satisfied with me—I know you'd be satisfied: and I only ask my living and my lodging—that's all; and I'll serve you without any wages—without any wages.

Rons. [*Gloomily.*] Indeed! we'll think of that—we'll see—we'll see—ay, you *shall* come, on *trial;* and though you offer to come without wages—[*Clapping him on the shoulder,* CARLITZ *trembles.*]—you *shall* have wages—do you hear?—you *shall* have wages, I *promise* you.

Carl. Thank ye, Mr. Soldier, "thank ye; but you "say that with such a tone! I'm sure I wouldn't put "you out of the way, not I, to give me wages. And "if the plan don't happen, Mr. Soldier, to suit you—

Rons. "It suits me well enough, well enough:"—but I must first see if it suits my wife.

[*Going,* R. U. E. CARLITZ *runs up after him.*

Carl. Oh "yes—yes—if that's all," 'twill suit her I know—I know 'twill suit her.

Rons. [*Turns abruptly.*] Damnation, sir! how do you know that?

Carl. Oh, she—she herself—she said she'd—like—I'd—stop.

Rons. She?—she'd like? ["RONSLAUS *follows him* "*violently to corner,* R.; *then walks to corner,* L., *and* "*says apart*]—Can Christine mean to play upon me—"to deceive me? Fire and thunder! Impossible! Im-"possible! and as for him!—[*Looks at him, threat-*"*fully.* CARLITZ *casts down his eyes, sheepishly.*—"*Aloud.*] Hear me. [*Crosses to him.*"] I'll see my wife, and come to an understanding with her.—That

must be, and *presently*, too. Meantime, you may stop, on one condition—

Carl. [*Eagerly.*] Well.

Rons. Never to speak one word to Christine: "do "you hear?

Carl. "[*Receding, and trembling.*] Oh yes, I hear.

Rons. "And if you should chance to catch any whip-"per-snapper fluttering about her, and trying to get a "word with her, you must tell me, and I'll soon teach "the butterfly what my sabre's made of."—You can take a hint! [*Exit* RONSLAUS, R. U. E.

Carl. "You can take a hint." 'A hint's as good as a kick,' says the old proverb: with him, it's a word and a blow, and the blow first.

[CHRISTINE *peeps in at the side*, R. U. E.

Chris. No, Ronslaus is not there. [*Comes down.*] Ah, Carlitz not gone! [CARLITZ *makes a sign.*] What's the matter?—dumb? Is the man crazy? [CARLITZ *goes and takes a napkin, and makes signs that he is to be a waiter.*] No! What? to stay here as—Well, now! And your high notions—your plans of greatness?

Carl. "Hang it, I can't keep in any longer. He's "not by—he'll never find out." Yes, Christine, I've given up greatness, and here I'll stick. But then, Christine, sure you'll not be angry if I ask one favour—it's the last.

Chris. What favour?

Carl. Only one kiss—one kiss, to say it's all over, Carlitz!

Chris. A kiss! What would Ronslaus say?

Carl. Zounds! what do I care? The rascal! What, Christine, is there no way—none—no way that can be hit on lawfully to let me love you?

Chris. Why, yes, there may be one.

Carl. May there? Ha, ha, ha! What is it, Christine? Hey? What is it?

Chris. To get his leave.

Carl. [*Recoiling.*] *His* leave!

Chris. Yes, it depends entirely upon him; and if he gives you leave—But you must ask him *yourself*.

Carl. I ask! he'd murder me on the spot.

Chris. Then you don't love me well enough to ask.

Carl. Don't I? Indeed, whether I die by his rage

or my own fretting, it amounts to the same thing at last: so I'll—" Ill—"

Rons. [*Without, violently.*] Christine! Christine!

Carl. Blessed Saint Diggory! Look! he's coming —now—now, [*rallying*] I feel all my courage [*relapsing, turns*] going.

Enter RONSLAUS, R. U. E.

Rons. Christine, I say! Christine! So, I've found you at last. But I didn't [*low to her*] expect to find you here with *him*, "though.—What, Christine, can "it be that you shun me?" Can it be that you have secrets from me? By the great cannon! if I thought so, I'd "quit the place instantly, and for ever.

Christ. "What! is it possible you should imagine— "You Ronslaus! No! I longed more than ever to "see you,—for now, more than ever, I stand in need of "all your kindness.

Rons. "My kindness! Well, well; I was wrong to speak so harshly." [*Aside.*] Hang it! I "always" forget, I'm only a husband on trial! [*Aloud.*] Forgive me, Christine; and, as a pledge of peace—come, kiss and be friends.

[CARLITZ *starts.* CHRISTINE, *hesitating, recoils towards* CARLITZ, *who elbows her forward impatiently and terrified.*

Chris. What?

Carl. Don't hang back! Don't! he'll fly out again.

Rons. "Nay, my dear, matrimony is nothing without its profits." [*Approaching to kiss her, sees the letter in her bosom, and starts.*] Zounds! what letter's that?

Carl. [*Shuddering.*] O dear! O dear!

Chris. That! that's—a—love-letter!

Rons. A love-letter!

Chris. Yes, I've just received it; and, as I have no concealments from you, there—[*holding out the letter*] read it!—

Carl. [*Rapidly and frightened, aside to her, and pulling her by the gown.*] What are you at? Don't let him see it! Don't let him?

Rons. [*Taking it.*] A love-letter! The devil! I was just talking of the profits of matrimony, and here they are!

Carl. He'll guess it's I, and then my game's up. O dear! O dear!

Chris. [*Crosses to* R. *corner,*] Now go and ask him: this is the happy moment.

[*Pushes him forward, so that he stumbles against* RONSLAUS,—*who turns, eyes him furiously, and then reads on.*

Carl. [*Aside, trembling.*] Ay, mighty happy!

Rons. [*Aside, his eyes riveted on the letter.*] Can it be? What, [*looks at him,*] that booby—can he be the cousin she was pining after? [*Turns again to the letter.*] Hang it! but there's real love here—That poor devil's as deeply struck as I am.

[CHRISTINE *pushes* CARLITZ *again.*

Carl. [*Stammering.*] M—M— Mr. S—S—Soldier.

Rons. [*Without turning.*] Well! what do you want of me?

Carl. Mr. Soldier—I—don't know how to get about —to—tell you—or rather, Mr. Soldier—to ask you—

Rons. Let's have it at once.

[*Listening, with his back turned towards him.*]

Carl. Well, then, Mr. Ronslaus, it's no fault of mine, you know—so, you know, you won't get in a—in a passion, Mr. Soldier: but it strikes me—I—I—I—love your wife.

Rons. [*Coldly.*] I know you do. What next?

Carl. "[*Aside.*] Zounds! he don't take it so badly.

Rons. "[*His back still turned.*] Don't stand mutter-"ing there all day. What next?"

Carl. Then—then—Mr. Soldier—I only wanted to—ask you—if it's all one to you—no—that's not what I mean—I mean, it can't be all one to you—I know that very well: But, for all that, if you would only be so good as to allow that, in return, your wife—

Rons. Well!

Carl. M—m—might—love me!

Rons. [*Starting round with a violent gesture.*] Ha!

Carl. [*Terrified, drops on both knees, with his hands clasped.*] A little—only a little—no more. [RONSLAUS *turns back, and becomes composed.* CARLITZ *looks a moment.*] Why! why—bless my soul, he don't fly into a rage!

Rons. [*Very loud, without turning.*] Come here! [CARLITZ *totters across to him.* RONSLAUS *continues, with strong, but suppressed emotion.*] "So! 'tis from me that you ask?

Carl. "That's natural enough, a'n't it? you being "the party most interested."

Rons. And who was it that bade you ask me?

Carl. Hey! [*Aside to* CHRISTINE.] Must I tell?

Chris. [*Aside, nodding to him.*] Yes, yes.

Carl Christine herself. She said it depended on you; and without your leave there was no way.

Rons. [*To himself.*] Right. That's well, that's very well.' [*Crosses* CARLITZ, *and goes over to* CHRISTINE, R. *corner.*] So, [*faltering*] Christine, 'tis you.

Chris. Yes, 'tis I. But remember, you have the right to refuse. My promise has been given—my word is sacred; and whatever you may command, I obey without a murmur.

Rons. Without a murmur! No, Christine, you are too tender for the school of anguish; but an old soldier is used to ha d rubs, and knows how to suffer and be silent. [*Crosses to* CARLITZ, L.] You ask leave to love Christine. Do you promise to make her happy?

Carl. [*Aside.*] What an odd question for a husband! [*Aloud.*] Faith, Mr. Soldier, I'll promise to do the best I can.

Rons. Still you have nothing, and Christine is rich.

Carl. Rich; ay, so she is! I never thought of that.

Rons. Then take this pocket-book: go offer it to Christine. 'Tis yours; and now, Carlitz, [*agitated*] now you may marry her. [*Crosses to* L. *corner.*

Carl. Marry your wife!

Rons. She is not my wife; that treasure Heaven never meant for me. But of this, at least, I'm master; and, in making it the source of happiness to the virtuous, I pay the noblest tribute to his memory who gave it.

Chris. "No, no; we won't take it—we can't take it, "can we, Carlitz?

Carl. "Never! you've already given me more than I "dared hope for; and don't make me feel like a scoun-"drel, for imposing on his goodness that made a man of "me.

Rons. "Well, then, keep it for me in trust. Money "never lodges well in a soldier's knapsack. When I "shall be worn out in my country's service, perhaps "you'll give me a snug corner at your fireside; and there, "Christine, my last days will pass cheerily in teaching "your children, as they climb about me, the lessons o "my experience, and the stories of my battles. But if, "as I feel most likely, I should soon be called up yon-"der to join my old colonel, then do you be my heirs"

And, I only ask in return, that you never let the poor soldier leave your door unsuccoured, but tell him, as he departs rejoicing on his way, '*Take this for the sake of poor Ronslaus.*' [*Roll of the drum heard.*] Hark! my duty calls! The regiment is on the march.

[*The march is heard again, and the Soldiers appear as in the beginning.* BRANDT *comes on as the music strikes up, and holds the knapsack ready for* RONSLAUS, *who crosses to* L. *corner, hurries on his accoutrements, returns to the centre, and gazes a moment at* CHRISTINE.]

Farewell! God bless you! God bless you both!

[*Pauses a moment, claps the butt of his gun, shoulders it, and hurries up the mountain, whence he looks back at them once more, and salutes them with his hand to his cap.*]

The Curtain falls.

THE END.

R. Cruikshank, del. *White, sc.*

The Child of Nature.

Alberto. My daughter! my poor Amanthis!

Act II. Scene 1.

THE CHILD OF NATURE:

A DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,

CAMDEN TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Child of Nature.

It is the opinion of *some* philosophers that man has no *innate ideas:* that the phenomenon called the mind, is nothing more than an association of ideas, derived from education and intercourse with the world. This was the foundation upon which *Locke* built his system, but, as he proceeded with it, he became so entangled amidst the briers and thorns of controversy, so lost and bewildered in the maze that he had planted for himself, that he went round and about till his head turned giddy; and, without making any satisfactory progress in unravelling the labyrinth of the mind, he was fain to escape at the point from whence he had first set out. An hypothesis involving one grand contradiction, requires innumerable lesser ones to support it—as a disciple of *Major Longbow* adopts fifty supernumerary lies to give credence and authority to the original! Locke's theory neither convinced himself nor his disciples. We may, perhaps, say of it, that (like the *Mussulman's hog*) "from tail to snout 'tis eaten"—but no one swallows it *entire*—

"Say what he will,
'Tis a pill,
Bitter to swallow, and hard of digestion!"

Indeed, any system that requires so many words to demonstrate its truth, may be reasonably suspected of fallacy. It is a saying of antiquity, that we willingly believe what we wish to be true—could Locke desire the truth of a theory so humiliating to human nature? We think better of him: hence, we are equally sceptical of his *belief* in it: but your *philosopher*, like ordinary folk, will have his *freaks*. The greater the *sophism*, the more he bethumps it with argument: he uses it, not according to its *deserts*, but after his own *honour* and *dignity*—considering that, the less it deserves, the more merit is in his giving! Doctor Johnson was sometimes an amusing example of this philosophical ingenuity: he would *hum* and *ha* between two questions; upon which, Garrick slyly remarked, "Aye, now he is considering *which side* he shall take!

We are not for circumscribing to such narrow limits the glorious instincts of man:

"'Tis the *divinity* that stirs within us!"

That raises our nature high above the *brute level*, to which it has been the pride and ambition of some philosophers to reduce and degrade it. Do we deny the influence of education? Certainly not. Man is happy or miserable, inasmuch as he is virtuous or depraved; and virtue and depravity are, for the most part, the fruits of precept and example, be they good or evil. It is only when philosophy proudly erects its head above *infinite wisdom*—when it would be the *first* instead of the *second cause*, that we pull it down and put it in its right place. The infant mind has been compared to a sheet of paper, that is pure and unsullied, upon which we may inscribe whatever we please—*Amanthis* is an illustration of this comparison. Secluded from the world from infancy to womanhood, and educated in so peculiar a manner as to prevent her from being aware of its corruption, even through the never-failing medium of *books*, her heart retains its original innocence and simplicity; and she grows up an almost perfect being, unsophisticated, intellectual, and pure. How delightful to contemplate such an object! How melancholy to reflect that it should ever know sorrow, even from beholding it in others! The character of Amanthis is tenderly drawn: she is frank as one unconscious of evil; affectionate, without any other feeling than that of gratitude; and, when a softer emotion is awakened in her bosom, her gentleness and truth only take a more animated turn, and claim a still higher place in our regard.

The Marquis is endued with true nobility of soul—his fidelity to the sacred trust reposed in him, renders him every way worthy of such a treasure as Amanthis. The Count and the Marchioness are just such a couple as we desire to see united, that their fickleness and caprice may torment nobody but themselves. And the Duke is one of those headstrong, choleric old gentlemen, whose eccentricities serve to amuse us during the progress of the plot, and whose good humour comes in time to wind it up, and conciliate all parties.

The Child of Nature is taken from the *Zelie* of Madame Genlis, and in many respects bears a strong resemblance to "*The School for Lovers.*" It is the production of Mrs. Inchbald. The language is easy and elegant, and the little humour it contains sprightly and natural. We have seen various ladies of different sorts and sizes in the character of Amanthis—

> "Pretty, ugly, black-hair'd, red-hair'd,
> Six feet, three feet—"

And *Miss Foote* among the rest; but no *real* Amanthis did *we* ever see, but *Mrs. Jordan.*

☞ D——G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observation, during the most recent performances.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; C. D. F. or M. D. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R. D. F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L. D. F. *Left Door in the Flat, or the Scene running across the back of the Stage*; R. S. E. *Right Second Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*: L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.*

ture, and I loved her passionately!—to distraction! till I found she loved me, and that satiate my desires at once.

Gran. Indeed!

Count. I do not say, I shall not marry the Marchioness; perhaps I may—yes, I may take her fortune; for you know, Granada, I have none of my own.

Gran. I have known it for these six years, my lord, ever since I have been in your service.

Count. Yes, I once loved, I doted upon Merida; but the first time she kindly condescended to declare her passion for me, I fell asleep. [*Yawns.*

Gran. But who can be this new object?

Count. Have not you heard of the young orphan Amanthis, of whom so many wonderful conjectures have been formed?

Gran. The young lady, whom the Marquis Almanza has brought up from her infancy, and keeps confined in a part of this castle, and has never suffered any living creature to behold?

Count. The same. But I have beheld her—I have written to her—I have spoken to her.

Gran. And would you, my lord, for a poor orphan, of whose birth and fortune all the world are ignorant, resign the noble and beautiful Marchioness?

Count. Yes; for I tell you she loves me, and it is very troublesome to be beloved. And although curiosity and envy were my sole motives for seeking to behold Amanthis, yet after such a sight, in which perfect beauty and enchanting grace, timid innocence with matchless sensibility, were all united, never can I forego the pleasing contemplation, or the hope, which has allured me to this enterprise.

Gran. But it is by some supposed, that the Marquis, notwithstanding his rank and fortune, means to marry Amanthis. Now, as he is your friend—

Count. You mistake, Granada; the Marquis is no friend of mine. He is, to be sure, very obliging and civil when we meet; but no friendship, that should deter a man of gallantry from making him miserable, subsists between us.

Gran. But, my lord, pray satisfy my curiosity, how you found means to see her.

Count. By mounting that wall, the prodigious height of which attracted your attention as we passed by at a

distance. That wall surrounds the garden appropriated to Amanthis.

Gran. But how was it possible for you to ascend it?

Count. Every thing is to be effected by perseverance, and by money; and prove your skill, as I have proved mine. [*Exeunt*, R.

Enter DUKE MURCIA *and* SEVILLE, L.

Duke. Seville, you know, every body, knows, how fond I am of my nephew. Have not I, from his child hood, acted as a father to him? Then why are the secret motives of this wonderful behaviour, which has surprised all the court, all his friends, and all his acquaintance, why not (though concealed from them,) revealed to me?

Sev. I can, my lord, give you but little light upon the subject; every thing relative to this young lady has ever been held by the Marquis a most profound secret from every part of his family. I have only entrusted to me the key of a chamber adjoining to her apartments, where I go daily to receive her orders, and take to her all those things she commands, except one, and that the Marquis has positively prohibited.

Duke. And what can that one be? I am all impatience to know.

Sev. Books of every kind.

Duke. Poor thing! Poor thing! Why how, in such solitude, can she pass her time without reading?

Sev. She reads a great deal, sir. The Marquis, while he is in town, sends her books frequently; but they are all of his own hand-writing.

Duke. A man write books to a young woman? Why, you simpleton, they are love-letters.

Sev. No, indeed, my lord; some are on morality, some on divinity, and some history.

Duke. Write history! My nephew write books! And pray, when you wait upon her, what kind of conversation does she hold on the other side of the wainscot?

Sev. I never heard her speak.

Duke. Did not you say you received her commands?

Sev. In writing. Every morning I find a paper, on which she or the duenna has written her orders. Would you like to see what she has ordered for to-day?

Duke. Very much—certainly—I am much obliged to you.

Sev. [*Takes out a paper.*] This is written by Amanthis herself.

Duke. And pray, how do you know her hand from the duenna's?

Sev. By the number of letters she writes to my lord, and of which I have the charge.

[*He gives the paper to the* DUKE.

Duke. And what can they be but love-letters? Seville, your account is a very suspicious one. [*Reads.*] 'Bring me some pens, some paper, and some pencils, for drawing:' and who has taught her to write and to draw?

Sev. Your nephew, I have no doubt, sir; and many other accomplishments besides.

Duke. I am out of all patience! [*Reads again.*] 'Dinner and supper at the usual hours; and coffee at six o'clock.' [*Returning the paper.*] Why, sir, your whole time is employed in fetching and carrying.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. My lord is arrived, and now entering the avenue.

Duke. He is alone? He has brought no company with him, I suppose?

Serv. Yes, sir; there are two ladies in the carriage.

[*Exit,* L.

Sev. Ladies! It is a long time since I have seen a lady in this house.

Duke. He has brought them to shut up, I suppose; more employment for you, Mr Seville. [*Looks out.*] Oh, no! I see who it is, a relation, a distant relation; the Marchioness Merida.

Enter MARQUIS ALMANZA, MARCHIONESS MERIDA, *and a Female Attendant.*

Duke. So, nephew, you see I have made free in your absence. Did you expect to find me here?

Mar. No, sir; but it gives me great pleasure, and I regret I did not come sooner on that account.

Duke. My dear Marchioness, by what strange good fortune do I meet you at the castle?

March. By my complying with the request of the Marquis. [*To the* MARQUIS.] But, my lord, did not one of your servants acquaint you Count Valantia was here?

Duke. You see what your ladyship's attractions are; he heard you were coming, and so he contrived to be

here before you. Came, too, with the pretence of having broken down his carriage! Ha, ha, ha! Very well, Marchioness.

March. Well, this is an instance of romantic gallantry, for which I will forgive him a thousand slights. Ha, ha, ha! It diverts me beyond measure; and he really broke the wheel of his carriage for the purpose?

Sev. So I am told, madam.

Mar. Seville, go immediately to the Count Valantia, and conduct him hither. [*Exit* SEVILLE.] In the mean time, madam, permit me to show you to your apartments.

March. No, my lord, that's a ceremony I must decline. I will merely adjust my dress, and be with you in less than an hour. [*Exit, Attendant following,* R.

Duke. [*Aside.*] Now we are by ourselves, I will—yes, I will open my mind to him. Marquis, nephew, I suppose you know who I am?

Mar. Certainly, sir. Did I ever seem to forget?

Duke. You know, at your father's death, I adopted you.

Mar. I know it, sir.

Duke. And, in your youth, did I suffer you to squander your money? No. Did I ever suffer you to have any? No.

Mar. No.

Duke. Or did I ever comply with any of your foolish wishes? Is there a single indulgence you can lay to my charge?

Mar. No.

Duke. Then, do you not feel for me that respect, that reverence, that fear, and that love, which is due for all my kindness to you?

Mar. Yes, indeed, sir, I do.

Duke. I take your word. I believe you do. Who is that young woman you keep in a separate part of this house? Is she your mistress, or your daughter, or one whom you mean to marry, and by so doing bring disgrace upon your family? Or, do you intend—

Mar. Dear sir, I have no objection to reveal to you what I mean shortly to declare to all the world.

Duke. Why, then, I am under a vast obligation to you for your confidence!

Mar. For these few months past, I have resolved to change my conduct, in regard to the person of whom you speak; and for that purpose did I bring hither the Mar-

chioness Merida, as the most proper person of my family to whom I could introduce Amanthis.

Duke. But not as your wife! Not as your wife, I hope.

Mar. No; as an unfortunate orphan, whom friendship and pity caused me to adopt. For thirteen years I have been possessed of this precious charge.

Duke. But why precious? Speak coolly; don't put yourself in a passion: speak of her in the same language as when you speak of other women.

Mar. I should, did not I see her unlike all others.

Duke. No more raptures. I want to hear who she is.

Mar. Among the various friendships of my youth, do you not remember the name of Alberto?

Duke. Certainly; was he not obliged to fly his country, on account of some unfortunate duel, and has died in exile?

Mar. So it is believed. From an affluent fortune I saw him, by unthought-of casualties, reduced to ruin. I saw him follow to the grave a much-loved wife; beheld him returning from that fatal duel by which his life was forfeited to his country. In this scene of sorrow I softened, in some sort, his agonising woes, by taking from his hand all his poor distracted mind had left to solace in, an infant daughter; swearing to become to her that careful guardian, that tender parent, and that faithful friend which I have proved.

Duke. Very careful, indeed! But did you promise him to lock her up?

Mar. The mode of her education has been an afterthought, entirely. As Amanthis grew up, I saw, with dread, the charge I had undertaken; and the reported death of my friend increased my apprehensions for my trust. I had vowed to protect, to guard her. To whom could I transfer the oath? and my rank at court would often take me from her.

Duke. And do you think, if she had been an ugly woman, you would have been so thoughtful about your oath?

Mar. Her danger had been then less. Yet I'll not disguise my sentiments: I love Amanthis, dote to distraction: but the difference of our ages and of our states —[*Proudly*]—places an insuperable bar between us.

Duke. This is the wisest sentence I have heard you speak for a long time.

Mar. To-day, I restore Amanthis to that liberty she

has never remembered—of course, not once regretted. Come, sir, I have had one short interview with her; let me introduce you to her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Gardens belonging to the Marquis.*

Enter MARQUIS ALMANZA, R. S. E., *leading* AMANTHIS.

Mar. Come this way, my dear Amanthis, and do not be thus agitated. Wherefore do you weep? What thus affects you?

Aman. Why will you take me from my retreat? Did not you say I should stay here as long as I was pleased with it, and as long as I loved you? Ah! I expected to stay here for ever.

Mar. Hear me, Amanthis: I have hitherto secluded you from the tumult and dissipation of the world, in order to form your heart and mind; I must now show you to the world; we were born for society, and you will be the ornament and delight of that which you shall make your choice.

Aman. I know not whether I shall give delight, but I am sure I shall not be delighted myself.

Mar. Why not?

Aman. Because I shall not see you so often as I have hitherto done.

Mar. Nay, Amanthis, I shall always be your friend, your father: you are among those objects I love.

Aman. And you are the only object I love, the only one I ever can love.

Mar. Do not promise that: when you have seen the world, some other, more deserving—

Aman. Oh! do not go on! I cannot bear you should have such unjust suspicions. Do not you see the world? and yet I am sure you prefer me to all the universe besides—when I am there: why cannot you, then, confide in me, as I have done in you?

Mar. The circumstance is different; I had seen all, before I beheld you; you have seen none but me.

Aman. Why, then, will you show me others? I had rather like none but you. Let me still stay here. I will do any thing with cheerfulness that you command. But when I am in the world, you will not leave me wholly? I shall sometimes see you? I hope so.

Mar. Leave you, Amanthis! Ah! you little think how hard it would be to leave you.

Aman. Nay, I am convinced you love me—love me

dearly. Does not all I possess come from you? You have even taught me to think, to speak, and to be happy. Yet, of all your gifts, that, the most dear to my heart, is a sentiment I feel for you, and cannot tell what it is; I have not power to describe either its tenderness or its force: 'tis impossible I should make you comprehend it, for you never felt any thing like it.

Mar. 'Tis gratitude she means.—[*Aside.*]—Among the rest to whom you will be soon introduced, is my uncle, and I regard him as my father.

Aman. Oh! that's a tender name! You have so often told me of mine, his love for me, and his distresses, that I revere the name of father even in a stranger.

Mar. I have sometimes mentioned to you the Marchioness Merida: she is now in this house, and as soon as I have introduced you to her, I desire you will consider her as your friend.

Aman. My friend? that is the name you bid me call you by. No, I cannot promise to call her friend; one friend is enough for me. [*Taking his hand.*

Mar. You will see here, also, a young man called Count Valantia.

Aman. A young man! Oh! I had forgot to tell you.

Mar. What?

Aman. Of a young man I have seen. [*Delighted.*

Mar. How! Tell me immediately; when did he see you? what has he said to you?

Aman. Not much; he said very little: but he sighed heavily, and sent a letter.

Mar. Explain yourself.

Aman. It was only about a week ago, as I was sitting by the little bower near to the garden wall, suddenly I heard an unknown voice call me by my name; it seemed to come from the air. I looked up, and beheld a young man upon the wall. The moment I recovered from the fright, I asked him what he wanted? He said he came 'to look at me;' but that appeared so strange, I could not think it true; and then he gazed on me so wildly, I ran away and hid myself: on which he drew a letter from his pocket, and threw it after me. I would not take it up till he was gone; then I caught it, and flew to my apartments, pleased beyond expression.

Mar. Wherefore?

Aman. That I had escaped him.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Who could it be! Ah! I have a suspicion. Where is the letter?

Aman. Here; I do not understand it, perhaps you may. [*Gives the letter.*

Mar. [*Reading.*] 'Know, beautiful Amanthis, there is no retreat, however hidden, into which love cannot penetrate. The hope of beholding you has made me brave all dangers. If you will but kindly pity a passion, pure as it is ardent, it shall soon inspire me with the means to release you from the tyranny of that barbarian, who keeps you secluded from every joy that's waiting to attend you in a gay world. Conceal this adventure from the jealous tyrant, and reflect, that the most tender lover waits impatiently for the happy moment to prove himself your deliverer.' [*Returning the letter.*] And what do you think of this letter?

Aman. That the poor man is mad; and yet it is a kind of madness I never heard of before. [*Reading part of the letter.*] 'There is no retreat into which love cannot penetrate.' What does he mean by love? he has left out a word; there is love of virtue; love of duty; but love all alone by itself, means nothing at all. Then again—[*Reading*]—'Conceal this adventure from the jealous tyrant.' Who does he mean by tyrant?

Mar. He means me.

Aman. You! I never should have supposed it; perhaps you know, also, what he means by a 'lover.' He says, 'the most tender lover.' Read, and tell me what he means by a tender lover. Ah! you laugh—you are puzzled; you don't know yourself what a 'lover' is.

Mar. Indeed, I cannot undertake to be his interpreter. But tell me, Amanthis, if by chance you should see this young man again, do you think you should know him?

Aman. Yes, I am sure I should.

Mar. His person, then, made an impression on your mind? I suppose it was agreeable?

Aman. Very agreeable, indeed; and yet there appeared a—a—kind of—[*Describing passionate ardour*]—a wildness in his looks that frightened me.

Mar. But suppose that wildness was removed, how would you like him, then?

Aman. Oh, very much! extremely! What makes you thoughtful, my lord?

Mar. Come, Amanthis, we have been together a long time. Retire into your apartment for a moment; I'll follow you presently.—[*Going.*]—My agitation is so extreme, nothing can equal it, except my weakness.

[*Aside. He looks after her; she turns back.*

Amam. You look as if you had something still to say to me.

Mar. Ah! could I trust my heart! Away! the Marchioness is coming hither by appointment. I hear her, and cannot present you to her yet; I am too much embarrassed.

Amam. I hear no one: but if it is your desire, I will leave you. [*Exit.*

Mar. With what difficulty have I restrained myself from falling at her feet, and unfolding (in a language of which she is ignorant) the secret transports which I hope ever to conceal!

Enter MARCHIONESS MERIDA, L. S. E.

March. I have seen her; I have just had a peep at her; but I see nothing extraordinary. She wants powder, rouge, and a thousand adornments.

Mar. To change one atom, would be to lose a charm.

March. That sentence proves the lover.

Mar. Take care what you say; reflect on the difference of our ages; that title would make me both ridiculous and guilty.

March. By no means: I think a girl of seventeen may very well have an affection for a man of forty.

Mar. I am not forty, madam.

March. The lover again: one moment lamenting his age, and, when reproached with it, proclaiming himself a youth. The whole matter is, my lord, you are not too old to be in love, nor she too young to understand it.

Mar. You wrong her; she is ignorant.

March. So am I, too—I am in love.

Mar. She knows not what it is; never heard of love, as you would explain it, but calls by that name gratitude.

March. Indeed, my dear Marquis, you have no penetration.

Mar. I see Count Valantia coming this way; you will allow, at least, I have discretion, and that I know when it is politeness to retire.

March. If you should like to be witness to a quarrel, stay where you are.

Mar. A quarrel! A'n't you on the point of marriage? and did he not break the wheels of his carriage?

March. Yes; but I begin to suspect that breaking the wheels of his carriage was not upon my account.

Mar. No? On whose account, then? Who has hinted that it was not upon yours? [*Alarmed.*

March. Nay, I protest I have not had five minutes' conversation with any creature since I came into this house, but I believe my woman has, with the Count's attendant; and though she could not prevail on him to divulge his master's secret, yet, from his silence, she could perceive I was not the object of his present journey.

Mar. Who then?

March. I am at a loss to guess; that is what I want to have explained.

Mar. The Count is here. Adieu! She has confirmed my apprehensions. [*Aside.—Exit.*

Enter COUNT VALANTIA, L.

Count. The Marchioness! Psha!—[*Aside.*]—At length I find the lucky moment you are alone, but I positively began to despair of it, for you seem to shun me.

March. Do you imagine I came to this house on purpose to meet you?

Count. Why not as likely, as that I should come on purpose to meet you.

March. Just the same likelihood, I believe. [*Aside.*

Count. And not accident, but design, brought me here.

March. The story of the broken chaise was then an artifice?

Count. Only an artifice, to behold the object whom I adore. Can you reproach me for that?

March. How came you to know I was coming? The Marquis only invited me about three hours before we set off.

Count. My lord—I forget his name—told me of it; the Marquis had informed him.

March. My lord who?

Count. My lord—[*Hesitating*]—You don't know him.

March. Do you?

Count. My lord Castile.

March. He is in France, I protest.

Count. I know that; I did not mean him; I meant his brother.

March. He has no brothers.

Count. Then it was his sister, or his aunt. No matter; what signifies who told me, as long as I am here? I am here, a'n't I? A'n't I here? And what could bring me here, but you?

March. I am wholly ignorant of your designs; but I can perceive from your reserve, embarrassment, your very air and voice, that you are practising deceit with me.

Count. But, my dear Marchioness, will you be so kind as to acquaint me what this deceit is?

March. You know I can't tell; and it is that which tortures me. If I did but know in what you used me ill! Now, do tell me, that I may have the pleasure to forgive you.

Count. I wish to Heaven I had done something wrong; but I cannot recollect—[*Considering*]—or I would confess it, on purpose to oblige you.

March. Be gone, sir; leave the room; your impertinence is no longer supportable; leave me instantly. [*Violently.*

Count. I obey. [*Bows, and is going.*

March. If you go, if you dare to leave me in this uncertainty, all ties between us are for ever broken; nor shall you ever come into my presence again. [*He returns.*] How could you think of leaving me?

Count. It was you thought of it.

March. I am all confusion at the weakness I have discovered, and wish to be alone—leave me. [*Gently.*

Count. Do you mean, leave you, or not leave you?

March. Do as you please; I shall go myself. [*Going.*

Count. And I'll attend you.

March. Ah! Valantia! if you loved me as you once professed! to see me thus, would give you the utmost affliction.

Count. You do not know what passes in my heart. [*Affecting concern.*

March. Don't I?

Count. No. [*Aside.*] I should be very sorry if you did. [*Exit,* R., *handing her off.*

SCENE III.—*Apartments in the Castle.*

Enter DUKE MURCIA *and* MARQUIS ALMANZA.

Duke. I own she is handsome, but then she has no fortune.

Mar. My lord, I own to you, it is only from the idea that I am not beloved by Amanthis, I can ever resolve to yield her up; for could I suppose she loved me, all other happiness, all pride, all ambition, all enjoyment, but in her, I would forego with transport; but all the

affection she expresses, although the most tender and endearing, I can see, is but inspired by gratitude; of love she knows nothing.

Duke. Whose fault is that? were not you her tutor?

Mar. Certainly.

Duke. And taught her every thing but what you wanted her to learn. Here she comes; I'll go away. She is very pretty, to be sure; but she has caused me so much uneasiness, I don't like to see her. She agitates me as much as she does you, but from a very different sentiment. [*Exit.*

Enter AMANTHIS, L.

Aman. Oh! I have been so frightened!

Mar. What's the matter?

Aman. The young man, he that I told you of, is in this house. I am sure it is him; on crossing one of the garden walks, I perceived him very near to me, yet he drew nearer still; till he saw somebody coming, and then he ran away. But he has frightened me so much, and made my heart feel so strange, as it never felt before.

Mar. Your heart! Why your heart?

Aman. [*Laying her hand on it.*] The fright has made it beat quick.

Mar. Ah! it is not fright. [*Aside.*

Aman. And yet he did not look frightful either. His face is very handsome; his shape, and all his mien, engaging.

Mar. I no longer doubt but it is the Count. [*Aside.*] My dear Amanthis, you will see this young nobleman very soon again; he is here on a visit: have I never mentioned to you the Count Valantia?

Aman. Yes.

Mar. He is the man who has thus surprised you.

Aman. Is it possible? and with that strange kind of wild behaviour is he admitted into company?

Mar. If you should at any time be alone with him, you may tell him your sentiments on his behaviour; your sentiments exactly such as they are, and such as his behaviour inspires.

Aman. And if he should chance to behave well, I'll tell him I like him.

Mar. [*Starting.*] I lay no restrictions on you; I only warn you that he is a light, inconsiderate, and vain young man; his company dangerous, for his principles are not good.

Aman. What a pity! I'll tell him to grow better.

Mar. She is charmed, I find. [*Aside.*

Aman. What did you say?

Mar. It is necessary, Amanthis, that, whatever are your thoughts of this young man, you do not reveal them to any of your acquaintance; and when you meet with him, restrain all fear, all emotion of what kind soever; before company, do not seem even to know him.

Aman. Here is somebody coming; how cruel! I can never now be alone with you an instant.

Mar. It is the Marchioness. I must leave you.

Aman. Nay, that is still worse. Stay, though we are not alone.

Mar. I cannot.

Aman. But if you cannot stay, I can go with you.

Mar. Impossible: remain where you are. [*Aside.*] I see my fate. [*Exit*, R.

Enter MARCHIONESS MERIDA, L.

March. My dear creature, what is the matter with you? You look unhappy! Speak to me with confidence; trust me with your secret uneasiness.

Aman. No, I must not; I must not discover the afflictions I feel, and the secrets of my heart; my lord has commanded me not. But this moment he flew away abruptly, and frowned when I asked to follow him, although he knows how much I was frightened some time ago by a young man who is now in this house.

March. Who is that? My dear, tell me who? [*Eagerly*

Aman. Count—I forget his name.

March. [*Aside.*] Have I at last detected him?

Aman. Did you never see him?

March. Yes, I believe I have.

Aman. And a'n't you afraid of him? Does he not look wild and madly? Lays his hand upon his heart, and sighs? [*Sighing.*

March. No, my dear; he does not do so with me; he once did, but that time is over.

Aman. But when that time was, were you not afraid?

March. No: I wish I had been.

Aman. But you are not to mention what I have been telling you, for fear it should grieve the Count. I promised I would not speak of it to any one. But to you it surely cannot signify; my lord could not mean I was not to tell you.

March. No: I was the properest person on earth to tell it to.

Aman. Yes: you would not hurt him, I am sure; for he is agreeable, notwithstanding all his wildness; and if he would but keep at a distance, I should like to look at him, and hear him talk.

March. And did you tell the Marquis so?

Aman. Yes.

March. What did he say?

Aman. He bade me tell the Count all I thought of him.

March. And will you?

Aman. No.

March. Why not?

Aman. For fear, poor man, I should make him uneasy.

March. Oh, it won't, my dear; never fear that; it will not make him uneasy: tell him you hate him.

Aman. But I don't.

March. He is coming this way.

Aman. Ah, let me fly! [*Going.*

March. Stay; did not the Marquis command——

Aman. True; and I'll stay and tell him what I think of him.

March. And what is that?

Aman. That he makes me tremble.

March. You must not tell him so.

Aman. But he'll see it.

Enter COUNT VALANTIA, L.

Count. The Marchioness here! unfortunate! [*Aside; then bowing to her.*] I this moment parted from my lord the Marquis at the top of the lawn, and he charged me with a commission, which was, when I saw your ladyship, to tell you he wished to speak with you.

Aman. Let me go with you.

Count. It is some private conversation which the Marquis, I believe, requires.

March. I have private conversation, too, for him. Amanthis, wait till I return.

Aman. [*Aside to the* MARCHIONESS.] He does not look so wildly as he did. I am not much afraid.

March. Indeed! then I shall soon be back.

[*Exit* MARCHIONESS, L.

Count. [*Looking after her, then falling on his knees to* AMANTHIS.] Behold me——

Aman. I durst not look at you. [*Frightened.*

Count. Is it terror you express? how is it possible that my tender passion can awake in that soft bosom an alarm? Do you fear me?

Aman. Yes; but go and behave thus to the Marchioness; she does not fear you.

Count. Oh! do not torture me with a rebuke like that. 'Tis you alone can make me happy; and if you refuse, you drive me to despair.

Aman. No; I wish to give you hope.

Count. Do you bid me hope?

Aman. Yes.

Count. And you'll be kind?

Aman. To be sure I will.

Count. What will you do to prove it?

Aman. Send for a priest to comfort you.

Count. A priest! Will you then make me blest?

Aman. If I can; for I assure you I like you very well; and, did you not behave so strangely, I should like you better; for you are very handsome; therefore, be not uneasy, and think you are not admired, for I can see that would afflict you more than any thing.

Count. You admire me then? transporting happiness!

Aman. Oh! now you are going to frighten me again. [*Aside.*] I must steal away.

Count. You tremble, and look pale; may I interpret these sweet emotions in my favour?

Aman. Yes, if you please.

Count. You then will make me happy?

Aman. I will do all I can.

Count. Then know, angelic creature! you shall find in me, all that truth, that constancy, that everlasting flame——

Aman. Oh, terrible! don't be in such a passion, pray.

Count. These moments are precious! Vow never again to shun me; never more to look unkindly; and I swear the most perfect love.

Aman. Here, smell of this bottle; it will do you good; it will relieve your head.

[*Holding out a smelling-bottle.*

Count. What the devil does she mean? [*Aside.*

Enter MARCHIONESS MERIDA, L

Aman. I am glad you are returned. [*Running to the* MARCHIONESS, *then turning to the* COUNT.] Bless me,

how calm he is grown all at once! you would not suppose he was the same person.

Count. Madam—— [*Confused.*

Aman. He does not look on you, as he does on me; nor kneel, nor plead.

Count. Oh, the deuce take you! [*Aside.*

March. What! in confusion, Count?

Aman. But I'll leave you alone with him, and then perhaps he will. [*Going.*

Count. No; for mercy sake, don't leave us alone. [*Aside to* AMANTHIS.

Aman. Poor man, he is afraid of you; but pray be kind to him; and I dare say you will. [*Exit.*

March. You find at last your falsehood is detected.

Count. I purposely exposed it, that you might have the pleasure of forgiving me.

March. Which I will never do.

Count. Then I have been at a great deal of trouble for nothing.

March. So you will find; for the person you love, loves another.

Count. And so does the person you love; and yet I don't reproach you with that.

March. Vain man! you do not know who I love.

Count. Nor do you know who I love; but I believe you guess.

March. Leave me.

Count. You'll call me back; but now, positively, if you do, I won't return. [*Going.*

March. To my heart you never shall.

Count. [*Turning back.*] Did you call? 'tis all in vain; I won't come back.

[*Exeunt separately.*—MARCHIONESS, L., COUNT, R.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Gardens belonging to the Castle.*

Enter DUKE MURCIA, L., *and* MARQUIS ALMANZA, R., *meeting.*

Duke. Nephew, I was going in search of you, for I have something of importance to communicate; and yet I am half afraid to tell it you.

Mar. Dear sir, wherefore?

Duke. Because I know your weakness. Have you heard that Count Valantia is in love with Amanthis?

Mar. I have; she herself told me so.

Duke. But did she tell you that she was in love with him?

Mar. No.

Duke. I thought she would not tell you that.

Mar. But I had every reason, from her behaviour, to imagine he was not indifferent to her.

Duke. And I am certain he is not.

Mar. But who has told you so?

Duke. Himself.

Mar. The weakest authority you can have.

Duke. But she confirmed it.

Mar. Did she? Alas! then my hopes are indeed at an end.

Duke. You know, I suppose, of the first meeting which the Count and she had this morning?

Mar. Have they had another since?

Duke. Two more; I was present at the last, and am only this moment come from it.

Mar. Do not then conceal from me one single circumstance; but depend upon my firmness, and my courage.

Duke. As I was looking out of my window into the garden,—I never listen, but I sometimes hear what people say, when they don't suspect I am near;—out of my window I saw and heard a quarrel, and an eternal separation take place between the Count and our relation, the Marchioness.

Mar. She then has become acquainted with his attachment to Amanthis? All is confirmed, indeed.

Duke. And, as soon as he had dismissed her in disgrace, I took a walk in the garden, and from a close arbour I beheld your ward steal past, and the Count close at her elbow; there I overheard,—for I detest a listener,—I overheard the Count beg for compassion, and remind Amanthis of a promise she had given to make him happy; on which she started and wept, and he fell upon his knees, and would have wept too, if he could; but as he found he could not, he did something equally worthy of a lover; and, drawing his sword, pointed it at his heart. On this she screamed more violently than if the weapon had been aimed at her own; and, seizing hold of it, fell motionless into his arms.

Mar. Oh, heavens!

Duke. As soon as we had recovered her from her swoon, the Count informed me of his love, and that she had given him every hope she would become his wife, but had merely refused to name the time; which had enraged and driven him to such extremes.

Mar. And what said Amanthis?

Duke. She looked at him tenderly, sighed heavily, and shed a shower of tears. Then I, supposing all things happily settled, wished them joy, and came away.

Mar. Thus at once do I see snatched from me the care, the project, the desire, the hope, and the felicity, of near my whole past life. As her father, as her friend, I disapprove her choice, and will tell her so; but if she persists, I yield; nor shall she ever know I have a less tender regard for her than heretofore. [*Exit.*

Duke. I do think, for their family's sake, (as nobody else will have either of them), the two cousins ought to marry one another.

Enter AMANTHIS, L.

Aman. They told me the Marquis Almanza was here.

Duke. He is, I believe, with his cousin, the Marchioness. [AMANTHIS *going.*] But stop, Amanthis, and tell me, what have you done with Count Valantia?

Aman. Alas, poor man, do not name him to me; I think I shall never recover the fright he gave me in your presence. Is it not wrong that his friends are not informed of this strange disorder in his mind, and desired to keep a guard to watch him?

Duke. A guard! It is the Marquis, I believe, who wants a guard; and now you have put me mind of it, I don't know but I may procure him one.

Aman. What do you mean? Is the Marquis ill? [*Alarmed.*]

Duke. Yes; in the same way the Count is.

Aman. Oh, let me fly to him. [*Going.*]

Duke. What, you are not afraid of him?

Aman. No; I will be his guard.

Duke. And do you pretend not to know what is the matter with your two lovers? Do you pretend not to know—that love, love is their disorder?

Aman. 'Love, love,' ay, that's the word the Count continually repeats; and is that the name of his disorder?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And of the Marquis's too?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And from whence does it proceed?

Duke. From you.

Aman. From me! Impossible! I am very well.

Duke. Are you ignorant, or do you only pretend to be so?

Aman. I am, indeed, ignorant of what you mean.

Duke. Then I'll instruct you. Shame of the Marquis, to teach you most of the arts, and yet leave it to his old uncle to teach you the art of love!

Aman. Well, what is it? I am impatient to know.

Duke. And 'tis so long ago since I felt it, I must recollect a little before I can tell you. Amongst the passions, is one more troublesome than all the rest, and yet more pleasing than any of them: It sometimes burns you with heat, and sometimes freezes you with cold; it creates in your mind a constant desire to be with one particular person; and when you are with them, you generally look like a fool. You think them handsome, though they are frightfully ugly; you think them well shaped, though they are crooked; wise, though they are simpletons; and you hope they love you, though you are sure they do not.

Aman. You need not say any more, sir. I think I have had the disorder. [*Looking confused.*]

Duke. You have it now.

Aman. Yes, 'tis catching; and, I suppose, I caught it of the Count, and gave it to the Marquis, and so we all three have it.

Duke. And it is you only who can cure them.

Aman. How?

Duke. By marrying one of them.

Aman. Is that the way?

Duke. And now, which of them will you heal?

Aman. Oh! the Marquis. [*With warmth.*]

Duke. Hear me, madam: I have listened to you some time with patience, but now I can bear no more; the sentiments you entertain for the Marquis are criminal, unless he were your husband.

Aman. And cannot he be so? What prevents it?

Duke. His noble birth, and your mean one.

Aman. My poor father was a gentleman, and the Marquis loved him.

Duke. He now, if living, is an exile, and would disgrace our family.

Aman. I thought not: he was unfortunate; but the

Marquis ever taught me to respect and reverence misfortune.

Duke. Do not flatter yourself with any hope: you were not born for each other; and therefore conceal from him the affection you have betrayed to me, and he, in time, will conquer his.

Aman. No; in the face of heaven and you, I here make a vow, [*Kneeling*] I never will, never can, conceal from him one emotion of my fluttering heart; that heart, which he, and only he, has taught to beat with truth, with sensibility, with honesty, with love.

Duke. And now, as I have been obliged to hear your resolution, hear mine: if he makes you his wife, he forces me to be no longer his father; no, nor will I be even his uncle, nor even his most distant relation. I undertook to render you happy in another marriage—to teach you how to make the man you pretend to love respectable, and yourself content. I undertook to instruct you how to conceal your thoughts; to laugh when you wished to cry, and cry when you wished to laugh. I would have taught you every scheme, every finesse, every deception; in short, I would have taught you the 'art of love.' [*Exit*, L.

Aman. Rather let me die in ignorance.

Enter MARQUIS ALMANZA, R.

Oh! my dear lord!

Mar. Before I listen to you, Amanthis, I beg you will attend to what I have first to say; nor let me receive from you the smallest interruption.

Aman. You astonish me! the alteration of your voice, the severity of your looks, alarm me. I was coming, joyfully, to open my heart to you; and, for the first time, you are not desirous to be acquainted with it.

Mar. That suspicion, Amanthis, is unjust; 'tis injurious. [*Sternly.*] You shall know me better.

Aman. Oh! pardon me, my lord; but indeed, the manner in which you speak and look, gives me apprehensions.—But proceed; I have done.

Mar. You know, Amanthis, I was a father to you at an age when your understanding could not even thank me for my cares. You are first to learn, there is a sentiment which governs the human heart with more tyranny, more force, more outrage, and yet with more softness than any other. It is called love; and why its name and nature I have thus long concealed from you,

was from the apprehension, that in the solitude where you lived, the sensibility of your heart might cause dangerous illusions. I have just now been informed of all that has passed this day since you left your confinement, and of which I imagine you thought me unacquainted, and came now to inform me; but to spare you the declaration, I give you my reply without it. For these four years I have concealed a passion for you of the tenderest, truest kind; but your heart decides for another, and I relinquish my pretensions. Yet do not imagine I approve your choice: Count Valantia is unworthy of you; but you are your own mistress; and, however you determine, you shall possess my fortune, and be my daughter still.

Aman. The excess of my astonishment has alone prevented me from interrupting you many times. You accuse me in every sentence; every word you have uttered upbraids; and your generosity, above all, degrades me. Did you imagine I could accept your favours while I was wounding your peace of mind? Did you suppose I could prefer to you a stranger, who, if not unworthy, I could not know to be deserving? And yet this is what you have expected from me. Learn, my lord, to be less suspicious; affect less generosity and moderation, and be less ungrateful and unjust.

Mar. Severe as your words are, they inspire a hope my heart had banished. Explain yourself—deign.

Aman. Explain! even now he doubts me.

Mar. No; say but you love me with that passion I have described, and I will never doubt again.

Aman. Ah! can I behold you at my feet? you to whom I ought to kneel as my father; but whom I would rather thus tenderly embrace as a lover.

Mar. And does my Amanthis know what is love; yet feel it but for me? Happiness unlooked for! O Alberto! my absent friend, how does my heart, in this blest moment, regret all your sufferings with a double force! your joy, at a moment like the present, had equalled mine, and even heightened this unexpected transport.

Aman. That tender thought endears you more than ever to my heart.

Mar. The recollection of my friends reminds me of the Marchioness. Amanthis, to her this discovery will give a pleasure you little think of. I'll instantly go to her, and make her happy with the news. Adieu, my

love; so far from expressing to you all that I feel at present, I scarcely can comprehend it. [*Exit*, R.

Aman. Sure I am now at the height of happiness; and yet my lord's mention of my poor father cast for a while a gloom over all my joys. Oh, my dear father, why are not you still living to partake our bliss! how should I delight to tell you all that your friend has done for me! Ah! who is coming this way? a stranger!—another follows; let me avoid them, and fly to my lord. [*Exit*, R.

Enter ALBERTO *and a Stranger*, L., *dressed like Peasants.*

Peasant. A young lady fled from the place this instant.

Alb. Follow her, and prevail on her to return. [*Exit Peasant.*] My trembling frame prevents the office. Gracious Heaven! who through various calamities hast brought me to this spot, even for that benevolence I will bend in thanks, whatever be the event.

Enter Peasant, R., *leading* AMANTHIS.

Peasant. She is alarmed, and wishes to retire to the castle.

Alb. Young lady, do not fear me because I am poor; I mean no harm to any; I only wish to ask which are the apartments of Amanthis, and how I could speak with her?

Aman. I am Amanthis.

Alb. Indeed! I thought so by my trembling heart! [*To* AMANTHIS.] You are Amanthis?

Aman. Yes, what would you have with me?

Alb. [*To the Peasant.*] Wait at a little distance, and let me know if any one is coming, that I may steal away unseen. [*Exit Peasant*, L.

Aman. Why these precautions? why send that man away who accompanied you?

Alb. Because I wished to speak in secret to you.

Aman. Say what I can do for you. [*Aside.*] He blushes to ask, and I'll prevent him. [*She takes from her neck a collar of pearls, and bracelets from her arms.*] Here, this is all I possess of value: take them, and how much soever they are worth, I am sure I never made a better use of them. Why do you weep?

Alb. Because my joy compels me: these tears, young lady, express my joy, not my sorrow. I find you have a heart open to compassion: take back your generous

gifts, for when you know who I am, you'll find they would be useless to me.

Aman. Who are you? what is your name, your occupation, your country? You are all emotion. Why are you afraid to trust me? Do you fear I will betray you? No; open then your heart.

Alb. To do so, will recall to your memory some scenes that may affect you.

Aman. What are they?

Alb. Have you preserved in your remembrance any idea of the unhappy man to whom you owe your being?

Aman. My father! Oh, heavens! did you know him?

Alb. You have heard of him, then?

Aman. Yes; and a thousand times with my tears I have bathed his picture, the only treasure he left me when he went away. But tell me, were you with him when he died?

Alb. Suppose he were not dead?

Aman. Not! Oh, heavens! You turn pale; your eyes are filled with tears: ah! how could I be so long mistaken? I know you; I remember you. [*He opens his arms, and she runs into them.*

Alb. My daughter! my poor Amanthis!

Aman. This joy is too much! my father! my suffering father! [*Falls at his feet.*] This is the happiest moment of my life.

Alb. [*Raising her.*] Alas, my child, repress this ecstasy, and learn in what a state of misery you see me; without fortune, without friends, without support.

Aman. Are you less dear to me for that? Besides, your state will soon be changed; my lord Almanza can do much. Within a few days we shall be united; and you were only wanting to complete our happiness.

Alb. Are you then ignorant of the horrors that surround me? A large reward is published for apprehending me, and my life must be the consequence. I have travelled sandy deserts; braved the perils of the most dangerous seas; forsook a peaceable and safe asylum, to risk the snares laid by my enemies here; but I came with the hope to find my child, and never again to lose her. I knew not your sentiments for Almanza. Pity my error. I pleased myself with the thought, that an affectionate, suffering father might be more dear to you than all the world besides; and that, in following him, and partaking his fate—

Aman. Oh, whither do you lead my imagination?

Stop, and let me take a view of what I see before me.

Alb. Nay, be not thus alarmed, Amanthis. I do not command, nor even entreat. In following me you had surely been a comfort; without fortune, without friends, nay, without society, you had atoned for them all. [*Going to embrace her.*

Aman. [*Falling at his feet.*] In this wide world of sorrow, I alone am left to comfort you; and at your feet I vow, though dying with despair, I'll follow you to the furthermost part of the universe. What did I say? dying! No, I will live to soften your pains, to be a blessing to you.

Alb. Do not give me a false hope.

Aman. I do not. No, thus met, we will never part. But how tell the news to—

Alb. Almanza must not know it. I depart this very night. But now consult your heart; if you repent, you have made no promise; I restore it to you—speak—pronounce.

Aman. I have spoken—have pronounced—have promised,—and will keep my vow.

Alb. Then have I found my child, and found her [*Embracing her*] all my fondest wishes hoped! Adieu, my Amanthis, till a few minutes hence, when I shall be at the door which opens to the Park. Here are two keys; take one of them. [*She takes it.*] My guide, I see, is coming. Adieu. Was ever parent blest as I am! [*Exit.*

Aman. 'A few minutes hence.' Terrible!—What have I done? what promised? Oh, heaven! I am sinking under a weight of misery; a chillness seizes me; my strength is nearly gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter MARCHIONESS MERIDA, L.

March. In every part of the house I seek in vain Amanthis: where can she be?

Enter AMANTHIS, *pale and trembling*, R.

Amanthis, I came here to find you; the Marquis has told me—Oh, heavens! what do I see! you are pale as death.

Aman. 'Tis nothing, madam;—a sudden weakness. What did the Marquis say?

March. His joy is beyond all words: intoxicated with his bliss, he is this instant making preparations for your bridal day; already the gates of the castle are thrown open, and nothing heard but rejoicings.

Aman. Alas! I am not able to bear what I feel on the occasion. Let me retire, and in reflection—

March. Go, and indulge the pleasure of reflection without constraint.

Aman. Farewell, dear Marchioness; when you see my lord, tell him—paint to him—Adieu. [*Going.*

March. Hark! is not that Almanza?

Aman. Gracious heaven forbid! [*Exit,* L

March. No; why thus alarmed? But I will go to her, and— [*Going.*

Enter COUNT VALANTIA, *meeting the* MARCHIONESS, R.

Count. I am running from place to place, inquiring of every soul I meet, what all this rejoicing is about? and not a creature has time to tell me: perhaps your ladyship will do me that honour.

March. Is it possible you should not know?

Count. I positively do not.

March. Nor can you guess?

Count. No; unless it is because I am going away; for I never could be in favour with the master of a house, if he had a pretty woman in it.

March. Vain, disappointed man! The rejoicings are, because the Marquis is shortly to be married to Amanthis.

Count. Poor young lady! poor young lady! Tell me honestly, now lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, if she does not appear confused, sorrowful, uneasy, and disturbed? Does she, or does she not?

March. Why, if I must speak, she does.

Count. Poor girl, poor girl! I protest I feel for her.

Enter DUKE MURCIA *and* MARQUIS ALMANZA, L.

Mar. Amanthis is lost, gone, stolen from me!

Count. I hope your lordship does not suspect me?

Mar. I do suspect you—Draw. [*The* DUKE *interposes.*]

March. [*To the* DUKE.] Dear my lord, don't prevent the Marquis; is he not in his own house? and surely he may treat his guest as he pleases.

Duke. Nephew, you must not resent without better proofs; though Amanthis is fled, it must be by her

own consent; for was not a key found on the inside the door by which she escaped? and, no doubt, she unlocked it herself.

Mar. I have lost her; what is it to me, whether by force or fraud?

Voice within. Amanthis is returned!

Enter several Servants of the house. The MARQUIS *drops his sword, and runs impatiently to the door at which they entered.*

Mar. Gracious heaven!

Enter ALBERTO, *superbly dressed, leading in* AMANTHIS, *through centre door.*

Alb. 'Tis I who am the ravisher; and thus resign my prize to one, whose right, by every tie of gratitude, is superior.

Mar. My Amanthis! tell me, do I dream, or do I know that voice? Yes, 'tis my friend Alberto! [*They embrace.*] And do I receive Amanthis from thy hand? and can I see you here, without apprehensions for your safety?

Alb. Yes; for my unjust sentence is revoked, and my misfortunes at an end. In the Indies, where my distresses carried me, I did some service for my native country, for which I have been repaid with honours and with riches.

March. My dear Amanthis, how sincerely do I rejoice to see you happy as you merit!

Count. Madam, I sincerely hope you are happy; and that no remembrance of me may ever disturb your tranquillity.

Duke. I'll answer for that.

Mar. Count, I have to beg your pardon for a suspicion—

Count. I assure you, my lord, you did me honour by it; where a lady is the subject, I like to be suspected.

Alb. And now, Amanthis, say you pardon me the momentary pang I gave you, while I made trial of my daughter's filial love.

Aman. Oh, my father! I forget all my sorrows past, in my present joy.

Duke. I think we seem all extremely happy; every one, except the poor Count.

Count. The poor Count, sir!

Duke. Yes; you like to be suspected; and I must own, I suspect at this time—

Count. What, sir?

Duke. A lady is in the case, so don't be angry.

March. If I am the object, I here protest—

Count. Come; if you will swear that you have no regard for me, and that you will never, by any part of your conduct, prove you have, marry me; and I will be the most constant, faithful husband—

March. You are so indifferent to me at present, I think I may venture.

Count. But remember, the first time you are in love, I am so no longer.

Duke. Take him; and at least respect him that he is no hypocrite.

March. I will take him; for, with all my care, I might do worse. To love with sincerity and judgment, is only reserved for superior minds; few beings, such as Almanza and his Child of Nature. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

The Sleep-Walker.

Somno. Damme! didn't think I had so much pluck in me.

Act II. Scene 1.

THE SLEEP-WALKER;

OR,

WHICH IS THE LADY?

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY W. C. OULTON.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,
CAMDEN TOWN.

REMARKS.

The Sleep-Walker.

Among the many phenomena that human nature has exhibited that of somnambulism is one of the most extraordinary. The marvellous stories that are handed down to us of the nightly rambles of those who have been under its influence, would be sufficient to startle even credulity itself, were they not authenticated by evidence the most clear and satisfactory. The subject is not unworthy of philosophical inquiry. Dreams—

> "The children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain phantasy,"—

have never yet been properly examined. That the corporal faculties should be buried in deep sleep, and that the mental should be excursive, and in full activity,—that the powers of the mind should be sufficiently alert to raise the body when it has assumed Death's counterfeit, and carry it through a variety of adventures equally surprising and eccentric, is one of the many proofs that we are wonderfully and fearfully made, and that man is himself a mystery, that will for ever baffle the utmost researches of his finite knowledge. Had the matter-of-fact philosopher been told of the theory of *dreams*, before experience had given proof of their reality, he would have ridiculed it as a fanciful illusion, and have proceeded to try its fallacy by the test of materialism. But had it been added, that a man might *walk in his sleep*, and perform a variety of singular offices with the same exactness and precision that belong to his waking moments, he would have consigned the theorist to straw and a dark room, with the accompaniments of a shaved head and a straight jacket! We must confess that a *somnambulising philosopher* would be a pretty odd sort of a figure enough; though it would certainly not be the *first time* that one of his art and mystery had been found groping in the *dark!*

This pleasant farce introduces a somnambulist in a variety of whimsical situations; and, to add to the effect, he is made a stage-struck hero. The plot is exceedingly slight, and the dialogue not above the level of farces in general. The whole of the entertainment is derived from Mr. Somno, who not only cleans the knives, wipes the glasses, brushes his master's coat, settles his accounts, and takes a bottle of wine from the cellar—aye, and gets tipsy into the bargain, and all in his *sleep*, but he performs tragedy, opera, farce, and pantomime; dances the slack-rope, half smothers Alibi with powder, and plays a thousand vagaries with most amusing unconsciousness. The character was written expressly for Mr. Mathews; and the author found his account in so doing; for a droller exhibition can hardly be conceived. The peculiarity of Mathews's look and gesture impressed the audience with the idea that he was really *asleep;* and they feared even to breathe, much more to laugh or to applaud, lest they should awaken the sleeper, and dissolve the comical charm. Mathews here availed himself of his imitative powers, and was alternately Kemble and Bannister. Every other character in the piece is subservient to the somnambulist; and he fills the ample space assigned to him with great pleasantry.

☞ D——G.

Cast of Characters at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

Sir Patrick Maguire.....	Mr. Connor
Somno, (his servant).....	Mr. Mathews.
Squire Rattlepate.....	Mr. Jefferies.
Alibi.....	Mr. Simmons.
Jorum.....	Mr. Crumpton.
Spy.....	Mr. Atkins.
Thomas.....	Mr. Treby.
Mrs. Decorum.....	Mrs. Davenport.
Sophia.....	Miss Logan.

THE SLEEP-WALKER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Mrs. Decorum's House*

'Squire Rattlepate *crosses the stage, followed by* Mrs. Decorum, *with a letter in her hand.*

Mrs. D. Oh, Jack—nephew—Jack Rattlepate—

Rat. Well, what is it? I'm in haste, Mrs. Decorum; I can't stay. Odsheart! I'm in such a passion, that—

Mrs. D. Fie, Jack Rattlepate! you ought to be attentive and obliging, when your aunt solicits your company. Pray what has ruffled your temper in this manner?

Rat. Disappointment—vexation! You said you had it in your head to provide a good wife for me; and I, of course, had it in my head to provide a comfortable lodge for her: in short, I meant to purchase Mr. Wealthy's mansion; but, would you think it? though I desired my attorney, Mr. Alibi, to accede to his extravagant terms, he now sends me word, that he has made a bargain with an Irish baronet, and that he can upon no consideration revoke it.

Mrs. D. Well, according to etiquette, nephew, I don't think he can.

Rat. Poo! what do I care for etiquette?

Mrs. D. But hear what I have to communicate, and then you'll not be in such haste about the mansion.

Rat. Well, what is it? Go on, aunt.

Mrs. D. It's a long story, nephew.

Rat. And for that reason begin as soon as possible

Mrs. D Fie! but you would not have me stand all the while? Bless me! you have no more manners than

a country boor. You ought to hand a chair, and then you ought to sit down yourself.

Rat. Oh, very well:—I ought to hand a chair, [*brings over a chair*] and then I ought to sit down myself. [*Sits in it.*] Now, go on, aunt; I am listening.

Mrs. D. Why, this is worse than all: I never witnessed such a breach of manners in my life. Ah! when my dear Mr. Decorum was alive, he was so exceedingly polite, that—

Rat. [*Rising hastily*] Lord, aunt! I've listened to that story five hundred times.—I can't stop to hear it now, so good bye.

Mrs. D. But stay, Jack: I want to tell you about the young lady I intended for your wife. I am sorry to say, she has acted a very imprudent part—she has run away from her aunt.

Rat. Run away! Odsheart! then I'm disappointed in my wife, too. It's well I never saw the young lady.

Mrs. D. And I have not seen my god-daughter since the day of her christening; but I have sent her some handsome presents on your account, particularly the valuable jewels which my dear Mr. Decorum gave me on our wedding-day.

Rat. And are there no hopes of finding the lady?

Mrs. D. I trust there are. This letter informs me, that she has made her escape in man's attire, and, according to the confession of her servant, passes for an Irishman.

Rat. Man's attire! an Irishman! Bless my heart! if 'Squire Rattlepate's intended wear the breeches now, she may do the same after marriage.

Mrs. D. Certainly, nephew, it was a very unbecoming, immodest act; but I impute it all to the masculine disposition of her aunt, under whose protection she has been.

Rat. And I am afraid the niece has acquired some of that masculine disposition. Pass for an Irishman!—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. D. Her aunt is an absolute termagant, and I don't wonder at the girl's running away from her: however, if I can find her, I shall release her from her fears, for Sophia Courtney has been of age these seven months.

Rat. Of age! then I dare say she has discovered this secret, and perhaps has eloped with some fellow.

Mrs. D. That's a doubt. No gentleman has ever paid his addresses to her, with her aunt's knowledge, except about three months ago, who, as this letter states, is a mere stripling, whom she used to ridicule for his delicate appearance and effeminate manners.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Alibi, sir, to wait upon you.

Rat. Admit him. [*Exit Servant.*

Mrs. D. Oh, since Mr. Alibi is here, I shall leave you. I can't bear the sight of that unmannerly fellow; and take care, nephew,—beware of his arts, for I believe his heart is as black as his coat. [*Exit.*

Rat. Mr. Alibi! I did not expect this visit. What can he want?

Enter ALIBI.

Heyday! I thought you were now with Mr. Wealthy, pleading my cause.

Alibi. Well, so I am, sir: I act by deputy; one of my clerks is with him. Lord bless you! I am in five hundred places at once. I am now in Bath, serving a writ; I am in Ireland, looking for a runaway heiress: in short, I'm here, there, and every where: nay, should necessity require it, I am nowhere, invisible. Now what do you think of that now, eh?

Rat. A runaway heiress! I know whom you mean —my intended, Miss Courtney.

Alibi. Right! but is she your intended? Well, I hope I shall find her, for your sake. I am now at Holyhead, Parkgate, Liverpool, and all parts of Ireland, looking for her: what do you think of that, eh? It will make a charming bill of costs for her guardian.

Rat. She's off in a disguise, I hear.

Alibi. Ay, a sham gentleman, and should there be a real gentleman in the way, I'll play the devil with him. She's an heiress—

Rat. But she's been of age these seven months.

Alibi. Indeed! I did not know that. Lucky news! [*Aside.*]

Rat. Well; as I have never seen the lady, I am not very uneasy about her. I am more anxious for Mr. Wealthy's mansion. Pray, have I any chance, Mr. Alibi? I have set my heart upon that country-seat.

Alibi. Then, 'Squire Rattlepate, I am come to tell you how you may set your foot in it. Mr. Wealthy

still demurs; so, as fair means won't do, we must have recourse to foul. Oh, there's nothing like chicanery; that's what makes us lawyers such wonderful men!

Rat. Foul means! and what do you propose?

Alibi. Briefly this,—a trespass on his understanding, without infringing the law. Mr. Wealthy, I understand, has never seen the Irish baronet, no more than he has seen you; but he expects him soon from Dublin. You shall, therefore, personate him, and tell Mr. Wealthy, that you are under the necessity of declining the bargain in favour of 'Squire Rattlepate, for whom you have a profound respect. What do you think of that now, eh?

Rat. Bless me! I can't pass for an Irishman. I have not the manners—the voice—

Alibi. But I have an Irish friend who shall teach you all. Moody will give you instructions, and I shall charge for them—hem! [*Aside.*]

Rat. But what's the Baronet's name? Have you learned that, Mr. Alibi?

Alibi. No; but Moody has promised to find it out. Oh, he's a devilish clever fellow,—an extraordinary genius; but an out-of-the-way character,—an oddity. He shall meet you to-night, and give you your lesson; but you must let him have his way: he is a queer gentleman, and easily offended.

Rat. Let us meet, then, at the George, next door. My aunt, who would think it a breach of etiquette, must not know of our stratagem till it's accomplished.

Alibi. Never fear, sir; secresy is my profession. I have often acted both for plaintiff and defendant, without the knowledge of either. What do you think of that, eh?

Rat. As I live, here is Mr. Jorum, the landlord of the George.

Alibi. Oh, then he has a letter for me. I told him where he should find me.

Enter JORUM.

Jor. 'Squire Rattlepate, your most obedient. Mr. Alibi, here is a letter the postman has just left.

Alibi. Thank you, Mr. Jorum.

Rat. So, Mr. Jorum, any news?

Jor. Oh yes, your honour,—a budget of news: I'll tell you. [*They retire together.*]

Alibi. From my friend Spy. [*Reads.*] "I have

just discovered, that the name Miss Courtney has assumed is Terence Oakly, and also that the coach in which she went has been stopped by highwaymen. I understand, the passengers, who have been robbed, mean to stay awhile at the George Inn, where I shall meet you to-night, to put our stratagem in execution for detaining the counterfeit gentleman. Yours, Joseph Spy.' So, so: yes, I must detain this heiress, and, as she is of age, I may legally sue her for her hand: then, who knows but I may nonsuit the 'Squire! Ha! ha! ha!

Rat. Indeed, I must be acquainted with them. So, Jorum, I'll crack a bottle at your house to-night.

Jor. And I'll take care your honour shall have the best sort,—the genuine stuff.

Alibi. Jorum, I shall be obliged to stay here a day longer: therefore, I shall expect a bed at your house.

Jor. A bed! Upon my word, I don't know what to say to that; we have so many guests at present, I—

Alibi. Well, we'll talk of that by and bye. 'Squire you'll observe the hints I have given you?

Rat. Never fear; and you must observe secresy Pray is there any information of Miss Courtney in the letter?

Alibi. This letter! Oh, this letter is about a certain cause I am going to engage in; I think it will end in an attachment; but mum! I do observe secresy. I deal in actions, not words,—ha! ha! ha! What do you think of that, eh? Good bye. [*Exit.*

Jor. I'm heartily glad he's gone. Bed! no, he shall have no bed in my house. A shilling's worth of brandy and water is all he ever calls for.

Rat. And so, these gentlemen have been robbed, you say? Pray what are their names?

Jor. Maguire, I think the servant calls his master; and his young master, Terence, a near relation of the other's, I suppose.

Rat. Well, you'll introduce me to them, Jorum. I wish much for Irish company at present.

Jor. And I dare say they will be very glad to see your honour. I shall prepare them immediately for your visit. I am your honour's most obedient. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Inn.*

Enter SIR PATRICK MAGUIRE, *and* SOPHIA, *in male attire, preceded by* THOMAS.

Thomas. This way, gentlemen, this way.

Sir P. Ay, this will do very well: now see that good beds are provided, and send my servant here.

Thomas. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir P. Fire and faggots! how unlucky it is that we should have been robbed! I thought to have settled with Mr. Wealthy, and to have taken my dear Sophia to a comfortable mansion: now I must wait for remittances from the other side of the water. Oh! if I had not been afraid of alarming you, my darling, the thieves should never have plundered us without being dead men.

Sophia. Well, we must bear our misfortunes with resignation. You have still left, you say, a bill for one hundred pounds?

Sir P. Yes, drawn upon a wealthy merchant in London; but our landlord perhaps may be unwilling to cash it.

Sophia. Here, then, is a casket of jewels which I have fortunately concealed. You will find no difficulty in raising on these a sum for our immediate purposes.

[*Gives him a Casket.*

Sir P. Blessings on your dear little heart! how kind you are! Well, after all my ill luck, now that I am master of my Sophia's hand, I'm the most successful man alive. Oh, here is my servant, at last.

Enter SOMNO.

Well, Somno, have you inquired at the next door, who lives in the adjoining house?

Som. Yes, sir: an old lady keeps it, Mrs. Decorum; and a young gentleman, her nephew, lives with her.

Sophia. Mrs. Decorum! My godmother, I protest; but she does not know me personally; for she has never seen me since my christening.

Sir P. That's lucky, faith. Hark you, sir: for your life, don't blab a word of our marriage.

Som. Oh, sir, never fear. I have been asked several questions already; but my answers have been very short and pertinent, I assure you.

Sophia. Several! By whom, pray?

Som. A black, ill-looking fellow, an attorney, whose name, I heard, is Alibi: he asked me if you came from Bath? 'Can't tell,' says I—Where were you going? —'Don't know.'—How old were you?—'Can't tell.'—'Is that all you know?'—'Yes, that's all.' He then remarked what a quantity of powder the young gentleman wore in his hair.

Sir P. And what the devil is that to him? By the powers, if he ask another impertinent question, I'll lay my cane so freely about his head, that the devil a grain of powder he shall wear.

Som. Oh, the devil a grain he wears already, sir. He is so proud of his black locks, that he says powder would spoil them.

Sophia. Alibi! I don't know such a person.

Sir P. Poo!—some officious fool. Here, sir, take this letter to the post-office, and—

Som. Yes sir.—Ya! [*Yawning.*]

Sir P. What, sleepy! This is always the way: yawning whenever awake, and walking about with your eyes open whenever you are in bed.

Som. But, sir, I do a great deal of good while asleep, you must allow. I clean the knives—wipe the glasses —brush your honour's coat—settle my accounts—

Sir P. Ay—but how often do you go out, and leave the street-door open!—how often take a bottle of wine out of the cellar, and get tipsy!

Som. True, sir; yet I am very sober when awake. Ha! ha! ha! I once found by my bedside a watchman's stick and lantern, which I either stole or took by violence the preceding night.

Sophia. Indeed! Well, I have often heard strange stories of sleep-walkers, but never believed them till now.

Sir P. Hark you, Somno:—go to-bed early to-night, that you may be up betimes in the morning to dress Mr. Terence's hair, as I intend to wait upon Mr. Wealthy. Be sure, sir, to fasten your chamber door, and not to make any uproar while taking your rest. If you were to walk about this strange house, your nocturnal rambles might occasion some disagreeable discoveries.

Som. I don't think there is much danger of that to-night, sir—I am not disposed for walking, I assure you. I shall go to sleep—'to sleep, perchance to dream,' —Ya!

Sir P. Don't be thinking of plays, or you'll be sure to dream of nothing else.

Som. No, no, sir; I'll banish them all from my thoughts. I'll be a match for Queen Mab to-night; she sha'n't come athwart my nose. [*Exit.*

Sophia. He is a good-natured fellow. Where did you meet with him, Sir Patrick?

Sir P. I picked him up in the country; he belonged to a strolling company there, but never cut a figure, for he was always awake when he came out before the audience. If he had been fast asleep, then he would have done wonders.

Sophia. Does he act in his sleep?

Sir P. Act, ay, faith, and in a very strange manner. I hearkened to him once, and, o' my conscience, he was Richard, Macbeth, Falstaff, Hamlet, and twenty others in a breath! Now, what is very surprising, he never spouts when he is awake; but in his walking dreams he is quite a Roscius

Sophia. I have been told, that some sleep-walkers will eat and drink in their dreams, and that sometimes they will even join in conversation.

Sir P. That's the way with him: he'll talk with any one in his sleep, if the subject be about the playhouse. Ha! ha! ha! Why he was fast asleep when I hired him. I met him by accident, and, having been obliged to discharge a drunken dog I brought from Dublin, I asked him if he would be my servant, 'Sir,' said he, 'I should be proud to be one of his majesty's servants.' Faith, he took me for the manager of a London playhouse. 'Well then, sir,' said I, 'you must help me to run away with a charming creature whom I mean to marry immediately.' 'With all my heart sir,' he replied: 'I can play any part in A Bold stroke for a Wife, and Matrimony.'

Sophia. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter JORUM.

Jor. Gentlemen, I beg pardon; but 'Squire Rattlepate, our next-door neighbour, would be happy if your honours are disengaged, to smoke a pipe and drink a bottle of wine with you.

Sophia. Smoke a pipe!

Sir P. Smoke a pipe! A dirty habit; but if it is the custom here, we two won't be singular; so give him

our best compliments, landlord, and assure him we shall be proud of his company.

Jor. I will, sir.

Sir P. Come, this may turn out to our advantage; for if the landlord can't give me cash for my hundred pound bill, 'Squire Rattlepate may.

Sophia. But, as I can't smoke or drink with you, I shall pretend to have some letters to write, and so leave you together.

Sir P. Do so, my darling. Oh, here he is.

Enter JORUM, *introducing* 'SQUIRE RATTLEPATE.

Jor. 'Squire Rattlepate, sir. [*Exit.*

Rat. Gentlemen, your servant. You are from Ireland: welcome to this country. I am extremely sorry for the unkind reception you have met with in this your first visit. You have been robbed, I hear; therefore, thought proper to offer any services in my power, as I feel a great regard for the gentlemen of your country.

Sir P. Faith, sir, you do my country great honour; and, upon my conscience, if they catch you on the other side of the water, they will return the compliment.

Rat. But I am not so disinterested as you may suppose: it may be in your power to render me an essential service in return.

Sir P. Sir, you may command me.

Rat. You must know, sir, that I have been supplanted by a gentleman of your country.

Sir P. With a wench, I suppose: that's a way they have in Ireland.

Rat. No, indeed; it's with a mansion I intended to take about three miles off.

Sir P. Supplanted with a mansion!

Rat. Yes, an Irish gentleman has been beforehand with me; he has obtained a promise of it, and I am afraid he will succeed; therefore, to deceive the owner, it is necessary I should personate the Irishman.

Sir P. Faith, sir, you have all the grace and manners of a gentleman, and so far you are fit for the character.

Rat. I am afraid I shall be discovered by my accent.

Sir P. Then may be you want a bit of my brogue. I have but a small taste of it myself; but the loan of the little I have is very much at your service. [*Bowing.*] But what is the gentleman's name?

Rat. I have not learn'd that yet; but the owner's name is Wealthy.

Sophia. Wealthy!

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! faith and troth, it is a good joke: it's myself he means to supplant. [*Aside.*] Why I think I can guess the gentleman you mean, and am the very best man in the world to show you how to personate him.

Rat. Then it's very lucky I have met with you. I shall be exceedingly obliged to you, for my whole heart is set on this mansion.

Sir P. O' my conscience, then, it would be a pity you should be disappointed.

Rat. Really, sir, I have been very unfortunate. I was to have had a wife, too, whom my aunt intended for me; but now I hear that she has run away from her relation in Bath.

Sophia. Run away! Pray what is the lady's name?

Rat. Sophia Courtney: however, I never saw the lady—that's some consolation.

Sophia. Never?

Rat. Never, upon my soul. [*Staring at her.*] I don't know her from Adam.

Sir P. Adam! Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you are beginning to blunder already, I see. I suppose you meant to say Eve.

Rat. No, sir. Adam is very applicable, for the lady has run away in man's attire, and, ha! ha! ha! she passes for an Irishman.

Sophia. Indeed! and has she the Hibernian accent?

Rat. Not she, no more than you; and how is that? Pray, gentlemen, are you not both from the same country?

Sir P. Yes, yes; but you must know my friend has been some time abroad, here and there, upon his travels; so, having left one part of his brogue in one place, and another part in another, faith and troth, he has returned without any at all, at all.

Rat. I understand. Oh, here's the wine.

Enter JORUM, *with wine.*

Sophia. Landlord, you must provide me with pen, ink, and paper, in the next room: I have several letters to write.

Jor. Yes, sir.

Sir P. And, landlord, try if you can change me this bill for a hundred pounds. [*Gives him a bill.*

Jor. A hundred pounds! I'll see, sir; but really I don't think I have so much cash in the house. [*Exit.*

Sir P. Ouns! Terence, we shall be in a devilish hobble if he can't change it. You must know, sir, the robbers took all our ready cash.

Rat. So I hear, sir; but never mind; if the landlord can't cash the bill, my aunt shall. I can persuade her to any thing.

Sir P. You are extremely polite, sir; and, for your obliging offer, I'll put you in the way of getting the mansion.

Rat. Thank you, sir; I'll do any thing in return.

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas. Sir, your orders are obeyed in the next room.

Sophia. That's right. Well, gentlemen, I must leave you together,

Rat. How! won't you take a whiff? Here's the best Oroonoko you ever smoked.

Sophia. Excuse me for the present. Another time, sir; but I have several letters to write immediately.

[*Exit, attended by* THOMAS.

Rat. Come, let's drink a glass of wine.

Sir P. And, sir, I'll give you a toast: May the gentlemen of your country and mine have no altercation but in good-humour over the bottle!

Rat. Bravo, sir! [*They drink.*

Re-enter THOMAS.

Thomas. Sir, my master is very sorry he can't discount your bill—[*Lays it on the table.*]—But at present he has not more than fifty pounds in cash.

Sir P. Oh, no matter: this gentleman has politely offered to do it, so bring me a pen and ink, and I'll indorse it.

Thomas. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Rat. I am sorry your friend has left us. Come, fill a pipe. You say you'll put me in the way of getting this house: then you know the Irish Baronet who has taken it? Pray how shall I pass for him?

Sir P. [*Filling his pipe.*] Imitate me; faith, that's all you have to do; imitate me.

Rat. But you Irish gentlemen, I understand, are apt to make blunders,—mistakes, I mean.

Sir P. [*Lighting his pipe with the bill.*] Poo! that's all nonsense. O' my conscience, you English gentlemen make as many bulls as ever we do.

Rat. Egad, at this rate I shall never be able to assume an Irish character. I intended to have committed some terrible mistake, and, when it was discovered, to have fallen into a violent passion.

Sir P. Passion! botheration! we are the best humoured people in the world: we seldom or ever get into a passion. If we do commit any mistake, why we only laugh at it.

Enter THOMAS, *with an inkstand.*

Thomas. Here is the pen and ink, sir.

Sir P. That's right. Now give me the bill, and I'll indorse it.

Thomas. I left it on the table, sir.

[*Looking about the table.*

Sir P. And why don't you take it off the table?

Thomas. I, I,—Lord, sir! I believe you've burnt it.

Sir P. Burnt it! Damn this pipe! it has cost me a hundred pounds, and be hanged to it.

[*Flings away the pipe, and rises.*

Thomas. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Eh, you scoundrel! what are you laughing at? [*Collars him.*] I'll cure you of laughing, I warrant. [*Shaking him.*

Thomas. Lord, sir!—I, I, I was not laughing.

Sir P. I know better, sirrah; and if I see so much as half a grin on your cursed ugly phiz, damn me, if I don't take you up in my arms, and throw you out of the window. Begone, scoundrel! [*Exit* THOMAS.] Mighty pretty, indeed, to be laughed at by a puppy waiter!

Rat. I thought the Irish gentlemen never committed any mistake; a pretty lesson this for me! [*Aside.*

Sir P. Fire and faggots! the most placid man in the world would be out of temper on such an occasion.

Rat. Perhaps, sir, it may be in my power still to serve you.

Sir P. My dear fellow, now you are acting the part of a good-natured Hibernian indeed; but I don't want to borrow without leaving him a security. Here, sir, is a casket of jewels, given to me by a lady, and which,

therefore, I most highly prize: lend me, if you please, a hundred pounds on them. [*Gives him the jewels.*

Rat. Jewels! given you by a lady! Sir, I'll immediately get the money from my aunt. [*Exit.*

Sir P. [*Solus.*] Thank you kindly, and you shall have the mansion, depend upon it, now. Plague take it! that I should be so stupid: however, I can get the bill renewed, and, as I sha'n't lose the cash, I won't vex Sophia by telling her of it.

Enter SOPHIA *alarmed, and* SOMNO.

Sophia. That rude fellow, Mr. Alibi, whom I never saw before, came impertinently into the room where I was, and, though I told him I was busy, he would not leave me.

Sir P. Is it possible? and what did you do, my dear?

Sophia. Rung the bell immediately, and then Somno appeared.

Som. And I kicked the gentleman quietly out of the room, for which he said he'd take the law of me.

Sir P. Quietly! but why quietly? You should have broke his head, and I could have sworn you were fast asleep.

Som. Egad, I wish I had been asleep. I dare say I'd have played him some trick or other. I'd certainly have given him a dressing, perhaps a touch of *Rover*, and have both astonished and amazed him.

Sir P. Ouns! I'll astonish him. Oh, my dear jewel, I'll never leave you another moment by yourself. Come, Somno, and show me this black-looking dog; I'll teach him how he dare behave rude to a lady.

Som. A lady!

Sir P. Ay; no matter whether she is in disguise or not. By the powers—

Sophia. For Heaven's sake, sir Patrick, take care; you are too warm—

Sir P. Warm! so much the better, my darling. I always go coolly to work, when I'm warm. Come, Somno, lead the way. I'll never leave you by yourself again. [*Exit with* SOMNO.

Sophia. [*Solus.*] I fear I am suspected: that rude fellow insinuated that he knew me. Would to Heaven I were in my own clothes again!

Enter 'SQUIRE RATTLEPATE *behind.*

Rat. The very jewels Mrs. Decorum gave her god-daughter: ay, and he confessed they were given by a lady. Well, who could have thought it? Ecod she's a termagant, like her aunt. Oh, here's the companion; the very stripling, I warrant, that paid his addresses about three months ago. Yes, yes, it's plain by his delicate appearance and effeminate manners. Sir, I beg pardon; but your friend—your supposed countryman—is—

Sophia. What, sir?

Rat. Eh? Perhaps I may offend—I—I must not tell.

Sophia. Depend upon my secresy, sir. What of the gentleman?

Rat. Gentleman! he! he! he! Lord! he is no gentleman—no Irishman—he is a woman.

Sophia. A woman! ha! ha! ha!

Rat. Ay, as sure—as sure as you are—a man: but I dare say you know it already; so, never fear; I sha'n't blab.

Enter SIR PATRICK MAGUIRE, *flourishing his stick.*

Sir P. What a pity I could not find this paltroon! Ough! I'd have given him a decent drubbing. By St. Patrick, I'd have broken every bone in his body.

Rat. [*Aside.*] There's a delicate young lady! Egad she'd never do for my wife.

Sir P. Oh, sir, you'll excuse me—I have been a little bothered or so, by an impudent blackguard; but no matter; I'm quite cool; quite calm, notwithstanding my violent passion.

Rat. Yes, sir; I see you are. Hush! not a word of what I said; no one else shall know it.

[*Apart to* SOPHIA.

Sophia. Then I shall be silent.

Rat. My aunt, Mrs. Decorum, presents her best respects, and, if you'll favour her with a private interview, she'll accommodate you with the money.

Sir P. Private! ha! ha! ha! With all my heart, sir. I'm her man.

Rat. Her man! ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Somno! Somno!—Sir, I shall first see that my servant is safe in bed, for fear of his doing some mischief, and then I shall do myself the pleasure of at-

tending you to Mrs. Decorum's. But I must bring my ad o' wax with me; I can't leave my little Terence behind. Somno! Somno! [*Exit with* SOPHIA.

Rat. Lad o' wax! So, so! that smock-faced youth is certainly a sweetheart. Much good may do him! He must take care never to vex her, or, before the honey-moon is over, madam may whip him up in her arms, and throw him out of the window. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Inn.*

Enter ALIBI, *followed by* JORUM.

Alibi. No bed! that's devilish hard. I have not had a wink of sleep these two nights.

Jor. I dare say they can accommodate you at the White Horse, which is only half a mile distant; but, really, I have had so much unexpected company to-day, that—

Alibi. But I am to meet a gentleman here by appointment; so, what do you think of that, eh? Pray is Mr. Oakly gone to supper yet?

Jor. Oakly! I don't know whom you mean.

Alibi. That delicate young gentleman, who wears a quantity of powder in his hair.

Jor. Oh, whom you insulted to-day. Egad, his friend has been inquiring for you: he is a hot Irishman, and has vowed vengeance against you. You had better keep out of his way.

Alibi. Friend! and an Irishman! Who is he? What is his name?

Jor. I never ask impertinent questions. What do you think of that, eh? [*Mimicking.*] Oh, that's 'Squire Rattlepate's bell. [*Bell rings.*] I shall send the waiter to receive your orders. You must have something to drink, if you mean to sit up all night.

[*Exit.*

Alibi. [*Solus.*] Old surly! But I will stay: Miss Courtney sha'n't escape me. Irishman!—Who the devil can it be? No matter: this arm-chair shall be

my bed to-night. [*Takes off his great coat, and lays it with his hat and cane on a chair.*] I hope Mr. Spy will come! Ya! I am very sleepy. [*Rings a bell.*

Enter THOMAS, *bell ringing.*

Thomas. Coming! Here I am, sir. What is it to be? Pray give your orders, for I'm in great haste.

Alibi. So it seems. Thomas, my good fellow, you must recollect what I told you. You saw Mr. Oakly, with his hair very much powdered. Remember, you are to be a witness.

Thomas. Witness! Not I:—I hate law, and every one that belongs to it.

Alibi. [*Aside.*] Ouns! I must tell this fellow the secret, or he'll be no friend. But, Thomas, my good fellow, my pretty lad, I'll tell you a secret. You must know, this supposed gentleman, Mr. Terence Oakly, is an heiress, Miss Sophia Courtney, in disguise. Now what do you think of that, eh?

Thomas. An heiress! in disguise?

Alibi. Ay, and I must detain her: therefore, I shall make use of an innocent stratagem. Mr. Spy, whom I expect every minute, shall inform against Mr. Oakly, as he is called, for wearing hair-powder without a certificate; then I shall have an opportunity of tendering my services, and helping her out of the scrape. What do you think of that, eh?

Thomas. I think it's a very deep scheme.

Alibi. Very well: now then, Thomas, you may bring me a shilling's worth of brandy and water.

Thomas. A shilling's worth? Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Alibi. Egad, have never been with Mr. Wealthy yet about 'Squire Rattlepate's business. No matter; I can go to-morrow. Moody, my supposed clerk, shall detain the 'Squire while I secure his intended. Ya! How confoundedly sleepy I am! What can keep Mr. Spy? Ya! No snuff in my box. I wish I was in bed—ya—

[*Falls asleep in the chair.*

Enter THOMAS, *with a glass.*

Thomas. The brandy and water, sir. Eh! fast asleep—snoring? So much the better. The Irish gentleman is the heiress's sweetheart; they are at Mrs. Decorum's, and, egad, I'll go and discover this fellow's pretty contrivance. But this brandy and water must not be lost. [*Drinks.*] I am sorry I did not make it

stronger. Perhaps I'll see my dear bewitching Susan: here's her health. [*Offers to drink;* ALIBI *snores; he hesitates, then drinks.*] Egad, I'd better finish it; it's for the good of the house. [*Bell rings.*] Coming! [*Finishes the liquor.*] I dare say he'll call for more when he awakes. [*Sets the empty glass before* ALIBI.] Then perhaps he'll fall asleep again, and—[*bell rings*] Coming, coming! [*In a low voice.*] [*Exit.*

Enter SOMNO *from an opposite door, asleep, ludicrously dressed, in his night-cap; a candlestick in one hand, and a dressing-box in the other. After looking round wildly, he approaches the table.*

Som. 'Lie there, my sword.' [*Lays the candlestick and dressing-box on the table;* ALIBI *snores very loud.*]

'Tune your harps, ye angels, to that sound'—[*Pauses.*
'Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief—'
'A fine, gay, bold-faced villain, as you see—'
'And my first step shall be on Henry's head—'
[ALIBI *snores.*
'That strain again,—it had a dying fall—'
'It must be so—[ALIBI *yawns.*] Plato, thou reas'nest well,
'Else whence this—'——What's the word?
[*As if talking to the Prompter*
——'That is the question.'—
'Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
'As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
'May sweep to my revenge.'—'What is revenge,
'But courage to call in our honour's debts?'
'Oh, all ye hosts of Heaven!—Oh, earth! What else?'—
'Down, down my heart'— [ALIBI *snores.*
'Who calls on Achmet? [ALIBI *yawns.*
Did Barbarossa call?'—'What Richmond, ho!
Richard is hoarse'—'Bring me a cup of sack.'

Alibi. [*Dreaming.*] Brandy—and—water.

Som. You lie; it's sack.—'There's nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man.'——— [ALIBI *yawns.*] 'A plague on all.'—Damn the prompter! he has put me out. I must sit down, to recover myself. [*Sits opposite to* ALIBI.]—'I had just wish'd to see the devil, and he's here already.'—'I'll cross it though it blast me.'— [*Crosses him.*

[*Sings.*] 'See, brother! see on yonder bough
The robin sits! hark! hear it now!
Listen, brother, to the note,
From pretty robin red-breast's throat:
Sweetest bird that ever flew,
Whistle, robin, loodle loo!'

Alibi. [*Dreaming.*] What do you think of that, eh? *Som.* [*Dances, as if on the slack-rope.*] 'Damme, didn't think I had so much pluck in me.'—'Have you kill'd Oliver?'—'There he lies—dead as a door-nail.'—'Go kill him again. Such a rascal as he cannot be too dead.'—[*Gets hold of* ALIBI'S *head, and then his nose.*] 'You shall nose him as you go up stairs, into the lobby.'

Alibi. [*Dreaming.*] Wealth—y—

Som. I remember:—my master is going to Mr. Wealthy's, and wants to be dressed. Certainly, sir; I am ready. [*Opens the dressing-box, takes out powder, and dresses* ALIBI'S *hair.*] You see, sir, I am up betimes this morning: I was on my guard: I did not walk about in my sleep, as usual. [ALIBI *snores.*] More powder? Yes, sir, by all means; as much as you please. [*Powders him very much. The clock strikes eleven*—SOMNO *puffing with each stroke.*] 'The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.' [*Bell rings.*] 'The bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan.'——

Alibi. [*Dreaming.*] Thomas—

Som. I say it's Duncan———
'For 'tis a knell,
Must summon thee to heaven or to hell.'
——Come; that's very well. Now I must make haste, and dress for the farce. [*Taking up the dressing-box,* ALIBI'S *coat, hat, and cane.*]
'Come—come to-bed—come—come'———
'Thread the thicket—follow love's messenger.'
—Come—Come. [*Exit.*

Alibi. Waiter! Thomas! Waiter! [*Awakes.*] Eh? —why? ha! I have slept I don't know how long. Thomas! [*Takes up the empty glass.*] Oh! I have had my brandy and water—ay—it was that put me to sleep. [*A knock.*] Come in.

Enter SPY.

Spy. Your servant, Mr. Alibi. You see I am punctual to my appointment.

Alibi. That's right. I was afraid the bird would have flown away.

Spy. [*Aside*] So, Mr. Alibi wears powder, I find.

Alibi. You must see the person yourself, that you may have it to say you saw him wear powder.

Spy. [*Gazing at his head.*] Yes, yes; I saw him wear powder.

Alibi. I don't think, Mr. Spy, it would be proper for me to be a witness in this case.

Spy. No; really, I think not.

Alibi. But the waiter here shall be one. What do you think of that, eh?

Spy. Oh, that will do. Humph!

Alibi. Well; you'll have an eye about you?

Spy. I always have—I see when people don't suspect. [*Looking at his hair.*

Alibi. Oh, pray is Moody come yet? 'Squire Rattlepate is waiting for him.

Spy. Then he'll wait long enough. He has been just taken up on suspicion—

Alibi. Eh? of what?

Spy. Oh, a trifle; of having stopped and robbed some passengers in a coach last night,—the very coach in which Miss Courtney was.

Alibi. The devil! Then there will be no getting a *habeas corpus* to remove him here. However, you shall pass for Mr. Moody, and detain the 'Squire; be sure to detain him. First of all, my dear friend, look for the sham gentleman; take great notice of his hair. He has no more a licence for wearing powder than I have. What do you think of that, eh?

Spy. Yes; I *do* take notice of every thing. What then, you have no licence?

Alibi. I!—Not I, indeed. The waiter shall be witness, Mr. Spy. It will be a good joke—ha! ha!

Spy. Yes; the waiter shall be a witness. A very good joke indeed. Ha! ha! ha! a very good joke. [*Exit.*

Alibi. [*Solus.*] Ha! ha! ha! I think Miss Courtney will be in a hobble, poor thing! I shall, however, relieve her. Fortunately, she is of age, and I can do it with safety.

Enter SIR PATRICK MAGUIRE, *who stares at* ALIBI.

Sir P. Eh? this is not he, because his hair is pow

dered; then it must be the other fellow. How do you do, Mr. Spy?

Alibi. Eh? I—

Sir P. Pray where is your friend Mr. Alibi? O' my conscience, it's well I did not kick you for him. You partly answer the description: an ugly snout, frowning aspect, heavy eyes, and an ill-looking countenance. But then your hair is——Pray where is Mr. Alibi?

Alibi. Where! Why, sir—here, there, and every where. What do you think of that, eh?

Sir P. Faith, I'll not eat my supper to-night till I find him. He is what I call a dirty fellow.

Alibi. Take care what you say, sir.

Sir P. Poo!—I'll speak it to his face: ay, ay, and you shall see what a neat kicking I'll give the blackguard.

Alibi. Kicking!—Ouns! This is the hot Irishman, I suppose. [*Aside.*] Sir, if you dare raise your foot against Mr. Alibi, he'll take the law of you.

Sir P. Poo!—I shall do it in a novel way: it shall be quite a new case. Faith, I love to puzzle the lawyers. Pray, Mr. Spy, a'n't you waiting for this gentleman?

Alibi. Waiting! yes, sir! Mr. Alibi and I are constantly together.

Sir P. That will do; and now I will show you how I shall manage the business. [*Takes out a pocket-book, and writes on a card.*] You see that? [*Reading.*] 'Mr. Spy is waiting for Mr. Alibi in the coffee-room.' Now we'll leave this card upon the table for him, and you'll come along with me, if you please.

Alibi. With you!

Sir P. Yes; for I must chastise him in the presence of a young lady whom he has insulted. By the powers! I'll make an example of him.

Alibi. But I can't go—I won't.

Sir P. Won't! Do you say *won't* to an Irishman?

Alibi. No; I did not say *won't*—I can't.

Sir P. Can't! O' my conscience, but you shall.

Alibi. Stop; I have no hat. Bless me, where is my great coat?

Sir P. Poo! never mind your big coat: it's only next door, and a hat would spoil your hair; so come along.

Alibi. But my cane—

Sir P. Damn the cane! Come along, or you shall have mine over your shoulders. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* MRS. DECORUM'S *House.*

Enter MRS. DECORUM, *and* SUSAN *following.*

Mrs. D. Observe, Susan, I expect a person who passes for an Irishman. We must be alone; therefore, on no pretence, interrupt us.

Susan. Alone, ma'am! with an Irishman!

Mrs. D. Oh, child, there will be no harm in our interview, I warrant. No, Mrs. Decorum will never act imprudently, I promise you.

Susan. But, ma'am, you said I acted very imprudently to-day, because I talked, only for five minutes, to Thomas, the waiter next door.

Mrs. D. A very different case, Susan. Thomas is a rude, insinuating young fellow, and may deceive you

Susan. La, ma'am! I am told the very same of the Irish gentlemen. Why, I heard of one that had seven wives, and Heaven knows how many children.

Mrs. D. I see this girl must know the secret, or my character may be called in question. [*Aside.*] Susan, the person whom I expect is an unfortunate young lady who has run away from her aunt in Bath. She has put on man's attire, and assumed the character of an Irishman: having discovered her by means of these jewels, I think it my duty to offer her my protection.

Susan. Bless me! what a spirited lady! I long to see her. [*A knock.*] This is her, perhaps. [*Exit.*

Mrs. D. Well, I never was more surprised than when I saw these jewels: it was very lucky that my nephew met with the poor girl.

Re-enter SUSAN.

Susan. Lord, madam, here are two gentlemen with my master. I wonder which is the lady.

Mrs. D. Two, do you say? then my nephew must detain one of them in the parlour: he knows the person I want to see. [*Exit* SUSAN.] So, this must be either a lover or a confidant in disguise. Oh, my god-daughter's education has been sadly neglected; but I must not be harsh with her: no, I shall endeavour to detain her with kind words.

Enter SIR PATRICK MAGUIRE, *preceded by* SUSAN, *smothering a laugh.*

Susan. Madam, here is the—gentleman you expected

Sir P. Mrs. Decorum, your most obedient.

Susan. Good Heaven! I never saw such a strapping young lady in all my life: I protest she's a show. [*Aside.*

Sir P. What the plague is this little wench grinning at? [*Aside.*

Mrs. D. Susan, you may leave us. [*Exit* SUSAN.] Bless me! I should never have thought a female was in that attire. Her father and mother I know were tall, but, really, miss outstrips them both. [*Aside.*

Sir P. How the old lady stares! [*Aside.*

Mrs. D. Come, pray sit down, and rest your tender limbs.

Sir P. Tender limbs! Madam, 'Squire Rattlepate, I presume, has explained matters to your satisfaction.

Mrs. D. Yes, yes; he has explained every thing, and I was very much pleased to hear that you burned your bill to avoid smoking: it was an excellent trick.

Sir P. An excellent trick!

Mrs. D. Well, you want a hundred pounds at present, for which you wish to leave these jewels. You shall have the money, sir. I protest I can't help smiling when I say *sir*. These diamonds were presented to you by a lady?

Sir P. Faith, madam, you may say that—a lady for whom I have the profoundest regard.

Mrs. D. Indeed! Well, this makes some amends. You would not part with them entirely?

Sir P. Entirely! By St. Patrick, not for ten times their value.

Mrs. D. St. Patrick! Now what have you to do with St. Patrick?

Sir P. Do with him! By the powers, St Patrick comes quite pat to me.

Mrs. D. Lord, why do you affect the Irish accent? Come, can't you speak in your own natural way?

Sir P. Faith, so I do.

Mrs. D. No, no; your mother never spoke in that manner, nor is that the way you talked in Bath.

Sir P. In Bath! How the devil did she know I was in Bath? [*Aside.*] O' my conscience, madam, it's no matter where I am, little Ireland always sticks to the tip of my tongue. [*Taking snuff.*

Mrs. D. O fie! don't take that filthy stuff!

Sir P. Filthy! Faith, madam, it's in high estimation, though it be *blackguard*.

Mrs. D. Come, come. I know your situation, and feel for you, my dear.

Sir P. You are amazingly kind, my honey. Why, faith and troth, to tell the truth, I was in a bit of a hobble. Our coach was stopped by highwaymen, and—

Mrs. D. I have heard all that. You must have been sadly alarmed. I hope you did not faint away.

Sir P. Faint away! No, I'm not one of the fainting sort. But, madam, there happened to be a lady in the coach—

Mrs. D. A lady?—O yes, I know that.

Sir P. How the devil should she know that? [*Aside.*] So I didn't fire my pistols, for fear the lady should faint away; or, upon my conscience, the rascals should have smelt powder.

Mrs. D. Ha! ha! ha! Lord bless your innocent heart! Why, you would not have had courage to fire a pistol, my love, would you?

Sir P. O' my conscience, but I would, my darling: ay, and to stand the fire of a pistol, too, or I should think myself a disgrace to my country.

Enter SUSAN, *tittering.*

Susan. I beg pardon for interrupting—but—the gentleman is waiting for his friend in the parlour. My master was obliged to go out.

Mrs. D. Go out! It was immensely rude of him.

Sir P. Hew! Terence all alone; then, madam, I must take my leave.

Mrs. D. Hold! stay a few minutes, I request. I have something very particular to communicate. Susan, you must stay with the gentleman in the parlour, till my nephew returns.

Susan. But will it be prudent, ma'am? Is not he a real Irishman?

Sir P. Well, you are not afraid of an Irishman, I hope, my little water-wagtail: we are very harmless creatures, I assure you. Don't you see your mistress and I are *tête-à-tête*.

Susan. Yes: but that's no rule; however, it is not polite to leave the young gentleman by himself. [*Exit*

Mrs. D. Come, I shall now be explicit. I cannot think of your returning to that abominable inn. You may lose your reputation—

Sir P. My reputation!

Mrs. D. I protest we have not a spare chamber: but, sooner than you should return to that vile inn,—that house of riot and dissipation,—you shall have a share of my bed.

Sir P. Eh?—share of—Ha! ha! ha! Oh, devil fire me, if ever I heard the like of this before.

Mrs. D. If you do not accept of my proposal, a certain lady in Bath shall be told of all your folly.

Sir P. A certain lady! Faith, that's true; therefore, to prevent jealousy, madam, I must decline your polite offer. I am married.

Mrs. D. Married! It is as I thought, and I suppose that stripling of effeminate manners and delicate appearance,—I mean the person in the parlour, is—

Sir P. Oh, no, no! Terence is a gentleman, upon my soul, he is a gentleman, every inch of him.

Mrs. D. Well, what's done, cannot be undone; but come, my love, for the sake of propriety, you shall put on petticoats immediately. [*Brings a dress.*

Sir P. Eh? petticoats!—why, what the devil would you make of me?

Mrs. D. Come, I insist on it; and, since you are married, you may bid defiance to all, for I can prove you have been of age some months—

Sir P. Yes, faith, a great many months.

Mrs. D. Come now, I'll help you on with the gown.

Enter SUSAN, *abruptly.*

Susan. Oh, I protest the gentleman in the parlour has fainted away.

Sir P. Fainted away! Blood and fire! Keep your petticoats, and bring all the hartshorn you have in the house. Terence, my jewel! [*Exit.*

Mrs. D. Eh? how is this?

Susan. As I live, ma'am, I think it is you who were alone all this while with a real Irishman; for when I told the supposed gentleman in the parlour, that his friend was discovered by means of the jewels, the poor creature fainted away, just like a woman.

Mrs. D. Is it possible? Good heaven! what have I done? I protest, Susan, I asked this man to a share of my bed to-night.

Susan. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. D. I shall never be able to look him in the face again; but I must go and welcome my god-daughter: I must make some apology. Invite an Irishman to my bedchamber! O, that I should have lived to act so inconsiderately! [*Exit.*

Susan. I should not wonder if it is in all the newspapers.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Inn.—A cold supper.*—'SQUIRE RATTLEPATE *discovered.*

Rat. Plague take this fellow! I am out of all patience waiting for him.

Enter THOMAS.

Well, Thomas, did you ask Mr. Alibi how long I am to wait supper for this gentleman?

Thomas. Sir, I can't find Mr. Alibi.

Rat. Thomas, when Mr. Moody comes, show him in. Our business is very particular: we must not be interrupted.

Thomas. Never fear, sir. [*Bell rings.*] Coming! Be pleased to ring the bell, sir, when you want any thing—[*Bell rings.*]—Coming! I am never so happy as when attending customers—[*Bell rings.*] Coming! [*Exit.*

Rat. Egad, I wish this Mr. Moody was coming. 'Tis well it's a cold supper that I ordered. Oh, here he is, I presume. Eh! a queer fellow, sure enough, as Mr. Alibi hinted.

Enter SOMNO, *in* ALIBI'S *coat, hat, &c.*

Som. Now, I am ready——

'Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness—
This is the state of man.'

Rat. Sir, I am glad to see you: I have been waiting for you with impatience. Egad, he looks as if he was half-asleep. [*Aside.*]

Som. 'Ah, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, I kiss your hands'—

Rat. Sir Lucius O'Trigger! Thanks, Mr. Moody; I did not know my name before. So, this is the Irish baronet whom I am to personate? But come, let us sit down to supper.

Som. [*Looking at the table.*] 'No song no supper.' I'll make an endless meal. [*Sits.*

Rat. Sir, I have the pleasure of drinking your health. [*Drinking.*

Som. [*Singing.*] 'If a man can die much better with brandy.' [*Throws the glass over his head.*

Rat. Ha! ha! ha! That's very well, sir. I must give this queer gentleman his way, or I shall offend him, as Alibi says. [*Aside.*]

Som. [*Taking up a plate.*] 'Plate—o! thou reasonest well.'——'I'll no more on't—to a nunnery—go—go—go.'—— [*Flings away the plate.*

Rat. What does he mean? Sir, sir, I am impatient for your instructions. How should I behave?

Som. 'Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.'

Rat. Vulgar! Sir, I never am vulgar. That's very impudent. [*Aside.*]

Som. 'Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently'—

[*Flings one of the candlesticks off the table.*

Rat. I don't understand him. [*Aside.*] Depend upon it, sir, I shall be upon my guard, and act with discretion.

Som. 'Be not too tame, neither; but let your discretion be your tutor—Suit the action to the word—the word to the action.'

Rat. Yes, sir. Plague on it! we are interrupted. [*Rises*

Enter SPY.

Spy. I beg pardon, gentlemen. Hem! that is the lady, I suppose, with the pale face. [*Aside.*] The house is so full, that I am obliged to intrude for half an hour.

Som. [*Rises suddenly, and approaches* SPY.] 'How now; there's blood upon thy face.'—

Spy. Indeed!—Bless me! I don't know how it came there. [*Wiping his face.*

Rat. [*To* SOMNO.] Dismiss the gentleman as soon as you can, and I'll be with you presently.

Som. 'I know my cue without a prompter.'

Rat. Egad, I'll leave them together, and see what my aunt is about. [*Exit.*

Spy. I can't see her hair, on account of that large hat; but I'll watch an opportunity. Eh? a piece of cold fowl. Egad, I'll take a snack. [*Sits and eat*

Som. 'Forbear, and eat no more!'

Spy. I beg pardon—I thought it was free for the company.

Som. 'Famine is in thy cheeks—
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes.'

Spy. No, no: I'm not so hungry as all that.

Som. [*Taking up the fowl, comes forward, followed by* SPY.] 'Alas, poor Yorick!'

Spy. Poor Yorick!—Why it's a cold fowl.

Som. 'Murder most foul, as in the best it is—But this most foul'—

Spy. Yes; I know it's a fowl.

Som. 'I knew him well, Horatio—
Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd
I know not how oft.'—'Never did I see so young a body with so old a head.'—'Think'st thou Alexander look'd o' this fashion o' the earth! and smelt so? Faugh!'—'Now get thee to my lady's table, and tell her, Let her paint an inch thick, to this complexion she must come at last.' [*Throws away the fowl.*

Spy. But, sir—Mr. Oakly—I wish to ask you a few questions. Pray, sir, may I take the liberty to inquire where you live?

Som. 'In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand.'

Spy. A cave! Then you are some student, some philosopher, I suppose?

Som. 'A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures'—

Spy. Egad, you are a strange creature!

Som. 'Who nought can boast but a desire to be a soldier.'—

Spy. A soldier! What! to fight for your king?

Som. 'Bleed—die for him:—as every true-born loyal subject ought.'

Spy. Bravo! that's very well. Bravo! bravo!

Som. The audience are pleased; they are calling out bravo. Dear! dear! I never met with so much applause before.

Spy. You are a bold enterprising fellow, I see.

Som. 'What man dare do, I dare.'

Spy. Nay, whoever disputes your courage can have no judgment.

Som. 'Who's he disputes the judgment of the senate?' [*Striking* SPY.

Spy. An assault! What do you mean?

Som. 'Unmanner'd slave!'—'Down, down to hell, and say I send you there.' [*Throws him down.*

Spy. Hallo! Murder!—

Som. 'I tread on haughty Spain—'

Spy. Take off your foot! Murder! Here, Thomas, John, William!

Som. Hold your tongue, I say. I must tread on you, or the effect will be lost. 'I tread——'

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas. Lord! what's all this noise about? who began it?

Som. 'Twas I'—'I hated, I despised, and I destroy'd.' [*Standing in a posture of exultation.*

Thomas. [*Staring at* SOMNO.] As I live, it is the gentleman's servant in one of his dreaming-fits. I forgot to lock his chamber door, as his master desired me.

Spy. A dreaming fit!—a mad fit, I think—So, so, this is not the lady in disguise, then? [*Aside.*]

Thomas. Egad, I'll run for a basin of water. I'll soon waken him. [*Exit.*

Som. I never played with such a wretch in my life; and now—[*Takes off the coat, and throws it with the hat and cane on the stage*]—now, I say, the manager may get some one else to finish the character, for I won't. When I perform Zanga again, I must have a more respectable Alonzo. 'Hey for Hackney—chassee for Hammersmith—slide down for Chelsea—cross over to Battersea—figure into Stockwell—promenade to Nottingham—boree to London Bridge, and cast down to Bow—'

[*Exit, dancing like Bokitt in the 'Son in Law.'*

Spy. [*Solus.*] The gentleman has very pleasan dreams; but I never liked those who sleep with their eyes open.

Enter ALIBI, *sneezing, and rubbing his eyes.*

Alibi. O Lord! I have just escaped being murdered. Eh? my coat and hat—that's lucky. [*Puts them on.*] Oh, Mr. Spy, we may be off—the lady is in her proper dress now. She's married, and her husband has thrown his box of damn'd blackguard snuff in my eyes. Ouns! how they smart! I'm almost blind! [*Standing where* SOMNO *was.*]

Enter THOMAS, *with a basin of water.*

Thomas. There, my lad—that will make you open

your eyes, I warrant me! [*Throws the water into* ALIBI'S *face.*]

Alibi. Hallo! what is that for? [*Taking off his hat, and wiping his face.*]

Spy. Ha! ha! ha!

Thomas. Oh dear! Mr. Alibi, with his hair powdered—

Spy. Yes, Thomas, you are witness.

Alibi. Powdered! what do you mean? [*Walks up to a looking-glass.*] Damnation! you have all been playing tricks upon me. Get out, you scoundrel!

[*Drives* THOMAS *off.*

Enter SIR PATRICK MAGUIRE, SOPHIA, *in woman's clothes,* 'SQUIRE RATTLEPATE, *and* MRS. DECORUM.

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! So, 'Squire, you have been discoursing, I find, with my servant in his sleep; but he is a more honourable character than the fellow Mr. Alibi intended to introduce to you.—Oh, here comes Somno, awake at last.

Enter SOMNO *and* JORUM.

Jor. Ha! ha! ha! I have given him such a shaking, sir, that I soon brought him to himself.

Som. Egad, landlord, you must not shake your wine in that manner. Oh, sir, I have had such comical dreams! I thought I had dressed your honour's hair—I thought I was acting with the greatest applause, before a crowded and delighted audience.

Alibi. Then I suppose it was you who powdered me, when I was dozing in the arm-chair?

Som. I dare say it was. I knew I should give you a *dressing* when I was asleep.

Mrs D. I think, Mr. Alibi, you have been served very right; and I trust you'll never show your face in my house again.

Jor. Nor in mine, I hope.

Rat. And, Mr. Alibi, I sha'n't want your assistance now; for Sir Patrick Maguire, who, I find, is the baronet that was treating with Mr. Wealthy, has been so kind as to resign all his pretensions to the mansion in my favour.

Alibi. Very well. I have been prettily used, I think. My eyes almost closed with this gentleman's snuff, and then a basin of water thrown into my face by an impudent waiter, to make me open them again.

Sir P. Ha! ha! ha! Sure, you defied me to raise my foot against you; but you see I did—Lundy-foot!—

Sophia. Come, Sir Patrick, we must be all friends—and poor Somno—we should not blame him, but laugh at him.

Som. That, madam, is all I desire: let me behold my friends with smiling countenances, and my dream of having met with great applause will be realized. Then Somno may venture to come forward, and say, Ladies and gentlemen, 'born for your use, I live but to oblige you;' and, with your permission, the SLEEP-WALKER will endeavour to entertain you on a future night.

THE END

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